THINGS USUALLY LEFT UNSAID

Dr. C. D. Center.

The ashes of Dr. Charles D. Center were entombed in Woodland Mausoleum Wednesday afternoon at 5:30. Full military honors were accorded by the Hill-Emery post of the American Legion. The services were in charge of Commander Ralph Butcher and J. W. Primrose, vice-commander. The Rev. Phillip Johnson, chaplain, officiated, assisted by Adjt. Chester H. Johnson. The colors, color guard and firing squad were in charge of Capt. Carl Grimmer.

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DR. CHARLES D. CENTER

street he changed his mind, and had just started back to his car on the north side of the street when struck by the Grawe automobile which was traveling east on Maine street.

The accident quickly brought a number of persons to the scene, and Dr. Center was carried into a nearby doorway, out of the rain, while the ambulance was called. He was unconscious when picked up, and remained in that condition to the time of his death three hours later.

Inquest Saturday Afternoon.

Richard J. Connery, deputy coroner, said he would hold an inquest at the Daugherty Memorial at 1:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon. A number of witnesses were expected to testify. Young Grawe was not held after the accident, but was at police headquarters Saturday morning and was told to be at the inquest Saturday afternoon.

Surviving Dr. Center are his widow, Mrs. Louise Pecinovsky Center, four sons, Donald D. of Blufftown, Minn., Arch C. and Charles C. of Quincy, and H. Allen of New York City. There is one grandchild.

Had Broad Education.

Charles Dewey Center was born July 8, 1869, on a farm four miles south of Ottawa, Ill. Following early training in the schools of the community, he attended Knox academy at Galesburg and then attended Knox college at Galesburg. He transferred from Knox to the Rush Medical college of Chicago university, where he completed his medical training.

Upon graduation from Rush, Dr. Center accepted a call for a surgeon to serve three iron mines on the Gogebic Range, and practiced there six months before starting his interneship in the Presbyterian hospital, Chicago. He practiced for a time in Chicago, and came to Quincy in 1896. In September of that year he was married to Edith Campbell of Summerside, Prince Edward Island. He had met his Nova Scotian bride while a patient in Pres-

time they were married she was assistant superintendent of the Illinois Training School for Nurses. Two children were born, the sons Donald and Arch. Mrs. Center died in 1908.

In 1909 Dr. Center married Louise Pecinovsky of Cresco, Iowa. Two sons, Charles and Allen, were born.

Leader in Medical Activities.

Throughout his many years of practice in Quincy, Dr. Center was a leader in medical circles. He was extremely active in the Adams County Medical society, served in various offices in the county society and for years as a councilor of the state society, a service marked by his selection last year as president-elect of the Illinois State Medical society. He was to have assumed office as president of the state society in May. At the time of his death Dr. Center was one of the board of three serving as advisory board of the state board of health.

Colonel During War.

During the World war Dr. Center served as a colonel of infantry, seeing much active service overseas. Upon his return to Quincy he did not immediately resume his medical practice, and served for a term as secretary of the Quincy Chamber of Commerce, then resuming his medical practice, in which he remained most active until his death.

A more detailed story of Dr. Center's unusual activities and experiences will be published in the Sunday morning edition of The Herald-Whig.

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many years ago and was one

Four members have been elected president of the Illinois State Medical Society: Dr. William Byrd, 1885; Dr. L. H. A. Nickerson, 1912; Dr. Charles Center, 1935, and Dr. Walter Stevenson, Sr., 1949.

The Adams County

DR. CHARLES DEWEY CENTER DIES AFTER BEING STRUCK BY AUTOMOBILE IN FRONT OF OFFICE, FRIDAY NIGHT

Leader in Medical and Military Circles Has Tragic Death.

Dr. Charles Dewey Center, president-elect of the Illinois State Medical society, a colonel in the American Expeditionary Forces during the World war, prominent citizen, was struck and fatally injured by an automobile on Maine street between Sixth and Seventh at 9:15 o'clock Friday night. Conveyed to St. Mary hospital immediately after the accident by the police ambulance, he died there at 12:15 o'clock Saturday morning.

The automobile was driven by Alvin Grawe, son of a dairyman residing on North Twenty-fourth street, beyond the city limits. It was raining at the time, and Grawe said he did not see Dr. Center, darkly clothed, crossing the street, his vision being badly obscured. The accident occurred in the middle of the block.

Had Left His Office.

Dr. Center had come from his office in the Majestic building a few moments before the accident, had crossed the street, apparently with the intention of mailing a letter to an insurance company. It is believed that before reaching the mail

DEATH SUDDEN

DR. CHARLES D. CENTER.

CHARLES D. CENTER, M. D.

were making up "cunningly devised fables," and were agreed about telling the same thing?

What we have in these resurrection stories is the simple narratives as they came out of the experiences of the disciples and as they developed in the early church.

The resurrection of Jesus would not be a miracle, if we could explain it, and if we knew all about it. The one great clear fact that does stand out is that, at the very hour of the disciples' deepest gloom, when with great reluctance they were turning back to their homes and to their old lives, the disappointed followers of a sublime hope that they were reluctant to give up, there came to them the clear assurance that Jesus was not dead, but was living.

With that conviction, there was the revival of their faith that quickened them into newness of living and sent them forth with a new power to establish the Christian Church and to build upon the great foundation of Christ himself the power and influences of Christianity.

Who that reads these narratives, and that considers all that these experiences had to do with the founding of the Christian religion, can doubt the reality of the experience? It is not ours to explain, but we are brought face to face with these mystic, spiritual experiences in which the disciples had a clear vision of their risen Lord.

The most beautiful of all the

was given. G. K. Eymann played several violin selections, accompanied by Mrs. Van Pappelendam. The Men's glee club sang three songs and George Look and Lester Nelson of Quincy played guitar and Hawaiian music. Several soloists, who go to Beardstown for the contest, also played.

Fountain Green—Mrs. Jessie Osborn of Kansas City is visiting her sister, Mrs. Emma Solomon, who is very ill.

Miss Mary Duffy is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ed Weatherington, near Burnside.

Miss Martha Walker was hostess to the Women's Missionary society at her home Thursday afternoon.

The Sarah G. Huston guild met at the home of Mrs. Marguerite Hobart Friday afternoon.

Weekly Comment On International Sunday's Lesson

Every Saturday the International Sunday School Lesson for the Following Day Will Be Reviewed.

Text: John 20:1-16

The International Uniform Sunday School Lesson for April 1.

* * *

By WILLIAM E. GILROY, D. D.
Editor of The Congregationalist

The story of the resurrection of Jesus is told by different writers and in different ways. Some have seen in these different narratives conflicting evidence, and they have made the differences a basis of doubt.

Is it not much more reasonable

For a
Anniversary
MOTOR (
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Chicago
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P. M. Saturday. Call 510

Western Illinois in the Day's News

Nauvoo — Charles Mulch and Walter Griffith attended the hearing for parole of George F. Dachroth by the subcommittee of the state board of pardons at Joliet. The final decision will be made by the full board in several weeks at Springfield.

Oscar Hertel attended a meeting of the Veterans of Foreign Wars at Monmouth this week.

The Rev. William Hertel celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday Tuesday and several relatives and friends called during the day to extend congratulations.

Fred Jemison and Preston Kimball are home from college for the Easter vacation.

Harlon Hoots of Chicago and formerly of Nauvoo will sing two solos in the Methodist church on Easter Sunday morning.

Miss Lucille Aten and Gerald Knipe were married by D. S. Coffey, justice of peace, Monday evening. The witnesses were B. L. Yokley and Miss Goldie Boyer.

Rudolph Leppert has been called to Bethel, Conn., by the serious illness of an uncle there.

The Gwen-Ray Players will give a play, "The Girl He Left Behind," April 3, in the opera house.

St. Anne society will have a market sale in the Walter Bros. building Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Koechle of Davenport, Ia., were guests here this week.

There will be a horticultural meeting and demonstration at George Marzolf's orchard Wednesday afternoon, under the supervi-

sion, all notion that the disciples

bers present. Response to roll call was an Easter poem. Mrs. Margaret Sneeden led a book review. The hostess served a luncheon. Mrs. Albert Hanner of Pittsfield was a visitor.

Mrs. Jean Sanderson, Mrs. Arthur Sneeden, Mrs. C. F. Williams, Mrs. C. A. Stilwell, Mrs. Bob Hoover, Miss Eunice Porter and Miss Donna Jo Ellis of the Detroit Research Forum attended the Research Forum meeting in the home of Mrs. Mina Lovell in Pittsfield Thursday night.

Warsaw—Leon Tieman submitted to an operation in a Keokuk hospital Wednesday.

Dr. John Miller and brother, Henry Miller, of Mendon, were in St. Louis on Wednesday.

A joint meeting of Legion and auxiliaries of the county was held in Hamilton Tuesday evening. Nearly 100 attended. A program was given. After the meeting refreshments were served by the auxiliary of Hamilton. Attending members from Warsaw were: Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Spitze, Mrs. Henry Windsor, Mrs. E. E. Kraehling, William Reidner, William Fenor, Henry Zobel, Frank Larner, Dr. M. M. Rackleff, Miss Pauline Spitze and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kunz of Lima.

The Episcopal Ladies' guild will hold a market in the Kruskopf building Saturday.

Over 300 attended the P.-T. A. meeting held in the high school auditorium Wednesday evening. A Dad's night program was given, Charles Larson presiding. All dads

LA, I N C.

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CHAS. D. CENTER
M. D.—F. A. C. S.
QUINCY, ILL.

Charles D. Carter
Colonel, Infantry
U. S. A.

THINGS USUALLY LEFT UNSAID

BY

CHAS. D. CENTER

M. D.—F. A. C. S.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS

1927

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PREFACE

In presenting this narrative I have no excuses to make. Much has been written about the great war, chiefly from one of two angles. The first that of the enlisted man, or the company lieutenant. The second, from the standpoint of some one connected with the General Staff, or possibly from the standpoint of a Division Commander. In each case there has been an unbridged gulf, the space and distance between the two observers. Each has portrayed his experience, and one sees the vast picture largely from the mud and trenches on the one hand, while the other has seen only the workings of G. H. Q. and the staff—those formal orders which made up the daily round.

I have tried to throw a few fascines into the ditch which divides the two pictures. No doubt there are some inaccuracies herein, for it is especially hard to keep geographical conditions in mind, particularly when one sees that geography but once, and then perhaps under circumstances not conducive to a clear remembrance. But the effort has been made to steer clear of the beaten path; to show the things as yet unshown; to forget romance, plot, and all things apparently necessary to make a "best seller", and to paint a picture which because of its verity may make an impression on some minds. I am indebted to a number of officers who at one or another time served with me, for their suggestions, and criticisms, of what is written. I am particularly indebted to my wife, who said, not to me but to some of her sympathizing friends who knew I had been sent to France, and who questioned "how could you ever let him go?" "He wanted to go, he thought after all his work and training he should go, he felt it was his duty to go, and if he hadn't gone I think I would have taken his pistol away from him, and taken a pot shot at him myself".

Such sentiments, from a devoted wife and mother, make a man act a man whether he has it in him or not.

Some of my friends and comrades have criticised this copy because it does not contain all of the middle ground material that it might. If there should be a decisive cry for more of the war stuff it can be supplied very readily.

THE AUTHOR

CONTENTS

Page

Chapter One 9
Chapter Two 13
Chapter Three 21
Chapter Four 30
Chapter Five 36
Chapter Six 40
Chapter Seven 49
Chapter Eight 56
Chapter Nine 65
Chapter Ten 71
Chapter Eleven 82
Chapter Twelve 101
Chapter Thirteen 118
Chapter Fourteen 135
Chapter Fifteen 150
Chapter Sixteen 163
Chapter Seventeen 165
Chapter Eighteen 180
Chapter Nineteen 185
Chapter Twenty 192
Chapter Twenty-one 198
Appendix "A" 201

CHAPTER I

To me an autobiography is always more or less of a regretable incident. It smacks too much of the personal pronoun, but since this account is only for the purpose of leaving a record for my children, of an historic nature within the family, concerning the family, and for the family, the dislike and distaste for such an undertaking is more or less cheerfully assumed.

The name "Center" is probably of Scottish origin; the findings of my son Donald in the kirkyard in Aberdeen will partially verify this assumption. However, in the early development of this country, with its extremely meagre resources for perpetuating events not of major importance, the advent of the first Center on American soil is either lost, or so buried in obscurity that it will probably never be ascertained, but John Center, a cordwainer is found in Biddleford, Maine, early in 1700, and there is conclusive evidence, that a Center was wounded at the battle of Lexington who died two days later as a result of his wounds.

This immediate branch of the family apparently developed in western Massachusetts. Nathaniel Center, the paternal grandfather of the writer, married Mary Dewey. Her ancestry can be traced to Thomas Dewey, "the Settler," in 1646. Mary Dewey was of western Massachusetts, and as Nathaniel Center and Mary Dewey were both of humble station, it is reasonable to suppose that they became acquainted in one locality where both resided. Mary Dewey was a taciturn woman whose life was both rugged and hard. She died in Illinois when the writer was fourteen years old, and if she ever gave much of information concerning her birthplace, or the birthplace of her husband, the matter made so little impression on the hearers that it never became a fact known to the writer. Nathaniel Center died in 1844 leaving six living children. At the time of his death Mary

Dewey Center was forty years of age, and it is my dim remembrance that Nathaniel was fifty-four years old when he died.

During the married life of Nathaniel and his wife they lived first in Washington County, N. Y. Shortly before his death they moved to Wayne County, N. Y., where he was engaged in farming. Their children, in order of birth, were Helen, Hallett, John, Dorr, Eliza, and Harriett. Helen married William Blaine, and died at the age of seventy-nine at Fairbury, Illinois. Hallett married Harriett Hall, and died at the age of eighty-four at Watseka, Illinois. John married Sarah Price, and died at the age of eighty-nine at Ottawa, Illinois. Dorr married Harriett Allen and died at the age of eighty years at Ottawa, Illinois. Eliza never married, and died at the age of eighty-two at Watseka, Illinois. Harriett married Christopher Poundstone, and died at the age of seventy-three, at Grand Ridge, Illinois. Of these children, John, Dorr, and Eliza came to Illinois in 1858. Some time thereafter, all the children and the mother came west.

The personality of Nathaniel Center was said to have been very unusual. He was a man standing over six feet in height, with flaming red hair, of a very hot temper, given to argument and dispute, and withal a very handsome man. It is said that he and his young wife were an exceptionally striking looking couple, as Mary Dewey, in her youth, stood six feet in height. Mary Dewey, broken by hard work and care, became a reserved, reticent, and retiring woman in her later years, and lived to be seventy-seven years old.

Of our immediate branch of the family, Dorr Dewey, born in 1838 married Harriett Allen, born in 1840. Her birthplace was in Wayne County, N. Y., and she was born of Solomon Allen and Susan Westcott Allen. Solomon Allen was born in Vermont, and some time in his early life moved to western New York. He lived to the age of ninety-one.

Susan Westcott was born in Ireland, and so far as known was an orphan when she married Solomon Allen. She lived to the age of eighty-five years. The children of this pair, in order of birth, were Eugenia, Nathaniel, Charles, Lampson, Harriett, and Clayton.

In 1866 Dorr Center and Harriett Allen were married, and went at once to live on what later became known as Oak Grove Farm near Ottawa. John Center and Sarah Price were married in 1867, and the two brothers lived on adjoining farms until the death of the father of Sarah Price, when John and Sarah moved to the farm of her father.

To the marriage of Dorr Center and Harriett Allen were born, in order of birth, Genevieve, Charles, Orlo, and Ralph, in the years 1867, 1869, 1872 and 1875. All these children were born in the little old farm house on Oak Grove Farm.

It is a matter of loving and reverent pleasure for me to take up the characteristics and lives of Dorr D. Center and Harriett Allen Center. He was, first of all a consistent man; his standards of life were extremely high; his sense of the ethical was unusually well developed, and he never varied from his conceptions of duty. In stature he was but five feet, eight inches—the smallest of the three brothers, if not of the entire family. The most he ever weighed was one hundred and sixty-five pounds. During the forty-eight years the writer knew him, never but once did he lose his temper, and his self-control was a matter of comment. He was the most thoroughly peace-loving individual I have ever known. His integrity, and sense of justice were so well recognized that he became an unofficial arbitrator for all sorts and kinds of disputes and disagreements between his neighbors.

His education in schools was extremely limited, but he was of the turn of mind to continue his education in the school of life, and he stored the essentials of knowledge so readily that finally he was enabled to meet anyone upon a common ground. He had the faculty of seeing only the good in his fellows. He was deeply religious, and lived his belief. He was very tenacious in his ideas, but his tenacity was of the passive sort; in this he differed supremely from his brother John, whose tenacity was always of the aggressive type. Dorr idolized his wife.

In some respects Harriett Allen was his exact antithesis; she was also deeply religious, and lived her religion, but while with Dorr anyone could get to heaven who believed in God, and who

followed closely the teachings of the Golden Rule, with her there was a considerable doubt about the ultimate destination of that person. His religion was a constant pleasure to him; hers was an important and serious undertaking to be carefully and prayerfully guarded at all times. The difference in these two conceptions of religion followed in everything coming into the daily life. With him, if things went wrong today, he believed they would go right tomorrow, while she always retained her apprehension that tomorrow would be a little worse than today. She could not be properly described as a gloomy individual; if she felt gloom and worry she did not inflict her feelings upon the family, but she can be described as a serious-minded person. She was, for the times, well educated and well read; she could be a brilliant conversationalist, and often in public—particularly upon some church occasion—she spoke fluently and eloquently without previous preparation. She was of much sterner mould than her husband, more strict with her children, more unyielding to herself. Her devotion to her family, and her sense of duty made her a martyr for she died at the age of sixty-seven years, worn out, tired out, nearly blind, having compressed the labor and love of a life of four score into these sixty-seven years.

CHAPTER TWO

The writer of this sketch probably differed very little from the average boy. It is true, that as a baby he was considered petulant, bad-tempered, and not robust. As a small boy in school he gave no evidence of genius, and at the same time had no difficulty in keeping pace with others of his age both in his play and in his classes. Though undersized, he had no trouble either in boyish athletics, or in boyhood fights, in maintaining his part, for a quickness of muscular movement above that of the average—which remains even to the present day—gave him an advantage to offset the handicap of size and weight.

As years went by it developed that he was a bashful boy, and at the same time a self-reliant boy. When he was ten years old his father and mother went back to the old childhood home in New York State, leaving the boy—as expressed by his father with "an eye on the house, a hand on the barn, and with Billy at your command let nothing suffer harm." There were cattle, horses and hogs to be cared for; it was in the month of August and very hot and dry; the little stream of water running through the pasture failed entirely, and every day the lad had to pump water from a well for all the thirsty stock; the pasture dried up; food for the animals became so scarce that they began to break fences, and jump fences to get into other fields to get food. This meant that they had to be herded on the meadows, and as there were no fences between the meadows and the corn fields, the lad "with Billy at his command" was kept busy.

Billy is worth special mention. He was a Morgan colt, and as a young horse was one of the most beautiful animals I have ever seen. He was a bay of so rich and deep a red that it was almost mahogany, while his streaming mane and tail were of a lustrous black; he was a very spirited and mischievous horse. Billy was given to the writer by his father when the colt was two years old, and when the writer was ten years old, and the boy had broken him to the saddle—after being thrown many times—. Until

Billy was four years old no one but the boy ever bestrode him, and he lived to be twenty-six years old, and remained in the family all this time.

The boyhood life of the writer was not unlike that of other boys of his day who lived in the country; it was at once routine and full of incident. It was perhaps fortunate for him that he was the oldest boy, for this meant that like most boys on a farm, he had to work, and being the eldest he had to assume some responsibility for seeing accomplishment of work by himself, and later take up some responsibility in seeing that the younger boys did their work also. As a little fellow the wood box for the kitchen fire had to be kept filled; the kindling for the starting of the fires in the morning had to be provided the evening before; the ashes had to be taken out; the cows had to be driven up each night; the eggs had to be collected, all work for the boys, and all coming under the head of "chores," and chores on a farm increase in number and variety as a boy grows older.

At the age of eleven years he began to "make a man" by driving a team to break corn stalks, to harrow, and to do work of that sort. The year he was twelve years old there was an early and very severe winter; the corn husking was not finished when Thanksgiving came as was usual and one day in December of that year the writer and his father husked corn when the mercury stood at eight degrees below zero, and when the snow was so deep that they took grain sacks, drew them over boots and trousers, and tied them as high on the thighs as possible to keep the feet warm.

Some of the winters in those days were very severe. The children at Oak Grove Farm had to go a mile and a half to "Chase School," and one morning when the thermometer showed thirty-six degrees below zero Genevieve, Orlo and the writer started out. Orlo quit and turned back before he was well started; Vevie lasted nearly half way to school when she turned about, and the writer struggled on to school to find the teacher and three or four of the larger boys huddled about the big cannon stove trying to keep warm. There was no attempt made at having classes, and about eleven o'clock the teacher sent us home. In the winter

time there was skating, snow-balling, and rabbit hunting; in the summer fishing, swimming and horse-back riding, and in the long winter evenings plenty of reading. It was a point with the parents of this family that, no matter how hard times were, no matter how many other things were denied them and us, the children must have good, wholesome reading matter. The result was that the "Youth's Companion," or "Golden Days," or "St. Nicholas," all, or some of them came to the house regularly for many years. In fact the Youth's Companion, which began to come when Genevieve was eight years old, was still coming up to within a few years of the death of my father—a period of probably forty years.

Among the school teachers of early days there are still a few who stand out prominently in my memory for one reason or another. My first teacher was my Aunt Eliza, who hauled me into the school house and gave me a switching the first day because she overheard me say to a crowd of the little boys and girls, "I can do as I please; teacher is my aunt, and she won't do anything to me." So far as I know this was the first time I was ever used as a horrible example. Among other teachers remembered was "Professor Long," an elderly, kindly man, tall, lean, dim of eye sight; a man who had dropped from teaching in larger institutions because of his age and physical infirmities. He was badgered and annoyed the entire winter by the boys, and was considered an "easy mark," and rather contemptible by the girls. The next winter his son Jimmy—who had been relieved of his duties as a cadet at the United States Military Academy—was employed. Jimmy was not as large as several of the big boys; in fact, he was about the size of the sixteen year old ones, but Jimmy was an athlete. He pursued his quiet and unassuming way for the first week, allowed the boys to show their hands in all sorts of mischief, and then promulgated his rules and regulations which, to us, seemed Spartan in the extreme. We decided that Jimmy had outlived his usefullness; that Jimmy must be taught a lesson; that Jimmy had to go, but when it came time to put our plans in execution Jimmy showed us that his Spartan rules were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unchanging; we tried concerted

action, and Jimmy took on all comers and completely discouraged us. Then he took us, one by one, and larruped us with a two foot portion of a trace from a work harness, and after that double thickness of two inch width of leather had bitten into us a few times, we decided to be good scholars—so far as that term of school was concerned.

Then there was Miss Osterhaut who left an impression on my boyhood, largely I think, because she unconsciously appealed to the chivalry and the dramatic in me. With her large, appealing eyes, her low, controlled, well-accented voice, her ability to make me feel the climax she felt in a crisis in history, or in a reading from some eloquent, or pathetic, or dramatic selection she left a permanent impress.

And Bert Carson who was first of all an example of practicality. Whether her name was really Bertha, or Alberta, or something else I never knew, at any rate, every one called her Bert. She was so encouraging in her attitude toward the pupils, and so filled with the belief that as a teacher her work was worth while. She did not need Spartan rules; she made us feel that the most desirable thing was to study and learn. Because of what will come a little later I am going to set down—without feeling immodest—the report she sent to my parents at the end of the term. "Charles is an exceptionally bright boy; he has studied faithfully and hard, but most of all I wish to commend him for being a perfect gentleman at all times." While my breast swelled with pride that evening when father and mother praised me, still I felt just a little 'peeved' over that last line, for I knew that if the other boys ever heard of it they would call me "sissy."

And the next winter came Bert's sister Fannie. Bert had secured a larger and more desirable school, but she had made such an excellent teacher that the board of directors felt sure her sister must be a good teacher also. But Fannie wasn't Bert. In the first place she had a fiery temper; in the second place I do not think she liked children, and in the third place, we found early, how easy it was to annoy her. It developed too, and was really her own statement, that she intended to be very 'strict,' consequently we laid our plans to live and move as near the

danger line as possible all the time. The result was, that within a month I was sent home with a note to my parents saying that I need not return, for she "would not permit such a young imp to remain in school." Again, with boyish perverseness, that note made me feel as if I had been knighted and given the order of the Star and Garter.

When the writer was sixteen years old, his father rented what was known as the Carman Eighty, a farm two miles from Oak Grove Farm, and made this announcement: "Charlie, you are to take Kit and Flora and farm that eighty as if it were your own." Kit was a big dappled gray Percheron, and Flora a big bay Clydesdale. Each one weighed over sixteen hundred pounds. The distance meant an extra early start from home in the morning, the taking of a cold lunch for the mid-day meal, and a drive home in the dusk in the evening. It was probably too much for the growing boy. At any rate, when early Fall came he was so run down and tired out that he became sick. From the view point of today it is possible that he was poisoned by working in corn which carried "smut", for the corn on the Carman place was excessively smutty that year. At any rate, a well established case of septicaemia came on, and the result was that from October to February he was in bed, and was a very sick boy. It may be said that right here his farming ended. The following summer found him in no condition to work.

At this time Aunt Eliza stepped in and said she had been wanting for years to go back to New York State, and revisit girlhood scenes and friends, and that she was now going, and was going to take Charlie with her. Inasmuch as the boy was so crippled from his long illness that he was still compelled to use crutches to walk, this seemed a most generous labor of love. The Aunt and Nephew started and were gone for six months. To the boy, who had, practically, never been off the farm, the trip and the scenes were a revelation. There were many relatives "down east" and each one was kindness itself to the boy of "Dorr and Harriett," and the result was improved health, and regained locomotion without the crutches, although some of the joints were still stiff and sore.

It must be that the winter following this six months period was spent in contemplation of the trip, for there is not a solitary thing remaining in my mind to indentify this interval of time.

When Spring came again it was plain that the boy could not work on the farm. A little exercise, a little exposure, and the joints that had been affected became sore and swollen again. Inaction was one thing he could not endure so he decided to become a book agent, to try and make some money, and to go to college. He had always felt a desire to become a doctor, and during his boyhood days had experimented with cats and chloroform until nothing but bob-tailed cats could be found at Oak Grove Farm. He had even sewed up—with black cotton thread and a cambric needle—a five inch cut one of the playmates of his younger brothers had received in an accident. The strange part of this story is that the injured boy recovered as quickly, and with as good a result as the writer would have obtained in later life with all the asepsis and equipment of a surgeon's office.

The illness, the incapacity for farm work, and the resultant inactivity served to crystallize his purpose. But the farm was not a very profitable thing; prices were low for all farm products; the initial purchase price for the land had not yet been wiped out; Genevieve was going away to school, and if Charles went also, he must find some means to finance himself in whole, or in at least the greater part. The outcome was that he finally secured the agency for "My Story of the War" by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. It may be said here that during the '80's the elapsed time following the Civil War had not, in any measure, abated the desire of the people for more "war books," nor had very many authoritative works on the War of the Rebellion been published.

The physical condition of the boy meant that he must handicap himself and his efforts as a book agent in the country by seeing only one or two prospects a day, or else he must make provision for transportation. Billy had been drafted into farm work by the needs of the season, but there was a spindling, undersized colt, two years old, unbroken, running in the pasture. On request for the use of this colt father said, "Yes, if you can use her do so, and what's more I'll give her to you to help you through college."

With the aid of Orlo who had to do the catching in the pasture, Maud—named so at this time because of the new dignity which had come upon her—was gotten in the barn. A few days were spent in getting her accustomed to her new owner, a few more to get her accustomed to bit and harness, a little driving about the barn lot to teach her to guide by the bit, and Maud was ready. So far, so good, but there had to be a vehicle in which to ride. Again Aunt Eliza came to the rescue. She had an old fashioned, single buggy, long since antiquated, and relegated to oblivion, but which, like so many articles on a farm was just too good to throw away entirely. This she presented to the boy and he was ready to start out on his business career. Maud behaved fairly well; the neighbors in the immediate vicinity were kind and sympathetic; many of them knew of the long illness, and the reason for his becoming a book-agent; the book he had to sell was an attracitve story, well told, and well clothed in three different bindings, and business was brisk; he could make from a dollar and a half to three dollars per sale, depending on which type of binding was selected. The work was pleasant; the weather was favorable, and the boy could see his college course coming closer and closer. It is true two dogs made intimate acquaintance with his legs while he was making his way to the doors of two farm houses, but the fact that each bite meant the sale of a book compensated largely for the slight pain incurred. Then one day Maud decided that the peripatetic life did not please her. She started kicking, and before she had finished the old fashioned buggy, and the old harness were in pieces along the road, so scattered as to be beyond the hope of successful collection.

Looking backward over the years it becomes apparent that the work done as a book-agent was among the most valuable things of my life. Up to this time I had been bashful and retiring. There is nothing connected with success as a book-agent even distantly related to these traits of character, and common sense told me this early in the game. The outcome of this realization was that I forced myself to develop opposite characteristics. Also speaking from the stand-point of experience, if you are ever

a book-agent doing business at farm houses, do not go to the front door if the farmer has a dog. Such action tells the dog that you are a stranger with no legitimate reason for being there. If you go round to the back door the dog thinks you are some friend, or neighbor whom he has forgotten temporarily.

CHAPTER THREE

That Fall it was off to college. It is surprising how little knowledge, or concern about entrance requirements the writer or his family had. It is likely that if the choice of school had been other than it was, it would have been a case of turn about and go back home. But the school selected was Knox College, and at that time this institution had in connection with it Knox Academy. The new student had no credits from his district school; he knew no Latin; he had had no algebra or geometry, but after an interview with the Head of the Academy, who in a measure gave him an oral examination, The Head very kindly showed him that his place was in the Academy. In passing it may be said that one year in the Academy enabled him to pass as a "conditioned" freshman to the college.

A room was secured with another boy; a place to board was found at a boarding club, where we paid two dollars and twenty-five cents a week for twenty-one excellent meals, and school life was on. At the Christmas vacation Mother sent me a whole roasted turkey, cookies, jam, etc. That vacation no attempt was made to earn money for I was new at the game, and while getting stronger every day, the family had thought best for me to do nothing but school work at first, but when the Easter vacation came on my money was running low and my ambition high. Knox College has always been known as a place where young men can "make their way" by work of some sort. Several boys I had known at home were working, or had worked their way through college, some of them at Knox. There were all sorts of ways for doing this; some men acted as waiters at restaurants or hotels, some did odd jobs; some took care of a furnace, or a garden, or a horse or cow; some sawed wood.

When Easter vacation came Tom McGregor, a big Scotchman who was also in the Academy, joined me in looking for work; we decided to saw wood as this was an occupation where we could work together, and as it was work calling—we thought—for

very little training. Our method of job hunting was to walk down the street until we saw a big pile of cord wood, and then go in and ask for the job of sawing and splitting it. At last, in the rear of a fine residence we saw a healthy looking pile; we went to the front door and rang the bell, and it so happened that the mistress of the house answered the door herself. We stammered out the news that we were college students anxious to saw and split the wood for her. She was graciousness itself, but she admitted that she knew nothing about the woodpile, the quantity there, or a fair figure for doing such work, but if we would come back at six in the evening her husband would be home, and if he had not made arrangements she felt sure he would let us have the job. Until six in the evening we worried over the chance of somebody else being introduced to that woodpile. Tom roomed nearer here than I did, so at six he went again, saw the owner, found there were ten cords in the pile and that the owner would pay one dollar and a quarter per cord to have it sawed, split, and piled up in the woodshed. We took the job, and for three days we raised blisters, lame backs, and bad temper, but we conquered that woodpile, and divided twelve dollars and fifty cents between us. We really divided more than this, for the lady who had met us at the front door fed us two or three times a day on pie, or cake, or cookies, with all the milk we could drink.

At the end of my first year at Knox I was able to find a place in the family of Dr. T. R. Willard—a member of the faculty of the college—where I received board, room, and laundry for my rough clothing, in exchange for taking care of the stoves in the house, milking the cow, and caring for the horse and garden. There was wood to be sawed for the kitchen stove, too. All this meant getting up at five in the morning, or even earlier, and getting home in the afternoon earlier than I liked, for little by little, I had worked into the athletic life of the school, and was playing both baseball and football with the "Preps" the Spring of my first year. It had become evident too, that there was material in me to make a boxer, and each day I worked out with the gloves for half an hour or more.

Dr. Willard had two boys, ages about twelve and fourteen.

When he found I was inclined to athletics, and especially baseball, he suggested that it would be all right with him if I would try something he had never been able to accomplish—get those boys to work. If this could be done it would relieve me of some of my chores, and would really be doing him, and the boys a kindness. The professor was a rabid baseball fan, and in his day had been rather a fancy player himself. He also suggested, with a twinkle in his eye, that perhaps if I would teach the boys to box that I could better control them and direct their efforts. The boxing idea was an excellent one; to make up for the difference in ages—nineteen as compared to twelve and fourteen—we used always to have our set-tos with all three going at once, the two boys pitted against me. Of course, I had to go rather lightly, and pull my blows in order not to hurt, or discourage them, while they slugged at me as hard as they could. Two good, husky lads of this age can make it fairly interesting for anyone, and the training they gave me in foot work and ducking was worth more to me than they got from me. But they did learn to do part of my work for me so that I had more time for athletics.

Life at Dr. Willard's was pleasant in every way; they made me a member of the family; Mrs. Willard called me "one of my boys," and before living there very long I was sincerely attached to every member of the household. More than this, I could feel their growing affection for me. The amount of good that this one family has done can never be computed or even estimated. For a period of forty years they have been entertaining students in the way they entertained me, and it is likely that at least twenty men have been enabled to get their education through their kindness. More even than this, the example set, the fatherliness of Dr. Willard, the motherliness of Mrs. Willard, their high ideals, their beautiful views of life and of the ethics of correct living, their home so full of "homeness," all this served as the broadest kind of an education for the student living in this family circle.

It may be said that during part of the time of my physical disability as a farmer, father had strained a financial point to allow me to take singing lessons under an instructor of almost national prominence. This instruction had proved somewhat

remunerative as there was always more or less of a demand for a singer who could serve at funerals, celebrations, and occasions of various sorts. Because of the singing ability it was arranged that during the summer vacation I was to become one of a traveling troop known as the "Knox College Boys," who went from place to place in the state on a two-fold mission: to extend and introduce the Y. M. C. A. as an organization, and to advertise Knox College. One organization paid all our travel expense, and the other promised freedom from college fees for the following year. With college fees and living expense out of the way there remained only the item of clothes to be taken care of, so at this point mother stepped in and said that, as father was paying the expense of Genevieve's education, that she would buy my clothes out of her butter and egg money. The result was that I had a summer vacation that was largely pleasure, and returned to college in the Fall apparently in excellent health.

Almost upon my return I suffered an injury to one leg—the one which had given me the most trouble during my attack with septicaemia. Later in the season it was hurt again while playing football, and this time it became apparent that something had to be done. The doing was deferred to the Christmas holidays in the hope that whatever operative measures were necessary would not require more than the vacation period, but the work, and the subsequent convalescence kept me at the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago for ten weeks, and then it was evident that I would have to depend on crutches for a considerable time longer. This was the first time real discouragement had ever come to me. It meant that I had fallen behind my class; my place at Dr. Willard's had to be filled by someone else; I was no longer physically fit to "work my way" through school.

In the early Spring of this year father decided that the old farm house was no longer competent for our needs; for years mother had kept up her hopes for a new home; if a new house was built there would be no money for a college course. I do not remember that I had any voice in the matter; I hope I did, and hope that I voted for the new house; at any rate the house was decided upon, and crippled as I was I helped build that house

for mother; helped, not only in the way of helping to furnish the funds by not spending the funds, but helped in the actual construction work. The contractor was a friend of the family, and on being asked by the writer if there was not somewhere that a cripple could work and earn day's wages, was answered "Yes." Then I was set with instructions to make certain mortises and tenons in the foundation timbers. What I did not know about this kind of work would take weeks to tell. Then the contractor asked if I could lay shingles; he had another job which had reached the shingle stage; of course I said Yes. Strange as it may seem, a few minutes watching a real carpenter lay shingles, a few hours of practice, and I could lay shingles. I had to go up and down a ladder by arm power, and once on a roof I had to transport myself sitting down, but before a month was over I could lay more shingles in a day than any man the contractor had, and I laid the shingles on mother's new home.

But the injured leg got worse again, and on July first there was a return to the hospital for further operation, and this time it kept me there until October first. During these months, part of the time in the face of expectation on the part of doctors and friends that I would not live, the decision was reached to give up college so far as Knox was concerned, and to begin the study of medicine. The preliminary education required before trying for a medical degree was not as great as it is today. But there was the case of "no money," and no ability to "work my way."

This time I took my plans, and troubles to Aunt Eliza, and asked her to loan me four hundred dollars on my unsecured note. She replied that she had never loaned money to a relative without losing the interest, and frequently the principal as well, and that she had firmly determined never to lend to a relative again; but whereas, all other borrowing relatives had seemed to be good loans, and as it appeared that I was an extremely risky one, perhaps I would be the exception to the relative-rule, and she would let me have the money. That four hundred took care of my first year at Rush Medical. Right here let me say that twenty-one years afterward, the note was paid off with all interest; it might have been paid off years before, but it was

carried until all other debts had been cleared away, and then carried another year or two just out of sentiment. When Aunt Eliza cancelled it and sent it to me, she asked me to return it to her if I had no objections, for she considered it in all respects, the "prettiest" note she had ever had, and she wanted to keep it always.

That first year at Rush Medical was spent in study and in getting well. The first half of the year was spent on crutches too. The summer vacation found me in shape to do some kinds of work, and "male nursing" seemed the most profitable; this brought in from five to seven dollars a day, and usually furnished board as well. By the time Fall came a good little-nest-egg had been collected, and I faced the second year of school confident that I could see it through. It was in this year too, that I was elected to the editorial staff of "The Corpuscle," which was a "medical journal, owned, edited and published by medical students, the only one of the kind in the world." It was a pretty good publication too, and had a remarkably wide circulation; copies went to Canada, to England, to India, and to other foreign countries, subscribed for by medical colleges for their students, or subscribed for by the foreign students for themselves. The advertising we had secured paid all our expenses, and anything secured from subscriptions, or from the sale of copies was profit for the editorial staff of six men. Then because some of the six did no particular amount of work, it was decided to split the profits on a space-rate basis for material furnished and proof-reading done. The outcome was that John Ross and myself practically divided the proceeds from this journal, which generally ran about one hundred dollars a month.

The second summer vacation was spent as a traveling salesman for Armour and Company, with Michigan and Wisconsin as territory; this gave me an almost ideal summer, and it is possible one of the financial mistakes of my life was made right here, for the company was so well pleased with my efforts after the end of five months that they offered to send me into the Southwest as the general representative for their Laboratory line of products, and give me a salary of twenty-two hundred dollars, with travel

expense. The fact that this company never discharge a man who does good work, and the fact that twenty years of continuous service meant an assured pension, were used to persuade the young man to stay with them, but the idea of a doctor's life was too strong to be resisted, and I went back to school for my final year well fortified with funds. In fact I felt so rich that I paid Aunt Eliza interest for two years on that note.

Just prior to the date of graduation, and just after taking my final examinations at Rush Medical, there came a call for a surgeon to take up work immediately in three iron mines on the Gogebic Range. I had taken the competitive examination for a place as interne at the Presbyterian Hospital, in Chicago, had been successful, but would not begin my duties there until October first. This was in March, so that it appeared that there was an interval of six months to fill in in some way. With my money gone, and a period of a year and a half in the hospital with no way of making money, I could not afford to waste those six months. Hearing of this call from the iron country I importuned Dr. Holmes, president of Rush, for this opportunity. At first he could not see how it was possible; I had not gone through the formality of graduation, even if the final examinations had been taken, and even if I had been notified that I would be graduated; also, I had been fortunate in taking the prize offered for the best graduation thesis; in a sense I was a show figure for the graduation exercises. But his objections were overcome by my insistence that I needed that position; by my promise to furnish a man to impersonate me at the graduation exercises, and the result was that I left that same night for the Gogebic Range.

The impersonation at the graduation exercises resulted in something more or less humorous—depending on the end from which it is viewed. Arthur T. Holbrook a member of the class after mine, had agreed to appear for me. When the diplomas were being distributed, and my name was called in turn, he gravely stepped forward and accepted the parchment; when the announcement was made that Charles D. Center was the winner of the fifty dollars in gold, the prize for the best thesis, again he stepped forward, gravely and modestly, and was handed the

money. In the audience was a young lady I had known at Knox, who, at this time, was a student in the Art Institute in Chicago, and who had come over to Central Music Hall to see me graduate. She was greatly perturbed at seeing this stranger respond to my name, and thinking there must be something very wrong, she wrote to mother telling her all this, and asked if there was a possibility of foul play somewhere.

My departure from Chicago had been so hurried that I had not written home. A letter sent to me in Chicago, by mother, brought no immediate reply. Genevieve and her husband, living in Chicago, were apprized of the situation but they knew nothing of my whereabouts. The clerk in the office of Rush Medical did not know of the substitution on the graduation program, so he could throw no light on the situation. About the time the family was ready to call for help from the Pinkertons, or some one else, the clerk at the college bethought himself, called Dr. Holmes on the telephone, and the mystery ended very suddenly.

The six months on the Gogebic Range were spent in the practice of medicine, and in serving as a deptuy sheriff, for there was a strike among the miners, and that country was destitute of men who could be depended upon to stop the rioting and the destruction of property which soon ensued, and it was something of a new sensation for me to do my best to inflict injuries when injuries were needed to stop the burning of a shaft-house, and then turn around and fix the injury inflicted; for I was the only surgeon at these mines, and the next nearest was twelve miles away and he was just as busy with his injuries as I was with mine.

Then followed a year and a half of service in the Presbyterian Hospital. This was a period of very continuous and very intensive work. There was almost no moment of relaxation as the four internes were supposed to be on duty at all times. However the Superintendent, discovering that in the past one out of each four members of this house staff had either died during his term of service, or developed tuberculosis during his term, put into effect a rule that each interne should have two hours relief from duty each day, and a full half-day additional once a week. The writer generally took his recreation with the boxing gloves, and

during this year and a half had the pleasure of standing up in friendly bouts, with several recognized professionals of meritorious standing, and with a number of different amateurs.

Nearing the close of the term of service at the hospital, the matter of seeking a location presented itself. Dr. A. C. Cotton, of the faculty of Rush Medical, asked the writer to become his assistant with a fixed salary, but said at the same time, "while I want you I'm a good enough friend to say that it may be years before you are known as anything but an assistant, and with your ability and energy you can likely go farther in these same years if you go it alone." The salary offered assured immediate relief from the wonder and worry about a new doctor making a living, and for this reason looked very attractive to me. In all probability the offer would have been accepted but for one thing; Dr. Cotton was a specialist in diseases of children—a line of work which had no particular attraction for me. I had done extra work while in the hospital, with both Doctor Senn and Doctor Etheridge, both of them well-known surgeons, and felt strongly drawn to surgical work. It is quite likely that my experience in somewhat crude surgical work on the Gogebic Range still further influenced me in this direction, so the offer was declined.

When Dr. Cotton was told that his offer could not be accepted, he again showed his friendship by telling me of an acquaintance of his, Dr. Henry Hatch, of Quincy, Illinois, who was looking for an associate. Correspondence with Dr. Hatch culminated in an arrangement to come to Quincy, draw a salary for the first year, and then enter on a partnership business. Shortly after the expiration of the first year a disagreement arose over the interpretation of the terms of the partnership contract, and we separated.

Before going further let me interject that Arthur Tenny Holbrook, who impersonated me at the graduation exercises, became my successor as chief editor of the Corpuscle, and in his year of graduation my successor in winning the fifty dollars in gold for the best thesis.

CHAPTER FOUR

The residence in Quincy began April first, 1896. On September first of that year the writer went to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and was married to Edith Campbell, of Summerside, Prince Edward Island. The wedding was at the home of her brother Charles. She had been a nurse at the Presbyterian Hospital, and the acquaintance began there in 1890 when the writer was a patient in the hospital. At the time she was married she was assistant superintendent of the Illinois Training School for Nurses. She was the daughter of James Campbell and Rose Buxton Campbell. She had been educated in a convent on Prince Edward Island. Her father was born in Scotland and belonged to Clan Argyle. Rose Buxton was born in England, and as shown by Burke's Peerage and Landed Gentry, came from the lesser nobility. They were married in England and emigrated to Prince Edward Island where James Campbell became a well-known man, at one time representing the Island in the Canadian Parliament. Their children were Flora, later to become a daughter-in-law of Senator Frye, of Maine; Charles, who was an engineer and architect and who lived in Council Bluffs; also he built one of the early bridges there across the Missouri River, and further built the Montana State House. Sidney, who was the captain of an English liner, plying between New Orleans and Liverpool for many years. Colin, who was the ne'er-do-well of the family, and who disappeared and has never been heard from. Harry who is still living in Los Angeles. Helen now living in California, James, who lived and died in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Edith, who married the writer. Edward, who like Colin, was for some years a worthless fellow, but who became interested in a worthwhile life through the efforts of the Salvation Army and is living in California at present where he has gained high standing and a considerable fortune. Jack, who was an invalid all his life, and who spent practically all his twenty-two years in the hospital. Of these children only Harry, Helen, and Edward are living. From the best information obtainable, the father, mother,

Charles, Flora, Sidney, James and Edith died with cardio-vascular disease, and all in middle, or early middle life with the exception of Flora, who lived well into the sixties.

The family appearance of these children was somewhat unusual as each one was either a pronounced blonde or a profound brunette; there were no mixtures of the two types. Flora, Charles, James, Edith, and Jack were all blue-eyed blondes; Sidney, Helen, Harry, Edward and Colin were all dark of eye, of hair and of skin.

Edith, the mother of Donald and Arch, died in April 1908. Following her request, her remains were cremated and the ashes deposited in the Atlantic Ocean—the ocean she had learned to love in childhood, and for which she always yearned.

The beginning of the practice in an office by myself began in February, 1898. At that time the family was living at 527 Lind Street. During the late winter of that year there was a tremendous snowfall; it lay twenty-six inches deep on level ground. Nearly every one took it as a huge joke, and the first day there was but little attempt to overcome it. Business, in general, was suspended to allow every one to look at it, and laugh over the snowfall. The writer had a few patients, but none of them in so serious condition that they would suffer if not seen for a day, but the complete suspension of business in all lines seemed too Providential for the young doctor to overlook, so he saddled up "Thirteen," and wearing rubber hip boots astonished the town by making calls on horseback—and no possible chance for a call was overlooked. As soon as it was seen that there was a doctor abroad some families really desiring, and needing the services of a doctor, called him in. It was hard on Thirteen, but wonderfully good advertising for the doctor.

Thirteen was a chestnut-sorrel mare. When a horse had to be purchased it was necessary to find a low-priced one. This mare was shown; she was just in from the country; she had been clipped earlier in the summer and had sunburned to a dingy, dirty yellow; she had a big grass-belly; she was altogether about as forlorn and sorry a looking specimen of horse flesh as one could wish to see. But she was sound, seven years old, and

looked intelligent. The price the owner asked was forty dollars. More as a joke than anything else he was offered thirty-five dollars. With a considerable show of temper the seller remarked that "he would be damned if he would sell a horse and halter for thirty-five dollars." "What will you take for her without the halter?" "Thirty-nine dollars." The sum seemed so unusual and so altogether preposterous, that I bought her. The date was July 13; 39 was the third multiple of 13, and 13 had always appeared to be a lucky number for me, so the mare was named Thirteen. She was in daily service for eleven years, and then was sold as "a gentle family horse" to a man who had a timid wife and five small children, for one hundred and five dollars.

The practice of medicine was altogether satisfactory. That first year of less than eleven months, brought in $1648.00 in cash, and some good accounts still unpaid. The second year ran to over $3000.00 and as these were the days of porterhouse steak at twelve cents a pound, it was possible to lay up a little money. Then the family decided to move; there was an addition expected, and it had developed too, that a residence nearer the east part of town was more desirable from a business standpoint, so we went to 1245 Vermont Street. At this house both Donald and Arch were born. Then with two babies, and a growing practice it looked logical to own our own home, and 1200 Park Place was purchased. A needed loan was effected from Binkert and Son for almost the amount of the purchase price. I have never been able to decide whether the Binkerts had confidence in the ultimate increase in value of this property, or confidence in the paying ability, and stability of the borrower, to induce them to lend so nearly up to the purchase price of this property.

But the mother of the children did not like it here; there were some things in the immediate surroundings of which she did not approve; the majority of her friends lived further east; her health had been failing for six years, and it was necessary for her to escape the summer heat, and for several summers she had been forced to go to the far north for the summer months. An opportunity presented itself for selling this place to advantage and this was done. Then one year was spent at 1468 Vermont Street

in a rented house, while the home at 1671 Hampshire Street was being built. It is not necessary to take up events current with the residence at this latter place, as all the members of the family are familiar with them.

On June 1, 1909 the writer went to Cresco, Iowa and was married to Louise Pecinovsky. The wedding was at the home of her uncle, S. A. Converse. She had been a nurse in training at Blessing Hospital, Quincy, Illinois following her graduation from St. Mary's School for Girls at Faribault, Minnesota. Her father, John Pecinovsky, was born in Bohemia of a family which had been driven out of Poland in one of the numerous Russian persecutions. The family of John Pecinovsky had immigrated to Howard County, Iowa and had become farmers there. The mother of Louise was born a Converse, the family coming of old New England stock. The mother of Louise, and a babe in her arms, were killed by a stroke of lightning when Louise was only four years old; Louise and an older sister, May, were the only surviving children.

From the marriage of Louise Pecinovsky and the writer were born two sons, Charles Converse and Harry Allen, and this was the family, a wife, two small boys ages five and seven years, two older boys, ages sixteen and eighteen years, which was left behind when the war broke out. To be exact, however, the oldest boy, Donald, was not left behind as he had returned from the University of Illinois in May, 1917 and had enlisted in the Fifth Illinois Infantry. Later he went overseas with the Headquarters Company of the 129th., Infantry, and while in France was transferred to, and became Battalion Sergeant-Major 108th., Trains Hdqs., and M. P.

One of the most pleasant memories of my life is the "wedding tour" taken at the time of the second marriage. Both the bride and groom were lovers of the outdoors; the bride had always wished to do some "roughing it" and camp out where night overtook her, so two canoes had been shipped to Aurora, Illinois in advance. With one canoe for tent and luggage, and one for the newly married pair, and a man to handle the second canoe and to help make camp and run errands, with camp made

whenever and wherever the fancy struck us, and with the journey resumed at our own sweet wills, it proved an ideal way to spend two weeks. During this time the party traversed the greater portion of the Fox River—the prettiest river in the state.

To retrace our steps, and scan a little more closely the medical career of the writer. In 1899 he was made secretary of the medical section of the Illinois State Medical Society. In 1900 he was advanced to the Chairmanship of this same section; in 1902 he was made assistant general secretary of the Society. In the years from 1899 to 1909 he produced various papers and monographs on different medical and surgical subjects which were published in one or another of the leading medical journals. Among those published were, "Variations in the Manifestations of Malaria," "A Glance at the History of Medicine," "Acute Hemorrhagic Encephalitis," "The Influenza Microbe as a Cause for Mastoiditis," "The Educational Treatment of Neurasthenics," "A case of Apparent True Abdominal Pregnancy," "The Brain a Good Field for Surgery." In this last named paper he laid down the dictum which still holds good, that the brain, outside of, and beyond the corpus callosum, need not be considered a vital part.

In 1905 the writer was made assistant surgeon, medical corps, and assigned to the Fifth Illinois Infantry. In 1910 he was promoted to Captain, and two months later to Major, with the same assignment. In September of this year the Fifth Infantry was sent to Fort Benjamin Harrison for duty with other regiments of the National Guard, and with regiments of the regular army. Because of volunteer services outside of the duties of a medical officer, and because of the satisfactory performance of these duties, it was recommended by the officers of the regular army serving at the Fort as instructors, that the writer be transferred from the Medical Corps to Field and Staff, and that he be made a Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry. This was done October 1912.

As the records of the Militia Bureau at Washington will substantiate this statement, it may be of interest to say that the medical detachment of the Fifth Illinois Infantry ranked

the highest in the 1910 inspection, of any detachment in the United States. As this detachment was resident at Hillsboro, Illinois, and as Captain Clotfelter, the senior assistant surgeon lived there and had immediate supervision over the detachment, the credit for this splendid record is given to Captain Clotfelter. In passing it may be said that upon my transference to Field and Staff, Captain Clotfelter was made Major, and became my successor in the Fifth Infantry. It was his misfortune to be removed from this assignment after the regiment went to Camp Logan, and he did not accompany the medical corps overseas.

Another backward glance is the recital of the disappointment of 1898. At this time Dr. Nicholas Senn had been made a Colonel, Medical Corps United States Army, and been given the further designation of Chief of the Operating Staff in the Field. Dr. Senn was to go to Cuba at once; he selected Dr. Frank Jay, Chicago, another young Chicago doctor whose name escapes me, and myself as his assistants. While getting ready and waiting for my commission to arrive, I was taken with an attack of appendicitis, was operated upon, and by the time I was physically fit again, Dr. Senn had filled my place and had gone to the front. None of his selected assistants ever reached Cuba. Dr. Jay went as far as Miami, came down with an attack of dysentery, nearly died and was finally invalided home; the doctor whose name escapes me resigned, and the man selected by Dr. Senn as my successor could not pass the physical examination. While this inability to get into the military service was a considerable disappointment at the time, and for a considerable time thereafter, the mature reflection of later years compels me to admit that it still further serves to convince me that "Whatever is, is right," and that "there is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

CHAPTER FIVE

At 3:30 a. m., March 26, 1917, the telephone rang, and the voice of Colonel Shand, Adjutant General's office at Springfield, said, "The Fifth Infantry has been ordered into Federal service; you will mobilize the regiment at once at the various home stations, and receive further orders from General Barry." In a considerable measure this did not come as a surprise. For months the units of the regiments had been having extra drills, and extra schools. Schools for officers within the regiment had been going on for more than a year. Examination Boards had been sitting every two weeks, in order to weed out incompetents among the officers. Because of these Boards, and because good commissioned material had not as yet been developed within some of the companies, several were without company captains, while some had a captain and no lieutenants.

On the morning of the 26th, recruiting began in earnest. Company F, Machine Gun Company, and the nucleus of Headquarters company were mobilized in the armory at Quincy. Here was found also the regimental headquarters, and headquarters of the 65th Brigade, although the Brigade did not receive orders for several weeks.

Almost immediately after the receipt of notification from the office of the Adjutant General, orders began to arrive from General Barry commanding what was then known as the Central District. Under his orders the regiment was split into companies, and even platoons, and scattered throughout the south half of Illinois, in the state of Indiana, Missouri and Kentucky. These various details were for the purpose of protection over essential industries, and the railroad bridges necessary for trans-continental and inter-state commerce.

It was a busy time. It was at a season of inclement weather. Equipment was meagre or lacking. At many of the home stations appeals were made to the citizens to furnish the men of their home companies with shoes, underwear, bedding, etc. It is to

the credit of the people of Illinois, that no sooner was the need made known to them than the need was filled. Quincy furnished 150 bed sacks, 72 pairs of shoes, 30 double blankets, and other needed articles. Other cities did as well. This guard duty was irksome, and in some places decidedly dangerous. A long, unlighted railroad bridge, with spare space at the side for a man to stand while a train is passing, was not a desirable thing to patrol constantly. During the three months this duty was maintained the regiment lost three men, killed by apparently unavoidable accidents.

In June the railroads were ordered to supply their own guards and the regiment was mobilized in three cities—Springfield, Peoria and Quincy. Quincy had Company F, Machine Gun Company, Headquarters Company, Company B, of Jacksonville, Company D, of Bloomington, the Medical Corps and Regimental Headquarters. These various outfits went under canvas at Parker Heights, Gardner Park, Quincy. Not long after going into camp at Parker Heights the Headquarters company was ordered to Springfield to handle the horses and mules then coming in for the use of the regiment.

While at Camp Parker an incident occurred which I will never forget. Late in August the writer was surprised by having an unexpected visit from two venerable men, his father and his Uncle John. In spite of their ages, eighty-one in the case of my uncle, and seventy-nine in the case of my father, these two old men had braved the heat and discomfort of travel to come to Quincy, believing that it was only a question of a short time before the regiment would be gone. As they concluded their little visit and said good-bye, there were tears in the eyes of each one, and father said to me, "I have the feeling that this will be the last time we will ever see each other; I hope my feeling is a mistaken one, but if it is true I pray that it may be my place to go, and that you may be spared to your family and country." The feeling was prophetic, for father died while the writer was in France—died as he had lived, calmly, and without excitement or emotion. He had taken the train to go and make Genevieve a little visit, and after cheerful conversation with another pas-

senger he remarked, "I feel very sleepy and think I will take a nap." A few moments later it was discovered that he was peacefully sleeping the sleep of death. Thus passed a man whose worst enemy—if there was such—would have said, "He was a good and just man."

In September there came the welcome news that we were ordered to Camp Logan, Houston, Texas. Entrainment was accomplished at 11:00 a. m., September 13, and at 11:00 a. m., September 16, we detrained at Camp Logan. At first, the work at the Camp consisted of clearing the grounds. The sector allotted to the Fifth Infantry was nothing but a portion of the forest. It was impossible to find a cleared space large enough to drill even one company, so axes, shovels, picks and dynamite were drawn, and the work of clearing begun. In four days the regiment had cleared a space sufficiently large to hold a regimental parade.

Very early in the life at Camp Logan there came rumors that the Fifth Infantry was to be converted into machine gun companies and machine gun battalions for the Division. Naturally this was resented by the officers and men of the regiment. We all knew that the Fifth was at least as well drilled, disciplined, and officered as the average regiment of the Division. As a matter of fact the records of the Militia Bureau for 1916 and 1917 ranked the Fifth Illinois Infantry very high among all National Guard regiments. But there were two grave obstacles in the way when it came to remaining an infantry outfit. One was the imperative need for transforming some of the infantry into artillery, into machine gun battalions, and into Divisional Trains. The other obstacle was that Colonel Wood, commanding the Fifth Infantry, had unfortunately incurred the enmity of some of the inspectors from the regular army, and a short time before this he had been ordered before an Efficiency Board to determine whether he should be dismissed from the service. While this Board, which in a considerable measure was equivalent to a Court Martial found nothing on which to base a recommendation for dismissal, still this, taken with subsequent disagreements between Colonel Wood and officers of the regular establishment,

was sufficient to cause a suspicion of insubordination, or inefficiency. Our fears proved well grounded, for on October 11 came the order that the Fifth be transformed.

Headquarters Company was to go the 129th Infantry as Headquarters Company of that regiment. Company A was to go to Divisional Trains. Companies B and H were to become the Military Police for the Division. Company M to the 108th, Engineers as the Train for the outfit. The remaining companies were to form the 122nd, 123rd, and 124th Machine Gun Battalions. This left Colonel Wood, Captain Fawcett the Chaplain, and the writer as "surplus officers." The writer was immediately offered the command of the 122nd Machine Gun Battalion, which was the Divisional Machine Gun Battalion, but because of the channel through which this offer came, and because of the feeling of resentment developed over the breaking up of the regiment, this offer was declined. In this I feel that a wise decision was made. Had this command been accepted the writer would not have been sent to France in advance of the Division, and would, in all probability, have remained a Lieutenant-Colonel throughout the war.

CHAPTER SIX

The appended letters written at different times, to different people during the war, may serve to cast still another light, and another view on the war, the results of the war, and on the results of the war on the individual who was closely concerned with the war.

The first one was written from Camp Logan, about November 1, 1917, and was in response for a communication which could be read to the people of Quincy, who were to be gathered in an immense mass-meeting for patriotic purposes.

"In accordance with your kind invitation to say something for the wives and mothers of Quincy and Adams County, relative to the men who have gone out from there and into the army service, I can but say that it is both a privilege and a pleasure. A privilege, for when anyone has an opportunity to say anything regarding the men who have given, and are giving unselfishly of the best of themselves, and in fact their entire selves in this hour of national need, one is doing a favor to oneself in recounting these facts.

"And it is a pleasure for there is nothing in which I take more personal satisfaction than in the feeling that, in a small measure I have been concerned in getting these boys and men into service, and in directing them after they came in. More than this, the majority of them have been personal friends and acquaintances in civil life; some of them I have known since boyhood; most of them I have known so well that I have been in the habit of addressing them by their given names, and they have come to be almost as the members of my own family.

"There is no doubt that the first thought entering the mind of the relatives of these men is, 'Are they well taken care of?' To this there is but one answer, 'Yes.' A moment of reflection will convince anyone that this answer is the truth, for Uncle Sam is trying to make the most efficient army the world has ever seen, and in order to do this he must take good care of the in-

dividual in the army. The result is that food—good food, ample food, and a variety of food—is furnished them. Then he shelters his men; there are the big, roomy, pyramidal tents, boarded up, now that winter is coming, to a height of three feet on all sides. Not content with this, a small wood stove is installed in each tent. The clothing is ample, and so good that it is becoming a custom with the officers of the army to go to the quartermaster, and buy clothing designed and manufactured for the enlisted man, for the personal use of that officer. This does not rob any enlisted man, for the supply of clothing is adequate at all times.

"If for any reason the enlisted man falls sick, there is a doctor on the job immediately, for Uncle Sam can do nothing with an army of sick men. He does all in his power to prevent sickness, and to return the occasional sick man to health and duty as soon as possible.

"Then there is another factor in the care of the men—one never considered by the civilian—that factor is that each company commander has a pride in his company; in order to be able to maintain that pride he must make, and keep this company in good and fit condition all the time.

"Of course the soldier has to work. Work is good for him, but this work is well-directed, well considered, and the man is the better physically, morally and mentally for the work. All things considered well regulated army life is the most conducive life there is in time of peace—or perhaps better to say, in time of active training—for the physical well-being, the moral well-being, and the mental well-being of the individual.

"Another thing to consider is this: No matter what the outcome, no matter whether all, or none of these boys come back to us again, in either case the city and county has a right to, and cannot be true to its own prerogatives, if there is not an exceeding pride in these men who have gone to the front. As Governor Lowden said in his Houston Address, 'These are our boys; Illinois can give none better, for they are our best,' and as the years roll by, and this war passes into history—this history showing the state and nation stronger, more virile, more pure

and safe because of these boys who today are offering themselves so gallantly and so joyously—we who are privileged to see the making of such history, should be proud of the opportunity, and prouder still of the men who furnished the opportunity. Keep it before the people of this, and other lands that these men are not serfs; they are not men who are going to face the terrors and horrors of war because of compulsion; they are men who realize the need of the hour, whose foresight is keen enough to show them the Nation's danger; whose high-springing spirits, whose love for doing the part of a man, and whose training and inclination is to take a man's part in the greatest game the civilized world has ever known; it makes the thought of cold, of fatigue, of mud and exhaustion, of wounds or death seem a light matter. The adventuous and daring spirit of youth comes but once. Many are denied the opportunity of finding egress for the natural desire of the strong man to put his muscular strength against that of his fellows—the pleasure in striving for the mastery, and in striving with all his thews and sinews. We of today have that opportunity; we have a chance to play the game, and in playing the game to play the man in the fullest sense of the term. We can fight for the love of fighting, for the protection of our homes and families, for the anguished and oppressed of other lands, for the safety and betterment of the world, and for the establishment within the world of a universal democracy; and we can fight for the down-throwing of autocracy, of rapine, of lust, of monarchical murder, and against the blasphemous utterances of a self-inflated, imperial egotist.

"To the mother whose boy is at the front this must seem a righteous war, and even though the heart-strings are played upon almost to breaking, she can be proud that blood of her blood, a son whom she carried, and nursed, and raised to manhood is of the stuff that will not sit calmly in cowardice or indifference at home at such a time as this.

"Nor is this all, the iron has not yet entered sufficiently into the soul. Pitted as we are against a treacherous and brutal foe, and a foe who has been in preparation for the last sixty years, whose plans were perfected in times of peace and quiet, who has

no scruples and who hesitates at no atrocity in his efforts to conquer the world—and I use the word "World" advisedly—whose brutal strength is so great, and whose devilish cunning so unscrupulous, bearing all these things in mind I say to you that the wives and mothers, the sisters and sweethearts of this land have not yet given enough. In the light of human vision at the present time, the only apparent chance for an early peace lies in the revolt of the German nation against its emperor, or in the death of that emperor, and certainly it is no crime to hope devoutly, that either of these alternatives may come to pass. Nero slew and burned; his crimes stank to heaven, but even Nero—before the judgment seat of God—has no more to answer for than has the German Kaiser. Remember the brutal murder of the Belgian nation; the defilement of hundreds of Belgian and French women, the multilation of innocent children, and the actual crucifixion of aged men. This war is horrible, more horrible than any the civilized world has ever known. Turn the pages of your histories; find, if you can, any account of where strong men by the scores have gone insane because of the horrible sights and sounds they are called upon to endure in the theatre of action. Show me any instance in history where whole platoons, yes, whole companies have instantaneously disappeared until there was not a vestige of humanity to show where, one instant before, strong and gallant men had been standing. You mothers and sisters of Adams County, your boys, hale, strong, brave, with the fires of determination gleaming in their eyes as no fire ever gleamed before, are facing these facts bravely, calmly, even eagerly—eager to "get in" and to help wipe from the fair face of earth this hellish stain. They are doing it for you; they are doing it for their children and their grand-children, both generations as yet unborn. They are doing it for themselves, for their love of freedom, of decency, of respect for law, and out of the reverence for clean womanhood which they drew in with their baby breath, and which they learned while leaning against your knees. Their up-bringing, their teachings makes them honor their manhood by wanting to fight, and to die if need be, to honor these ideals. Do not, I beg of you, make their burden any more heavy by being anything other than heroic yourself.

Just as "he is thrice armed whose cause is just," so is he thrice energized whose friends and family say to him, "Go and do a man's part."

There is plenty of work for us all. There is no gain in trying to dodge the issue, nor to shrink looking danger in the face. It would be just as sensible to clap the hands over the face at the approach of a cyclone, and try to feel secure because the sight of nearing danger has been obscured, as it is to try to dodge the issue now. It is just as certain that we will win as it is that there is a God in heaven, but whether the end will come in one year, or in ten years remains with the people of the United States. If we give niggardly, grudgingly, selfishly of our money, our munitions, and our men what will be the result? I can tell you. It will mean added years of war; it will mean for each twelve months of that continuation, fifty thousand more graves of American soldiers; one hundred thousand more permanent cripples here at home; thirty billion dollars more for each twelve months; it will mean more hardships at home, more bereaved mothers and wives, more fatherless children.

We are in the war, and God forbid that anyone should be other than thankful, that this nation, representing as it does freedom, honor, justice, should be anywhere else than in the war. Let each help to carry the burden not only of the nation, but of each other. Just as the tired soldier in the ranks, who—although almost ready to drop—takes the rifle or the pack of the man at his side who is even more tired than himself. Let each one hide, conceal and bury the grief, the anxiety, the weight of sorrow, and help that one perhaps less able than himself. It is a horrible war; all the dogs of hell are let loose; but it is a glorious war since out of this world-strife and awful carnage, a lasting and just peace, a righteous peace must come."

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For nearly a month the status of "surplus officer" remained. Then came a Division order directing me to take command of the 108th Ammunition Train. The 7th Illinois Infantry like the Fifth, and on the same date, had been transformed into the Ammunition Train and the Supply Train. Colonel Moriarty,

commanding the Seventh Infantry had been made Commander of Trains and Military Police, and Lieutenant-Colonel Clasby had been made commander of the Ammunition Train. It developed that Colonel Clasby was not proving satisfactory in this command, and he resigned the service.

On November 16th, the writer assumed command of the Ammunition Train. It appeared at once that both officers and men were extremely disgruntled. The writer was told later by some of the officers of this organization, that a reputation as a rigid martinet had preceded him, and that it had been mutually agreed to make it as unpleasant for him as possible; they were all friendly to Colonel Clasby and to Colonel Moriarty, and felt that my superseding Colonel Clasby came about through efforts of my own. In fact a few days after the order was issued my immediate superior officer, Colonel Moriarty, said to me, "How did you manage to put it over, Center?" If he had known that the one place in the 33rd Division which, above all else, I did not want was the Trains, he could have spared himself the question.

But once on the job, pride in myself and a desire to do my part came uppermost in mind. Within twenty-four hours I had my plans for whipping that outfit into shape. It appeared that for six weeks there had been no order of exercise for these men; company officers drilled their men only as they felt inclined; there were no setting-up exercises, no gymnastics, no play, no work. It is a wonder that these men, Irish, Italians, Jews, and various foreign races from the Stock Yards district of Chicago, had not become more disorganized than they had; nothing but the fact that there were a few excellent company officers had prevented it.

The officers were called together and told in a friendly way, but firmly, that there must be general improvement in the organization; that it was up to each officer to prove his ability to hold his position. Drills and physical exercises covering eight hours a day were established, and the writer spent most of his time on the drill ground. Almost at once it appeared that some of the officers were inefficient; some who felt their inefficiency

came up and asked to be directed along lines to make themselves efficient; the majority of the officers were good, intelligent, hard-working fellows who only needed direction and a firm hand to make them A-1 officers; this statement is proved by the records they made later.

The work was at once pleasant and unpleasant; I could feel the undercurrent of antagonism on the part of some of the officers, while on the other hand, some of them co-operated heartily when they found that all my energy was directed to one end, and that end was to secure benefits for them; that I did not intend to spare myself in attaining that end, nor did I intend to make it unpleasant for them to reach that goal. I have always felt that some of the antagonism on the part of some of these officers was fostered and directed—at least to some degree—by Colonel Moriarty, my immediate superior officer.

At the end of twenty days an order came through from the Division requiring me to cite any and all officers of the Ammunition Train whom I considered inefficient, as these men would be sent before the Efficiency Board then sitting within the Division. This was done. Three days after these names had been sent in came another order from the commanding General, saying, "You will assume command of the 108th Trains and Military Police in addition to your other duties." Colonel Moriarty had been relieved of his command by the General commanding the Division, and as a result resigned from the service.

This order reached me about 11:00 a. m. As quickly as possible, and in company with Captain Stine who was my Adjutant in the Ammunition Train, I went to Trains Headquarters, had an interview with Captain Sexton the adjutant of Trains Headquarters, gave him directions for immediate course of action for the day, went over the standing orders at Trains Headquarters, and picked up from Captain Sexton such information of the work of Trains and Military Police as he could give me. I had never met Captain Sexton before, but while returning to my headquarters at the Ammunition Train, expressed myself to Captain Stine to the effect that I was not well impressed with

Captain Sexton; that I feared he was not the man for that position; that he affected me as a man who did not have adequate comprehension of his position and his duties. I mention this to show the reaction he had on me, and to offer it, in a measure, as justification for the action of my successor Colonel Clinnin.

It was now about four p. m. At seven p. m., an order came to me from Division Headquarters, "You will proceed at once to Hoboken, reporting to the commanding officer port of embarkation, for service in France." All this goes to show that in time of war things are apt to happen suddenly.

Let me say in passing that Major Clinnin of the 131st., Infantry was transferred to the 108th Ammunition Train, made a Lieutenant-Colonel, and ordered to assume command of the Trains Headquarters and Military Police in my stead. Colonel Clinnin discovered very shortly that Captain Sexton would not do; the Efficiency Board acted, and the Captain—refusing to resign—was dismissed from the service. It is a pleasure to state however, that the War Department reviewed the action of this Board, and reinstated the Captain.

Now that the war is over, and now that my experience will justify—in a small measure at least—the giving of an opinion, let me state my belief that an injustice was done to many good and valuable men by summary dismissals from the service. Experience in France showed us that many men, unfitted for the work in which they might be found, or to which they had been assigned, were valuable men when shifted to another line of work. It is absurd to expect that every man will be as efficient in every position, as he will be in one for which he has peculiar personal adaptation, or in one for which he has been particularly trained. Too many men were dismissed the service, or resigned to escape dismissal, who were merely round pegs in square holes.

On the morning of the tenth of December I left Camp Logan for Hoboken. As the order had indicated that I was to report at Hoboken by the fifteenth of the month, it seemed that I might risk seeing the family on my way, consequently I spent a day and a night at home. It is unnecessary to say how hard it was

to leave that family, with a whole world of uncertainty in front of me. The trip from Camp Logan to Quincy was enlivened by meeting aboard the train a Captain Logan of the regular army, who was proceeding from El Paso on marching orders similar to my own. It was made somewhat pleasant too by the "good byes" given me by brother officers at Camp Logan, many of whom swore at me affectionately for my good luck in getting such an early trip to France, and all of whom envied me that luck.

CHAPTER SEVEN

After going through the almost endless amount of red tape with its tiresome formalities of registration, re-registration, passports, consular vises, etc., than necessary at Hoboken, we found that there was still a period of waiting before we set sail. Captain Logan and I found that we were booked to sail on a specified boat, and finally we went aboard the Andania of the Cunard line. It was our full expectation that we would pull out of the harbor that same night, but when morning came we found that we had spent the night at our moorings. The next day we were held aboard ship, but the following day we were allowed to go ashore again, and many officers who came from such nearby cities as Philadelphia or Washington were allowed to go and visit their friends. Captain Logan and I spent our time hanging about the city of New York, and when Christmas came and we were still held here we had a very small modicum of the spirit of Christmas. On the day after Christmas we were required to go aboard ship again, and late that afternoon we felt the throbbing of the engines and the gentle swing and roll of motion, and the great adventure was on. A survey of those aboard ship disclosed that we were 246 "casual officers," and 27 field clerks—the latter being half civilian, half soldier. By that is meant that a field clerk is a civilian who wears a uniform, but who is a non-combatant. This appeared a fairly small and worthless grist to call for the service of one whole ocean liner to transport, but we discovered early that we were to call at Halifax for an important cargo. It is of some interest to show how shipping rules and Admiralty regulations were disregarded at this time. The Andania was listed to carry a total of not more than 1281 souls, including the crew. On this trip there were over 300 in the crew, our 246 casual officers, and 27 field clerks, a lone Canadian officer returning to France, and our Halifax "cargo" of 2882 Chinese.

Between New York and Halifax scarlet fever broke out among the casual officers, and this by the way, was the term used at this

time for officers who had no definite assignment with troops. The greater portion of casual officers during the war were those coming from training camps, where civilians were made into commissioned officers, and later assigned to troops wherever needed.

The ship's doctor, discovering that I was a doctor, called me in conference on this case, and we agreed to hospitalize this officer at Halifax. This was done, and done in such a quiet way that information of what we had on board went no farther than the captain of the ship, his executive officer, the doctor and myself. Naturally however, the development of this one case gave us a feeling of uneasiness for the rest of the voyage, and any one showing signs of illness was very closely scrutinized.

The landing at Halifax gave me an opportunity to see the ruined city; it was but a few days before we reached there that it had been blown up by the explosion of a munitions ship in the harbor. Travel orders were that no one should be allowed to land, but the scarlet fever case had to be taken ashore, someone had to accompany him to see that he was properly placed, and to acquaint the American consul with the matter. As I was senior military officer aboard ship, and was one not terrified by contact with scarlet fever, I elected to take this duty myself. This gave me three hours on shore to see the horrible effects on the city itself due to the explosion of over 600 tons of T. N. T. Aside from the destruction of buildings the most noticeable thing was the unusual number of people going about the streets wearing bandages. When one recalls that more than two hundred persons lost the sight of one or both eyes in this explosion because of the flying of broken glass, one can get an idea of the number of casualties there must have been.

As said before, the cargo at Halifax consisted of 2882 Chinese. The British government imported 50,000 of these men for road work in France. These were north Chinamen, and were uniformly big fellows, many of them standing six feet or more. They enshipped at Halifax in a driving snow storm, with the mercury falling rapidly, each one carrying his bundle, each one dressed in his quilted jacket, his felt shoes, and many in but one

thin pair of trousers which flapped in the driving wind. They were not all aboard before a report was brought me, "the Chinks are in the vegetable hold stealing the vegetables." Investigation proved that this was so. How they discovered the hold no one knows, but they had the hatchway off, and had dropped the nine or ten feet into the hold. The only way they could get in was by dropping, and the only way the could get out was by one man "swarming up" another. They were ordered out, and as each one appeared he was "frisked." The first ones to appear through the hatchway had their pockets and hands full of potatoes, cabbage, turnips, apples or whatever had taken their fancy. The later ones climbed out apparently empty of vegetables, but close examination disclosed that each one had a potato, a turnip or an apple dropped down into each leg of his trousers, and as they wore these garments tied about the ankles it was easy to see why such use was made of them at this time. The chief characteristic of these Chinese was first, acquisitiveness, and then a naive childishness. They stole the door plates off the doors, and the brass nozzles off the fire hose. Any metal capable of a lustre was desirable to them, and from a flat piece of brass, with no other tools than a pocket knife they would fashion another pocket knife, or a pair of scissors, or some kind of a novelty which they would offer to sell to the officers aboard ship.

The supposition on the part of the Cunard line, and the British government was that there would be American troops aboard this ship. The "troops" have been previously described. The question then arose, "Shall we proceed without definite arrangements, and definite force for handling these Chinese in an emergency, or shall we wait here at Halifax until some Canadian battalion is ready to cross, or until the United States can send up a battalion?" The officers of the rank of Captain and above were called into conference, and it was decided that the commissioned officers aboard ship should serve as enlisted men, to carry on the necessary guard duty. As a result four companies were formed from the officer personnel. The next item was, "what tools have we to work with?" An inventory disclosed that there were eleven pistols and revolvers aboard ship, and

about five hundred rounds of various sorts of ammunition. And here were 246 officers going to war, and supposedly equipped for war, and almost none of them had even side arms.

All the guns and ammunition were requisitioned and passed from sentry to sentry during the voyage. Fire hose was laid so that in an emergency a two inch stream, of 200 pounds pressure could be used to sweep the gangways; then the ship's carpenter turned out for us eighteen good, husky, hardwood "saps," and we said "Go ahead."

The departure from Halifax was in a blizzard; the mercury was falling rapidly; six other vessels were leaving at the same time, making a convoy. During the first night out the mercury went to 28 degrees below zero; water pipes aboard the Andania froze, and at 2 a. m., one burst down in the hold among the Chinese. In less time than it takes to tell it there were Chinese all over that ship; I think some went even to the "cro' nest." It was a valuable lesson to the guard, for it developed the fact that they had not been taking their job sufficiently seriously.

For twenty-four hours we remained with our convoy. Then it was decided that the speed of the Andania was such that the other ships were no longer justified in retarding their passage for her. The Andania was something of a cripple; at her previous docking at Liverpool she had rammed her bow into the dock with sufficient force to stave in her forward starboard plates. This damage had been repaired by filling in, between the plates and the sheathing, with cement. This cement filling had become loosened by the turbulence of the waves during her westward voyage, still further loosened by the rough trip from New York to Halifax, and she was leaking badly. Also, her coal was so poor that she could not make steam for the eleven or twelve knots which the rest of the convoy could make. Still more, because of her leak it became necessary to list her to port as much as possible, in order to save the filling in her starboard teeth. To make a long story short, the rest of the convoy went ahead leaving us alone on the vast Atlantic. Seven knots was about the best we could do, and added to this there came one morning a wireless of so disturbing nature that the Captain decided to put

back toward Halifax, and all day long instead of going east we went west and north. Then we turned again and proceeded eastward, but we were so far to the north as to be out of all recognized lines of steamboat travel. So far north in fact, that when we stopped going east, and bore due south, we sailed south for twenty hours before picking up the lights on the islands northwest of Scotland. For fifteen days we had been out of sight of land, and we finally docked at Liverpool on the seventeenth day of travel.

At Liverpool a special train was waiting to convey the officers and field clerks to Southampton. The ship disgorged our baggage on the dock. The train stood about four city blocks distance, but there was a strike among the wharf workers, and there was no one to make the baggage transfer. It was amazing what a lot of baggage there was too; apparently every officer had leaned heavily on Army Regulations, and had taken the number of pounds specified as the allowance for his rank. I know one Major who had four locker-trunks and a huge bed-roll; all the officers had one or more locker-trunks, and nearly every one a bed-roll.

General, Lord Some-body-or-other, whose name I promptly forgot, was there to meet us; he informed us that because of the strike no one knew when the baggage could be transferred; that we might either proceed without it—leaving it to follow when it could be transferred, or the special train might be cancelled, and we could wait in Liverpool until the strike was settled. No one wanted to wait; no one wanted to leave his baggage, for the one thing we had learned from those who had been across and had returned to the states, was "the first thing to learn after you get over is, never let your baggage out of your sight." Remembering the Chinese aboard the ship I proposed to Lord Somebody to deploy, and employ a couple of hundred of those Chinks to hustle the baggage. He threw up his hands in horror and exclaimed, "But, my dear fellow, if we allowed that we would never get a wharfman back on the dock." Our feeling just then was that we were perfectly willing to start complications with union labor, with Great Britain, or with anybody else. A few minutes consultation with some of the officers and the word was passed

around, "every American grab a hand barrow; we will transfer this baggage ourselves," and we did to the great amazement of the General and his Staff.

An English army officer, except when actually in the front line, is apparently the most helpless thing on two legs. He must be waited upon, and served by some one not of commissioned rank, all the time. General, the Lord Whosit, watched our officers trundling baggage for awhile, and finally in a burst of real admiration exclaimed, "My word, but your fellows are deucedly efficient; on me honor ours would never have thought of that way out of the dilemma." In this connection let me recount an incident illustrating the apparent helplessness of the British officer.

When the 33rd Division was part of 4th British Army, I had occasion one day to drive to the back areas. The car was an English Sunbeam, the driver a British Tommy. Contrary to all existing precedents I rode on the front seat with Tommy, both for conversational purposes and because I preferred the front seat. About fifty kilometres back of the front lines we came upon a British subaltern with his bed-roll, at a crossroad. The lorry he had been riding on had taken him this far, had then turned off in another direction, and he was waiting for another lift. Recognizing the uniform of Tommy, and not being familiar with the American uniform or its insignia of rank, he hailed the car and asked for a ride. Of course there was ample room in the tonneau, so we stopped to pick him up. Still not recognizing my rank, and being very conscious of his own he said, "Now, my man, just step down here and throw this bed-roll into the car, will you?" It wasn't a large bed-roll; it didn't look as if it contained I-beams or pig iron, and besides the complete complacency of the boy rubbed me the wrong way, so before the driver could leave his seat I said to the young officer, "Grab hold of that bed-roll and heave it in, let's be on our way." With a look of astonishment, and with rising wrath at what he evidently considered an insult to the British army, he began to gasp and stutter. In this International crisis the driver spoke up and said, "This is Colonel Center of the American Army, Sir." It

was a most diplomatic introduction; it furnished a legitimate basis for my abrupt remark, and at the same time the "sir" acknowledged the rank of the English officer. Apologies on his part were so profuse, and his confusion so great that he handled his bed-roll almost unconsciously. My last memory of him, when we finally deposited him as near his destination as we were going, is seeing him standing there by the roadside, very erect, and waggling that inimitable English military salute at me.

Aboard the train we went, baggage and all, for Southampton. It was 12:30 p. m. when we left Liverpool; it was 11 p. m. when we reached Southampton. At this point we were met by some of our own Marines who were on duty as Military Police. The Marine Corps Captain said all officers below the grade of Major were to go to a "rest Camp." There is a joke connected with that word, or term, inasmuch as the "rest camp" had to be reached by a three mile walk, and when reached consisted of nothing in the way of accommodations except tents; no blankets, no straw, no furnishings of any sort. Most Rest Camps were so called because anyone sent to one of them remembered it for the rest of his life. Four of us were entitled to go into town to the hotel, and the Captain took us up in his car. It was cold and raining hard. We were tired and hungry, and the hotel was practically shut up for the night. The desk clerk could not offer any encouragement concerning things to eat and drink, so we refreshed his memory with a tip; he called the dining room chief, or steward, or someone who seemed to be in authority in the commissary line. This man didn't see how anything could be done; there were rules and regulations about eating and drinking after ten p. m., war rules, English rules, hotel rules. We informed him that we represented the great United States of America; that where the eagle flew there were no rules greater than those of hospitality and humanity; that we had come across the ocean to save his bloomin' little isle from utter destruction; that we were perishin' with hunger and thirst, and that here were two shillin's for himself, to forget the rules for a minute and see what he could do. The result was a gorgeous meal with several kinds of meats, bread, fruit, coffee, and a "B and S" to keep out the cold.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The next afternoon, through British headquarters I received an order to take 146 of my casual officers aboard ship that afternoon, for France. The ship was a cattle ship just in from Australia; we had to wait for the cattle to be unloaded. She wasn't designed to carry passengers; there wasn't even a cabin aboard, unless one calls the little room where the crew ate and slept, a cabin; all the rest was cattle pens. The crew was Japanese and Lascar; the skipper was a drunken Irishman; the cargo was 146 casual officers, the 1st American Evacuation Hospital, and a battalion of Australians returning from leave. Apparently the trip was only a crossing of the Channel, but under British regulations, and as ranking officer aboard ship, I was asked to sign for rations for two days for all on board. It looked like a little bit of graft to me, for with any luck at all we should make the crossing in a few hours, but regulations must be observed, and if someone was going to profit out of those rations, far be it from me to disturb regulations. We sailed at 7 p. m., in a rain and snow that lasted all night. There was not a clean place aboard the ship; there was but one deck, and it was a case of open air, cattle pens, or crowd into the stuffy little cabin where the ship's crew was supposed to sleep. Most of the American officers spent the night on deck. At 4 a. m. we reached the Havre. The tide was out, and there we hung until nearly noon of that day waiting for sufficient water to get over the bar. What became of those rations we were supposed to have aboard I never did learn. The casual officers nibbled on a bar of chocolate, or something of the sort which they had laid in before starting from Southampton; the Australians, being old campaigners had a can of MaChonachie, or something else to eat, in their kits.

At Havre billets were provided for those who wished them. Four of us, who had found each other congenial in the past three weeks, scorned billets; we wanted to find a real hotel, a hotel with a bath, and with wonderful French cooking where we could spend some of our good American money. We did; the name of

the hotel now escapes me, but the other desired conditions were attained to the maximum.

Two days later the American officer in charge at the Havre forwarded an order to me from American G. H. Q., to this effect: to proceed to Paris with 146 designated casual officers, there to receive additional orders.

As I look back at it now I never did take that order seriously; it didn't mean anything to me; it did not occur to me that I was responsible for the delivery of 146 American bodies under that order; if I had sensed these things it might have spoiled my trip from the Havre to Paris, and perhaps have kept me awake at night. This run was quiet and uneventful, and when in Paris an officer in rank equal to my own got himself lost, went no farther with me, and later got himself reprimanded and side-tracked into an S. O. S. job, meant nothing in my young life. The fact that he was a lieutenant-colonel seemed to relieve me from all blame, for all the defense I ever offered was that he absented himself without my knowledge or consent, all of which was true, for he neither asked permission to absent himself, nor told me that he was going A. W. O. L.

On reaching Paris my responsibilities sat so lightly on me that it did not occur to me to report at the historic No. 10, St. Anne Street; it didn't occur to me that G. H. Q. was interested in me in any way. A captain from Philadelphia—Captain Pleasonton—did call at No. 10, Rue St. Anne, and came back with the information that a special train would be in waiting for us that evening to take us to Blois, and that No. 10, Rue St. Anne was looking for me. I did not want to see anyone at that number; I didn't know where that street and number was, and if there was a special train waiting anywhere to take us somewhere, I wanted to make that train. So American headquarters did not see me, and got in touch with me by messenger, at the train. As we walked down the station we came to a coach which had chalked on its side, "Commanding Officer," and underneath the words, "Colonel Center." To put it mildly it knocked my eye out. There stood an orderly with my orders too—to proceed with 270

casual officers and 28 field clerks to Blois, and there open a casual officers station.

My first thought was, "what the devil is a casual officers station?" The train was a compartment train, and while, as commanding officer an entire compartment had been reserved for me, still I wanted company and not official seclusion. After a little urging—for they felt the new dignity which had come upon me—I induced Major Stacy from Cincinnati, Captain Pleasonton from Philadelphia, and Captain Nelson of Detroit to share my grandeur with me. Incidentally, I felt the need of counsel and suggestion on the matter of a "casual officers station." Also, at Paris, we as traveling companions had procured a large basket full of good things to eat and drink, and I didn't want to separate myself from the commissary department.

So we organized, to some extent, on the way from Paris to Blois. Aboard the train were found several officers who spoke French fluently—or so it seemed to those of us who spoke but little—and one was an American artist who had lived in Paris for some years, and who had returned to the states and had entered the first Training camp. He had some little knowledge of the continental system of billeting, and was deputized to get in touch with the Mairie as soon as we reached Blois, to ascertain if a list of billets was procurable. On our arrival we discovered that a colonel of our regular service, and a bunch of hospital corps men had preceded us. About all this cavalry colonel had done, or discovered, was to make arrangements for the use of certain portions of the chateau of Blois, for barracks. This was an item, inasmuch as this chateau—the second largest in France, could accommodate 2000 men if necessary, but it was very unsuitable and unsanitary. Moreover, because of its historic associations, and because a portion of the chateau was then a National museum, the French government was rather loathe to have it used for troop purposes.

Our artist, through the local city administration, uncovered a goodly number of billets, and in a few hours every one was taken care of. The four of us who had traveled together in the com-

partment of the "commanding officer" went to the leading hotel where it cost us about twenty francs per man per day.

There were orders awaiting our arrival at Blois. One that was urgent was to segregate and list all officers who had railroad experience in any capacity, forwarding this list of names to G. H. Q. at once. Some thirty-four officers were found eligible for this list, and they were ordered at once to various points for service on the American railroad.

On the third day after our arrival, Colonel Pulis, of the regular army, arrived to take over the command. As no orders had come through transferring me elsewhere, he made me his executive officer. He was just as green at the job as I was, and was extremely frank and cordial in saying that he was glad he was not the one selected to break the ice at Blois. Now too, we began to receive shipments of enlisted men, as well as casual officers, and arrangements were made with the French authorities to evacuate the French troops from the Caserne at Blois, in order to enable us to more properly care for our own men. These French troops at the Caserne, or barracks, were troops sent back from the front to rest and recuperate, and they could be billeted throughout the town—an arrangement which enabled us to concentrate our enlisted men and keep them under training and observation. The Caserne would accommodate 6000 troops so our cares along this line were relieved.

It soon developed too, that a station for casual officers meant more than had originally appeared on the surface—that casuals included both those coming and those going. It has been mentioned previously that many officers were discharged the service for one reason or another. Here at Blois we began to receive officers who had been sent before Boards of Efficiency, or before Courts Martial, who had not been informed of the findings in their cases, but who had been ordered to Blois. At this station the officer in command of the station would receive the findings in the case, would have to break the news to the officer who had been tried, and then hand to him the further orders of G. H. Q. Colonel Pulis turned this division of the work over to me, and when one is told that during my short stay at Blois, we passed

through our hands as many as 37 dismissals in one day, one can get an idea of how the weeding-out process was going on. These dismissals ran from the shave-tail clear up to a full colonel, for we had one colonel pass out via Blois.

One case seemed particularly unjust and uncalled for. An American captain of artillery appeared; his papers had preceded him, and his orders waiting with us, were to report to the Adjutant General, the Army, at Washington for dismissal from the service on the grounds of inefficiency. He had enlisted in a Canadian contingent before we got into the war, had reached a commission in the Canadian forces, and had served seventeen months before the entry of the forces of the United States. When our government came into the struggle he had asked for a transfer to our forces, which request had been granted. While with the Canadians he had been decorated by both the British and the French. He had a letter from his Canadian Colonel speaking in very high terms of his ability and his valor.

After being assigned to an American regiment of artillery which was then in France, he had been made a captain. Then there was a change in the commanding officer of his regiment, and the new commanding officer had, very shortly after taking command, ordered this captain before an Efficiency Board. The Board had found him efficient, for the captain had in his possession a letter from the commanding officer of the Board stating this fact. In spite of the decision of this Board his commanding officer had insisted on his dismissal, and G. H. Q. had acquiesced in the demand.

The captain, after I had broken the news to him and after he had read the order I handed him, asked in a most respectful way, if he might have permission to speak to the Colonel as man to man; of course the request was granted, and he then submitted the above mentioned facts to me. Then noticing that I wore a Consistory ring he asked if he might ask my advice "on the square." Again his request was granted. He then said that in view of the findings and the order just received, that he proposed to go—not to the Adjutant General at Washington to be dismissed in disgrace—but to go to the Canadian Corps in France,

and to re-enlist with them, or rejoin them in any capacity. I tried to show him the unwisdom of this, and told him that a sense of ethics might decide the Canadians to decline his offer; that such a course, to all intents and purposes, would make a deserter of him since he was still in our service, and would be until the Adjutant General had formally carried out the order for his dismissal; that his only chance for a re-hearing, or a reversal of the sentence lay with the Department at Washington; that in the event he could not get a reversal and was dismissed, that he could then with clean hands go to Canada, or England, and get into the service again. He impressed me so favorably with his manly qualities, his sense of military discipline, and his self-control in this very trying situation, that I have often wondered if he kept his promise made to me to go to Washington, and if he was successful in getting a reversal of his sentence.

Later on Blois became notorious as the graveyard for the hopes of many American officers, for after a time a permanent Efficiency Board sat at Blois; it was here that General Henry Hill was sent in the effort to drive him out of the service.

Military discipline is not only desirable but is imperative. Ability to understand and to execute orders is also imperative. Efficiency in an officer is the sine qua non, but it is very unlikely, to my mind at least, that in the event of another war in which this nation is involved if such arbitrary, unfeeling, and sometimes unjust measures are taken to clear the service of men who are eager to serve, and who may not be a success in the first position to which they may be assigned, so long as men are always needed for many positions other than those strictly military with troops.

* * * * * *

Somewhere in France, February 19, 1918.

My dear Captain Fawcett: ("Captain Fawcett" is Bishop M. Edward Fawcett, formerly the chaplain of the old 5th., Illinois National Guard.)

Will you kindly accept a letter to yourself which is also designed as a reminder to the Rotary Club that the familiar faces and

names of that solemn and decorous body are not forgotten? Knowing your amiable nature, and realizing that the Rotarians will endure a great deal at your hands, I am sure my confidence is well placed. Did you ever see a barrel of cider that was slowly being transformed into vinegar? Did you ever plug up the openings in that barrel and see the froth and foam sizzle out of the crevices you did not know existed? Well, I am that barrel; full to the bung with things I would like to write to the Rotary Club and to yourself, and because of the censor, all that will appear will be a little froth and foam. (By the way that is my maiden, or virgin announcement that I am full.) Of the trip over there is but little to say. The principal event was that we experienced 28 degrees below zero weather, our water supply froze up, the steam pipes froze up, and for four days neither Peary or Cook had anything on us in the way of Artic discomforts. Add to this a howling blizzard with the sea running high, and you can draw a picture of a bunch of would-be American heroes shivering and straining to see which one could "throw" the farthest. Not a periscope was seen; in fact if one had stuck its head above the surface it would have its eye covered with ice in about 20 seconds, so we merely worried over our creature discomforts. But if I ever see Major Huidekoper again, I am going to tell him that as a describer he ranks about zero. Before I left Camp Logan he told me that after reaching here I would be wet and cold from September 15 to May 1: told it in just those plain and unadorned words. I am no word painter; no one ever hung a medal on me for eloquence; in fact my tendency is to be modestly tongue tied, but if ever I come back and start in to explain to a novice how he will feel in France from September 15 to May 1, the words I use will help keep him warm during that period at any rate. Duty since arriving here, has been confined largely to map work; not the kind of map work you are thinking about though. I reach one point; shortly there comes an order to go somewhere else. I study the map to find where is this next place, then visit a Gare and wrestle—vocally—with the dame who inhabits the office. Finally she tenders me a ticket. I say "Combien?" and she says a large mouthful of something, none of which I comprehend except that apparently she is trying to say "sank" and

is stuttering badly. Finally I take out my purse and tender her the entire contents. She smiles, says "merci, beaucoup" helps herself, and the transaction is over. I always feel sad when I hear her say those words, for I have the impression they generally cost me about five francs extra. Then I go to the new destination, and stay one day, or nine days—the latter the longest time I have been in any one place—and then comes an order to go somewhere else. Again business of map study, and attentive communion with another ticket lady. If only it could be arranged for me to become a Cook's tourist and be personally conducted, how happy I would be. But I'm seeing France. In fact it may be said that I have considerable land holdings here already, for there have been many nights when I am sure I had in my possession between 25 to 50 pounds of good French soil. There is one peculiar thing about the acquiring of real estate here; you generally acquire it from the waist down. Also, I have acquired a vast amount of, as yet unclassified information; have seen the Hun in his lair—from a perfectly safe distance of course—have seen mine craters and shell holes galore, the latter in the process of making, and have gotten so that I do not shy when an aeroplane passes overhead. However, after due and conscientious consideration, I rise to second Sherman's motion relative to war.

There is no doubt that the whole thing tends to develop generosity, free-handedness, and disregard for minutiae in one who stays here long. You become separated from your baggage; you go weeks, possibly months with the same devoted suit of underwear. Some one says to you, "Don't you know you are shedding effluvia upon the circumnabient air?" You exclaim generously, "Oh never mind; I have plenty more." Finally you reach a place where after walking eight miles, and swearing sixteen, you find a laundress. (In "Trilby" laundresses were the rule; in France they are the exception.) You leave her a parcel bigger than a calf, and somewhat less in size than a cow. Then you are ordered elsewhere. Do you worry over that bundle of wearing apparel? You do not, for you know so far as you are concerned it has departed; you merely murmur "Kismet," and go and buy another union suit at the first opportunity. Just as a

rolling stone gathers no moss, so does one on duty in France gather no clean clothes.

Have seen none of the fellows from home who are over here, and am convinced that the only way I will ever see them is to run across them unexpectedly. A letter or two would look very good. Just as an illustration of how sentimental one can become. A few days ago among some papers which I brought from Camp Logan, I happened across a letter from my wife dated in last October. Do you know I read that letter with avidity and interest about five times? On mature reflection it must be admitted that as a purveyor of news it was a trifle passe'.

At this present location it is said there will be no moving for about ten weeks, so if you can find the time to send me general, special, or Rotary news the favor will be greatly appreciated. Address "Colonel" please, as my rank has changed, and below the name put "A. P. O. 714, A. E. F." With kindest regards to yourself and the others of the loyal and royal bunch.

CHAPTER NINE

Eleven days at Blois, and there came an order to report to the commanding General, 41st Division, at St. Aignan-Noyers. The same order came for Major Stacy, Captain Pleasonton, and Captain Nelson—the four inseparables. To say that we were overjoyed to discover that our lot was still in common is putting it mildly. At St. Aignan we reported to the Division Adjutant, Major Jervey. On seeing the names on the orders he turned to me and said, "I have some good news for you; a general order has just come through promoting you to Colonel." He handed me the "G. O." and I read, "December 26, 1917, Charles D. Center to be Colonel of Infantry"—the date the day before we sailed from New York; I had been a Colonel for more than a month without knowing it. The order further said, "Who will report at once to the commanding General, 33d Division." The commanding General, 33d Division was in Houston, Texas; I was in France, and realizing that "possession is nine points in law" I decided to stay in France—at least until caught at it. Major Jervey suggested that I go at once to the Judge Advocate of the 41st, and take the oath, so that no more time be lost in going through the necessary formality of qualifying for the pay of a Colonel, and that suggestion met my hearty approval.

Then the Major said, "We don't know why you men are sent down here; are you located in billets; can you be comfortable for a few days until we find out about you?" We said, "Sure we can be comfortable." So we reported to him daily for four days only to meet with "nothing for you yet." On the fifth day it was different. Colonel Center was to report to the commanding general, 3rd Canadian Division; Major Stacy to the commanding officer of an English regiment; Captain Pleasonton to the commanding officer of a French Division; Captain Nelson to the commanding officer of the "Kings Rifles;" travel directions for each of us enclosed; mine said "detrain at Ecurie."

So we journeyed to Tours where we met with some acquaint-

ances, among them the lieutenant-colonel who had gone A. W. O. L. in Paris. He had a desk job, and by the way, he held that job during practically the whole war. Then we went on to Paris where we delayed two days. It is possible that we might have stayed longer, but again we did not visit No. 10, Rue St. Anne, and it would have been embarrassing to have been picked up by men of the Provost Marshal—without permission for delay from the Provost Marshal—and we felt sure we would have no luck in getting that permission if we interviewed him.

I tried to ticket from Gare d'l'Est to Ecurie, but after much broken French on my part, found that they would sell only to Amiens. Why I could not grasp; but I found out at Amiens, for at this particular time Ecurie was about 30 kilometres inside the German lines. At Amiens the English R. T. O. suggested that I take any train I could get, refrain from buying a ticket, and ride as far as the train would take me. Acting on this advice I boarded one going toward Arras. The passengers were all Canadian or English officers and men returning from leave, and it struck me that they were the most dismal, woe-begone outfit I had ever seen. Among the American officers I had met everything was hilarity and a general feeling of "here's hoping." But these officers who had been in for three years knew what they were up against, and there was no story telling, or conversation, or card playing among them. So far as a ticket was concerned, no one connected with the train crew seemed to care whether I had one or not; the train officials evidently felt that anyone who was fool enough to elect, or unlucky enough to be compelled to go toward Arras could ride free of charge.

The train pulled into Arras, the town nothing but a pile of ruins, and under shell fire when the train arrived. I hunted up the British R. T. O., as the English officer occupying that position at Amiens had given me such good advice, and I took a chance that this one would be just as good. Let me say, that before the war ended everyone was loud in his praise of the British R. T. O.—the Railroad Transportation Officer. The efficiency, and courtesy of this branch of the British service was most commendable. If there was a French R. T. O., he either

did not know, or if knowing would not tell. The American R. T. O., usually did not know—not his fault, for he was not kept informed outside of the little bounds of his own particular business, but the British R. T. O., was a mine of valuable and reliable information.

My orders were to report to the 3d Canadian Division. This Division, according to the R. T. O., was about 35 kilometres out of Arras. Calling the Headquarters of the Division on the telephone, he informed them that Colonel Center of the American Army was at Arras, with an order requiring him to report to their Division. Just what the conversation was that followed I never knew, but apparently it was a trifle spicy. At any rate, the R. T. O., finally turned to me and said, "There must be some mistake; the 3d Division knows nothing about such an assignment." Naturally, I recognized that British G. H. Q., was not accepting orders from American G. H. Q., and that whatever had led up to my receiving such an order must have had the sanction of both British and Canadian authorities. Calling to mind the one blunder on the order which had been discovered previously—the instruction to detrain at Ecurie—I suggested to the R. T. O., that there might be a clerical error in the order, and that it might be the 2nd or 4th Canadian Division that was expecting an invasion from me, so he called the headquarters of the 4th Division, and was informed that they had been looking for me for the last three days. My two days in Paris rose up to rebuke me at once. They further said, "We will have a car there for the Colonel in about three hours."

The ride out from Arras was intensely interesting, traversing as it did roads, villages and country in the Vimy Ridge region which had been battle ground for the past three years. The headquarters of the Division were in a chateau about two kilometres west of the Ridge, while the Ridge and villages up to and including Lievan, were held by the Division. Lens was directly in front of their sector, and was the first town east of Lievan.

They put me up in a room in the chateau, a room next the roof, and a perfectly good roof so far as I was concerned except in one

place where a shell had come along and made a hole about as big as a bushel basket. General Sir David Watson was the Division commander. On meeting him it struck me that a man so old as Sir David had no business commanding a Division; he looked old, and worn, and frail; he talked with considerable effort; he seemed absent-minded. I had not yet learned war values and war results, for some days later I learned that Sir David had entered the war as a major, had been promoted through the grades to Major General, had been knighted after the taking of Vimy Ridge, that he was universally liked and respected by both officers and men, and that he was one year younger than myself.

For two days I was put up at the General's mess. Then taking one of his aides into my confidence, I asked if the General would consider it an affront, or lacking in courtesy, if I requested to be transferred to Mess "B" which consisted of practically all officers at headquarters except the General, his chief-of-staff, his Division adjutant, and his two aides, I wanted to be with the men who were in the active part of Division operations, thinking that I could hear more, and see more of methods and results in this way than by being tied strictly to Division headquarters. The aide saw the point at once, and said he felt sure the General would feel the same way about it. Later in the day when the General and I happened to meet, he said he thought I was in the right and commended me for the idea, and for the wish exhibited to learn as much as possible.

It will never be possible for me to express sufficiently or adequately my gratitude to, and my admiration for these officers of the 4th Canadian Division. They allowed me access to all records, orders, and plans both those of the past, and those projected for the future; they made me one of them in a social way; if they felt that I was an outsider they successfully hid that feeling from me; they did everything they could to teach me the things that hard experience had taught them; they took me everywhere in the divisional area that I wanted to go, in spite of Sir David's prohibition that "the Colonel is our responsibility to the American Army, and he must be kept out of needless danger."

But one day, while inspecting battery positions, and one which was near the little Suchez River which had been shelled with gas the day previously, and in which gas still held in the low ground along the river, I managed to get myself gassed. Major Goodeve was my guide that day, and as we were walking along he stopped, sniffed, and said, "There is gas here." We paused a few moments and he remarked: "I don't believe there is sufficient concentration to bother us." So we went on. In a few moments I began to feel nausea, but as I was a tenderfoot, and as I thought the feeling might be due largely to imagination I said nothing. In a few moments more the effect was sufficiently marked to make the Major say, "We will beat it out of here." We returned to our horses, and made our way back to quarters. The nausea persisted; my eyes, nose and throat were affected also, and for the next three or four days I felt wretchedly. After this time the only remaining effect seemed to be that on my voice, for it was a matter of about three weeks before the voice was much else but a husky whisper. To show the difference in the effects of gas on two people I may say that Major Goodeve was made uncomfortable, but there were no other results.

It was while with this Division too, that my toes were frozen. The winter was extremely cold for northwest France, and frozen toes were the rule rather than the exception. When I say that in my open air chamber in the chateau it was my custom to go to bed rolled up in four army blankets, with a straw mattress under me, wearing my underclothes, my flannel shirt, a pair of heavy golf stockings on my legs, a sweater, and sometimes wearing one of the heavy, sheep-lined short top-coats then much in evidence among American army officers, and then lie and shiver all night, one can comprehend something of the damp and penetrating cold with which we had to contend.

Sixteen days with these Canadian friends, and then came an order to go to Staff College, at Langres. Langres is an extremely old town and a very picturesque place; a place which before the days of Big Berthas and Long Toms was a strategic point. Once within the walls of this city, stuck as it is on the tip of a hill that rises like the fin of a shark from the surrounding landscape,

it meant safety in the old days for any force holding it. Here is found one of the old fortresses of Henry of Navarre with its griffons, its gargoyles, and its squatting human figures projecting from the walls underneath the cornices. Here too, is a road, built by Julius Caesar, used by him for his troop movements, and used in the year of our Lord 1918 by American troops. It is a much better road than many American roads, too. Langres is situated on this hill-top very similar to the town of Hattonchatel on its hill-top, and Hattonchatel is one of the lookout points of the valley of the Woevre, and both places are like Cassel, the city where Marshal Foch had his headquarters for a considerable time.

CHAPTER TEN

Here in Langres the four inseparables were again united, for each of us had received the order to attend Staff College, so as a quartette we started out to find billets. On the second floor of what apparently had been an iron-mongery shop in prosperous times, we found an old lady who lived in four rooms, a kitchen, a dining room, a sitting room and a hall bedroom. The sitting room had a fire place; neither the hall, bedroom nor the dining room could be heated. This grandmere, seventy-eight years old, lived here alone. Her only remaining son was a medical officer in the French army; two other sons had been killed during the war. She had never billeted officers, but either because she liked our looks, or because she needed the one franc a day which was the allotted pay for a room in billets, she decided to take us in. Pleasonton and Nelson took the dining room; Stacy the hall bedroom, and a bed for me was provided in the sitting room. This room was used by all as a common sitting room, and as a breakfast room after we had broached the matter to the old lady of furnishing us our petit dejeuners. She gladly consented, and named a franc a meal as her charge. We rebelled at this however, and insisted that two francs a meal was the very least we would pay; as a result we ate omelette, bread, some kind of jam, and coffee or chocolate each morning. The lady could not do enough for us. As we could draw firewood from the local American quartermaster, and as all know who were in France that firewood is more precious, and trees more sacred than anything else, we had material for fire in our one fireplace. The old lady would tip-toe into the room each morning before daylight, and lay and start our fire. She never became quite reconciled, however, to the foolish plan we had of getting up before petit dejeuner, and her hearty approval fell on Stacy—who was something of a sleepy-head, and who frequently did not appear for breakfast with the rest of the bunch. This gave an opportunity to grandmere to carry him his breakfast while he was still in bed, a little service she quite enjoyed. Stacy was only twenty-six years old,

and an exceedingly handsome fellow, and he was her "son," her "child," her "petite soldat."

The Staff College was modeled somewhat on the War College at Washington. It was a new venture, and at this time was very crude; it developed, however, into a wonderfully efficient place. In these early days the work was largely elementary, and the Field Service Regulations and Infantry Drill Regulations furnished the bulk of our text-books. Experience was already indicating that, so far as the World War was concerned, each of these works was passe. These two books for class work, an occasional map problem on the terrain, a daily turn at equitation, and writing of orders was all we got. Equitation was the biggest farce of all. Under one or another student of the College—this student being always selected from the officer personnel from the regular army—the student body mounted horses and set out to ride. The first ride was one of eighteen kilometres, with rain or snow all the way. Some of the student officers had never been on a horse before; the gaits maintained were walk, trot and gallop, with the trot predominating. There was no instruction of any sort. The word would be passed from the head of the column, "trot, and sit the saddle," or "trot, and post," or "gallop." Many of the mounts were unsuitable; some were wild or vicious. Those of us who were accustomed to riding managed to stay in column and go back to town with the "instructor," reaching there after dark. Some were thrown, and walked back; some straggled and got lost. One student, a training camp captain, had never been in the saddle before. He managed to stay on his horse as the animal was a fairly gentle one, but he could not keep up the pace. He became separated from the column, got lost in the storm and darkness, was out nearly all night, and a few hours after his return went violently insane. His body was well covered with bruised areas, and spots where the skin was rubbed off from saddle contact. One colonel of infantry, from the regular army too, refused after this ride to take "equitation," saying that if they wanted to make a staff officer out of him he was willing, but that he wasn't going to cooperate in acting a dam fool while they were doing it.

At the end of two weeks I went to Colonel Bjornsted, the

then head of the college, and asked to be transferred to active duty somewhere, saying that I realized that, as a full colonel, the only place that could possibly be open for me on the general staff would be as chief-of-staff to a Division, or Corps, and that as I did not come from the regular army it was very doubtful—to my mind—if such a position would every be assigned me. He agreed heartily saying, "You see how many officers are here from the regular service, and they will all be looking for staff jobs with possible promotion, and there is no doubt they will have the first call." As a result of this conversation he called me in five days later, and said he could assign me for duty to either the First American Division, or to the Twenty-sixth Division, the first mentioned being then in the front line, and the other then in a training area. I selected duty with the First Division feeling that if there was any Division in the A. E. F. that would see things and be in every move, it would be this Division. Three days later came the orders to report to the commanding general, First Division. Once more an object of envy, for I think all the National Guard officers at Staff College envied me the chance.

The order had come through about seven o'clock in the evening, which meant that the first train obtainable would be at four o'clock the next morning. As the town proper was more than a mile from the railroad station this necessitated getting up early. The local quartermaster was interviewed, and promised to send a Dodge car over to take me down to the station. Pleasonton spoke French fluently, so he was deputized to tell the old lady of my impending departure. The news threw her into a flood of tears; she held my hand; she patted my hand; she wept, and she poured forth a stream of colloquial French with such profuseness that not even Pleasonton could follow her. She said she was going to get up and get my breakfast for me, "the last meal she would ever provide for her colonel." Of course we said that a three o'clock breakfast was absurd; that by the time breakfast was usually taken I would be Gondricourt where breakfast could be obtained. But grandmere was obdurate; from time to time during the night she crept into the room to

place another stick of wood on the fire so that the room would be warm against my arising, and at three a. m. she began to bring in my breakfast. As I ate she sat silently and watched me, the tears rolling down her face. When I said "good-bye" she threw her shrunken old arms about my neck, calling down the blessing of le bon Dieu on my head, and kissing me first on one cheek and then on the other. Then at the last moment as I was leaving the room she called me back, scuttled out of the room and returned with a bottle of precious, and almost sacred cordial—which she said she had procured from the Benedictines with her own hand—and poured me out a drink, and a generous one, of the firey liquid.

The trip, so far as the railroad was concerned, ended for me at Toul. Here the R. T. O. said, "Take the 60 centimetre to Menil-la-Tour where you will find the headquarters of the First Division." In my ignorance I was forced to ask, "What in Sam Hill is the 60 centimetre?" Later on that diminutive rail line and I became very well acquainted.

On reporting at Menil-la-Tour to the division adjutant, I was directed to Colonel King, chief-of-staff for the Division. He in turn presented me to General Bullard who asked where I came from, what I wanted, and what branch of the service I expected to follow. After telling him my experience at Staff College, and of my work with the 33rd Division, and that it was my supposition that I had been sent across to familiarize myself with the work of front line transport as the commanding officer of Trains and Military Police, he said, "I'm going to follow this order and put you on duty. Colonel Lawton commands our Trains and Military Police. You will report to him for duty."

Colonel Lawton proved to be an old regular army officer—old in point of service, not years. He had been connected with the quartermaster department for some years prior to the war. His headquarters were in the little village of Sanzey, some two kilometres out from Menil-la-Tour, and on reporting I was billeted by him in the house of the village priest where the Colonel had established his headquarters, his mess, and his billet, and where his supply officer was also billeted. Again I met nothing but

kindness. While on duty under Colonel Lawton I do not think he ever gave me an order. From time to time he would say, "Do you object to doing so-and-so?" But never an outright command. His duties took him all over the divisional area, and he took me with him practically all the time. The work of Trains and Military Police had not, at this time, been very definitely determined, and Colonel Lawton as a result was acting Zone Major, acting Camp Inspector and acting almost any odd job that called for the supervision of an officer of considerable rank.

The Toul sector was known as "a quiet sector," but even so we averaged five casualties a day during this Spring period. There was but one axial road going toward the front, and on this road at Beaumont was a corner known as Death Corner. This corner was shelled every day, or night, at least once during the twenty-four hours, and on some days it was shelled half a dozen times. While with the Canadians, Major Robertson and I were in the village of Lievan one afternoon when the Major said, "It's about time for the regular strafe; we had better get underground." So we went into the nearest dugout. Almost as we reached the bottom the strafe began. It lasted about twenty minutes, and then stopped. The Major said, "All over for today." But at Beaumont there was no regularity; any time seemed to be the right time; the sight of a flivver, or a couple of men walking, or any sign of movement at this point which was under observation by the Hun, was enough to make him cut loose. All our supplies, ammunition, and foot troops went to the front over this road and most of our five daily casualities came from here, and no one ever disputed the name of the corner as being malapropos.

Shortly after being billeted in Sanzey there was an occurrence which seemed laughable to me at the time, and there were some features connected with it that were beyond my understanding. Six of us had gathered at the priest's house one evening enjoying a little game of poker. Of course the windows were carefully covered, and there were no lights to indicate where the village lay. But the Hun had evidently discovered that this little town was the home of one of the Divisional Trains. Perhaps he even

knew that it was the ammunition train, for he had ways and means in those days of getting very accurate information. At any rate as we sat there playing, one of the players suddenly stiffened and said, "There's a Jerry." This meant only one thing, an aeroplane, and as it was very dark it meant a 'plane out on a bombing expedition whether it was a Jerry or not. In the next minute a dispute arose as to whether it was a Hun 'plane or one of ours, some declaring it did not have the right sound for a Jerry. But the game broke up, then and there. That seemed queer to me, for it was too dark to go outside and try to see the 'plane, and if it was looking for Sanzey it had to find the place in the dark first, and even if located it might miss the whole works when it did cut loose. But that game was broken up. One officer paced the floor back and forth, a strained, ashy look on his face; another went over and laid himself face downward on the bed; two went outside in the darkness and were not seen again that night. The whole thing was incomprehensible to me, for I reasoned, and reasoned rightly, that we were but one house in the whole village, and that to do us any particular harm the fellow had to get a direct hit—a thing as full of chance as an egg is of meat. I had not learned, or felt that unexplainable feeling of apprehension which developed in practically every man after going through the receiving end of a bombing expedition, a feeling that can perhaps be explained by saying that a plane up on a dark night seems, from the sound, to be directly overhead, over your head, when as a matter of fact it may be half a mile or more to one side of the direct perpendicular above you.

Soon our anti-aircraft guns opened, and then the machine guns began their rat-a-tat-tat, and about that time Jerry cut loose his first bomb. It was half a mile or more outside the village. Then came another which was about two hundred yards from our back door—and the priest's house was the easternmost house in the village—and when Jerry laid his last egg he had passed completely over the town, and all he hit was a sugar beet field well away on the hillside. Later on I learned of the feeling that comes to a man on the ground when he knows that

Jerry is trying to drop from thirty-five to two hundred and fifty pounds of high explosive on his head.

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The following letter written to Quincy Consistory bears date of March 19, 1918.

Headquarters 1st American Division,
A. P. O. 729, A. E. F.

There has come to me here a copy of an extract from the call of the Sovereign Grand Commander, to which is added words of our own Commander, S. I. Bragg—words which have reached across land and sea to carry their message of fraternity, of encouragement, of loyalty and of brotherly remembrance. To him who is at home, who feels no immediate effect of this world-war upon his security or safety, who goes and comes upon the business of the day, whose family and friends are about him with the comforting effect of their presence, whose eye cannot see, and whose ear cannot hear the storm of destruction and death that rages over this portion of the surface of the earth, that one cannot conceive of the satisfaction, the warm glow of appreciation one feels on receiving such a message. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." To you at home that letter—while not a perfunctory thing, while sent with the kindliest motives—was sent with incredulity on the part of some as to its value; by some it was promptly forgotten as are many of the things we say and the things we do in the passing days. But the spark of brotherly love was in it, and that spark was so fanned by its long journey, and by the effect of this foreign clime, that what was originally a spark is a warm, revivifying flame to me. There is no reason to doubt the same result wherever it was sent.

I wish it were within the power of my words, and within the limitations of our orders relative to the sending of communications, to describe to you the impressions received, the sights seen, the emotions felt, and the lessons learned in, and from this war. And if to me, who am no more than on the edge of the seething whirlpool, what must it be and mean to one who has been thrown hither and yon for years in this vortex? It is all too

vast for words; it is not a war as we of middle years have learned to know the word; there is no romance, no chivalry as we have mentally painted those terms. There is chivalry though such as modern civilization does not know exists, a chivalry which does not blazon its path with banners, nor herald its coming with trumpets; a chivalry which does not depend upon gentle blood, high lineage, or commissioned rank. It is an almost universal chivalry, a quiet, determined, intelligent walking into the face of—of what? Of death in an unknown form for the sake of an ideal. Men have lived in the past, and will live again in the future who will brave, with calmness, death at the cannon's mouth; they have become accustomed to cannon and such death has no terrors for them. More than this, if a man knows the nature of his enemy he will unconsciously prepare his mind so that he will meet that enemy with a considerable degree of tranquility. Today the man goes forth knowing that there are many deadly enemies, many dangers and deaths instead of only one. It is not a question of cannon, but is "What particular kind of violence will try to rob me of my life?" Will it be shrapnel? Will it be small high explosive? Will it be monster high explosive whose blast may wipe him so out of existence that no fragment will ever be seen again? Will the death agent come in the insidious, lurking gas, and if by gas which one of the various ones? Will he drop from the earth with his first or second breath, or will it be the kind that will leave him strangling, suffocating for hours before death relieves his agony? Will the great unknown come to him from the level of the earth, or by a bolt from the heavenly blue? Will the substantial hilltop on which he stands suddenly split in twain vomit its bowels into the air, and settle back to bury him alive under many feet of soil? Will he become entangled and impaled among the barbed wire to remain a helpless target until some friendly bullet brings relief? Does this seem overdrawn to you? If it does, let me say that the human mind cannot overdraw the awfulness of this conflict, and that these words are merely a bald recital of a few of the conditions.

More than this—and what has been said is said to emphasize what follows—I want to say that the boys and men who face

these conditions calmly and bravely from day to day, boys and men who come from the farm and from the city, from homes of luxury and from the slums, who are intelligent and thoughtful, who know what stands before them—these boys and men are showing the world as high a degree of valor, and as pure chivalry as has ever been sung by bard, painted by an artist, or penned by a poet. There is an underlying something in these men that is greater than bravery or valor. There is no mawkish sentiment about it; everyone seems engaged in attending merely to the business of the day. In fact the whole stupendous thing is a business, and without words or music, almost without command, each one seems going quietly about the business of "As He died to make men holy let us die to make men free."

From still another angle of thought your letter has appealed to me. "Let our thoughts of comfort be of comfort to him, and those nearest to him in the flesh," are the words of S. I. Bragg. To you at home it doubtless appears that those who have gone away, who may be cold, or hungry, or sick, or wounded or imprisoned, are the ones who suffer most, but if you will leave the decision to those who have left families behind them you will receive the answer, "Our discomforts are infinitely less than their sorrow and anxiety."

It is the same old principle of punishment, where the guilty suffer and the innocent suffer more. The child is naughty; the mother punishes the child and the child suffers, but the mother—loving even as she punishes—and punishing because she loves—suffers more. The criminal is tried and condemned. No one enjoys the business of awarding him imprisonment or death, but it is done for the good of society. The criminal suffers, but his family and friends suffer more than he does. A nation grows mad with lust for power; its greed is so great that it overthrows all recognized equity and decency; it is put on trial by the nations of the earth. No one enjoys the trial; the jurors in the case are not comfortable, but they have faith that this nation will be punished, will be purged of its lust for greed and its greed for lust; during the trial the jurors will suffer; the innocent world from which this jury is drawn will suffer more, and there is no

doubt that the Great Judge sitting on High will suffer most of all. It comes to me as I write that perhaps this is the road to an ultimate perfection; that the words "made perfect through suffering" have a real and vital meaning to us, and that two apparently conflicting portions of Holy Writ are entirely in accord one with the other. Through pain and suffering the mother brings forth her child; then in that little world—for the great world is merely an accumulation of many little worlds—there is "peace on earth, good will toward man." In that little world is harmony, contentment, joy. That child grows, develops, becomes a man, a thinking force. There are wrongs to right, and because he is a force, and a thinking, reasoning being he can righteously say, "I come, not to bring peace, but a sword."

But I did not intend to preach a sermon, nor to burden you with a lot of disjointed utterances. My heart reaches out to all members of the Craft. My message to you is that the good of humanity at this hour needs every helping hand, and every helpful word the Craft can supply; that the principles of Masonry—than which principles there are none higher outside of the Holy Bible—make it your privilege and your duty to direct every hand, and every voice in the support of this war so that an early and decisive result may be obtained, for I say to you in all solemnity, that if a decisive result is not obtained, if justice, national honor, mercy and righteousness are not securely enthroned by an unquestioned victory, that our children for many generations will have cause to curse the memory of us.

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Life in the Toul sector was rather humdrum. One item which came along and which proved valuable in later service, was the dipping of all the horses and mules of the Division. When the first units of the A. E. F. went overseas there was the feeling among some of the officers that men and animals not only had to be trained, but must be hardened by actual hardship, in order to endure the life made necessary by the conditions of warfare in France. Something of the same idea was prevalent in some of the divisional and other camps, in this country. The result was that in the First Division, both men and transport animals during

the winter just passed, had lived as much as possible in the open air, day and night. The mere fact that the ground was usually muddy, and the atmosphere always damp—excepting when it was worse—made no difference. Consequently both men and brutes had lived in the rain and snow, and had done considerable sleeping in the mud in order to harden them. The animals had been tied to picket lines in open fields, or in the woods, with no horse covers, and no standings other than the mud. More than this, these animals had come to the Division infected with mange, and infested with lice. The result was we had 5000 mangy, lousy, run-down, sick animals. General Bullard finally obtained permission to have a concrete dipping vat constructed, and all the animals were dipped. This was in the first half of March. Some of the animals were so weak they had to be pulled out of the vat after the plunge; all went back to the picket lines and the cold; some promptly died as a result of the disease and its cure.

Coming as I had, from a Canadian Division where experience had taught them that increased efficiency and lengthened service was obtained by sparing the men and animals as much as possible, and where, if a transport outfit expected to remain in one place longer than a night they invariably put in firm and reasonably dry standings for the animals, where horse covers were universally used on animals in the open, and where mange or lice would have been considered justification for a court-martial for some responsible officer, the difference in results struck me very forcibly. It was no uncommon thing in France, to have animals put on a picket rope in a new place, on a hillside, or on the top of a knoll where there was no indication of mud, or even of soft ground, and to find these same animals in mud well above the fet-locks the next morning. Add to this the wet season of the year, and one can begin to realize how deep this mud could become.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Came the latter part of March and with it an order for the Division to pull out of the Toul sector. The infantry was to be transported by train; the artillery was to go overland, and the trains overland to a point in the vicinity of Montdidier. The artillery horses were so weak and emaciated that General Sumerall, commanding the artillery, ordered that all drivers and cannoneers must walk.

The orders for the Trains prescribed that the Signal battalion which was equipped with Fiat trucks, should lead; the Sanitary train with its G. M. C.'s was to come next; then the Supply train with its A. E. C.'s and the rest of the heterogenous mixture of trucks, and the Ammunition train with its F. W. D.'s and its Quads should bring up the rear, and a speed of twelve miles an hour was to be maintained. This was easy for the Fiats and G. M. C.'s, practically impossible for the Supply train and utterly impossible, and even ridiculous for the Quads and F. W. D.'s which were heavily loaded with cannon fodder.

Colonel Lawton was far from well. He held out the first day of the hike, but the fact that his trains were scattered from Dan to Beersheba that first day so worried him that he could neither eat nor sleep. The Supply train, by driving part of the night, and the Ammunition train by driving all of that first night, had managed to close the gap in the column, but men who have driven a Quad truck steadily for twenty-four hours are of no use for another twelve hours at least, so nothing was gained by this all-night driving.

In his illness, Colonel Lawton turned the handling of the Supply and Ammunition trains over to me, giving me also his adjutant Captain McLean. The Captain was traveling in a side car, and could be used to send ahead in order to provide billets for us at the close of the day. Then Colonel Lawton went ahead with the leading units of the column. While it was contrary to specific orders it appeared to me that it was better to get the

two trains to their destination later than the original schedule rather than to leave a goodly portion of each one somewhere along the roadside. Also, if my decision to reduce the hourly mileage rate got me into trouble I determined to fall back on the excuse that where the travel order said twelve miles an hour, I understood that it meant a maximum of twelve miles, and not a mandatory twelve miles per hour. The Signal battalion and the Sanitary train made the schedule; the Supply train was two days later than schedule time, and the Ammunition train took four days extra, but every truck in each train finished that move of nearly three hundred kilometres, and no one got a wigging because the original order was not carried out to the letter. More than this, it is a good bet that never again in the A. E. F. were orders issued for ordinary cargo trucks to maintain a speed of twelve miles an hour for a long journey.

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How true it was I do not know, but a French officer once said to me "We do not want a flyer in a combat 'plane who has good sense." It is likely that it was a mere figure of speech for certainly France had many Aces who could not be put in the imbecile class. But with this remark in mind it was of particular interest one night in LaFerte-sous-Jouarre, in April 1918, to sit down at the table with fifteen French flyers, some of them the pick of the French escadrilles.

It was while the first Division was crossing from the Toul sector to Montdidier. Three of us, Americans, and these French flyers were the only guests at this particular hostelry. The town was just back of the fighting line and sufficiently near to the advancing Hun line so that it was shunned by the traveling public, and was largely deserted by the inhabitants.

The three of us were at dinner when the French arrived. There was but the one large table in the dining room, so we made one party although the table was sufficiently long to leave a few vacant seats between the two groups. Naturally there was a little polite fraternization at once, but the lives of the two groups, and the military activities of the two parties had so

little in common that the Americans soon were content to be listeners and lookers. From the conversation it appeared that these men had been flying and fighting for several days and had just now been given one night off for rest and relaxation; they were here with the avowed intention of having a good time, a good dinner, and of forgetting themselves with wine and brandy. Their faces and physiques made an interesting study. Almost at once one could place every man in one of three classes, though some of them showed evidence of belonging in two of these three classes. There was represented the class of which my French informant had spoken 'The man who did not have good sense:' two or three of the fifteen could qualify here; there was stupidity, cupidity, hero-worship, butterfly-chasing, and lack of mentality in general all shown at once in this group. Then there was the reckless, desperate man; the man who got his fun in trying to do the impossible; the man who would stop at nothing because he cared nothing. One individual in particular qualified in this class. He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, a man possibly 27 or 28 years old, whose entire face and manner, conversation and everything about him indicated that he lived only to take chances, and this was his record; he could not, and would not live unless he could venture his life in some extra-hazardous way. And then there was the criminal type—the hard, cold, quick-thinking, merciless Apache. Naturally some of this latter class also qualified in the reckless and desperate class but those in the reckless class did not necessarily qualify in the Apache class. These two classes did their own thinking while the first class had its thinking done for it by someone else; they were the imitators who did what they had seen others do, or who did what they were told to do, and who did not have a sufficient mentality to realize, or a sufficient nervous organization to be apprehensive of the terrors and possibilities of the things they did.

What became of these men? God knows. One day while in 4th. British Army five British flyers ate at my mess. The next day two of them were killed and I shall always believe that one of the two, a hardy Scot, was convinced that his end was at hand for never have I seen a man so pre-occupied, never one

who could sit and stare into vacancy with a so expressionless face as this man. He must have seen the handwriting on the wall; he must have been convinced the next day when he took the air that there were no more days of fighting for him. Brave men all, whether French or British, whether desperate, reckless, hopeless, plaudit-seeking or patriotic, whether criminal or law-abiding.

* * * * * *

Division headquarters in the new locality were established first at Chaumont—not the Chaumont of G. H. Q., however. After we had been there a few days the Division had a visit from General Pershing, who requested that all the officers be gathered at Chaumont so that he might address them; the address was to tell us that we were to go into line in an active sector; that the eyes of the whole world would be upon us; that probably many within the sound of his voice would never return to the United States, but would, in the drive then contemplated, lay down their lives to prove that justice and righteousness still exist on earth. Much as we all admired General Pershing, still this speech did not make much of a hit with us.

In a few days the Division headquarters moved up to Menil-St.-Georges, a village immediately west of the angle of the Montdidier salient, and the Division went into line. The headquarters of the Trains, and of some of the transport companies, was established at Noyers-St. Martin just south of Montdidier. It was while here at Noyers that Colonel Clayton, Division quartermaster, two of his officers, and three of his men were killed by a bomb from an aeroplane. It was while the Division was in this sector too, that there was fought the battle of Cantigny, a comparatively small action, but one which proved that the Americans would fight, and one that disproved the French belief that foot soldiers could not dislodge troops well intrenched for weeks, for the 18th and 26th U. S. infantry regiments went forward, and in their successive thin brown lines, not only dislodged troops well intrenched, but dislodged and captured troops well established in dug-outs and bomb-proofs.

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Somewhere in France, April 4, 1918.

You probably remember that there was once a famous king who "marched 10,000 up the hill, then marched them down again." As I recall that incident there was always a little feeling of derision for that king; one felt that he wasn't kinging in a very effective way; that if there was reason for going up the hill he should at least have stayed up there. Dates have changed, kings have changed, but the custom still remains. As a matter of fact if that old king was here in France, and he wanted to march anywhere he would have to march either up or down for a short hike, and if he wanted to keep on marching from breakfast until the whistle blew, he would have to march both up and down, for this country is that kind. You are either going up or down every time you move.

There is an erroneous general idea about army life, too. In reading the papers one gets the idea that the soldier rolls out of his blanket about the time the rooster crows, drinks a tin cup of coffee, eats a slice of bacon, and then goes out and fights until the shroud of darkness covers the earth. He don't do anything of the kind. He is routed out of his blanket, has his coffee and bread, or maybe beans or hash—for bacon doesn't grow here—and then he marches up and down hill all day, going somewhere so that he will have a good place to start from to go somewhere the next day. My powers of observation are not great, but finally I have Sherlock-Holmesed the matter of strategy in this war. The whole thing is this: The Hun has his Taube, or maybe his Folker in the air. The observer sees troops marching southwest or northeast, and so reports. Another observer sends in word to Hun headquarters that they—the Allies—are marching troops in a circle, and still another signals in that "the enemy is advancing straight up and down." By this time the Hun headquarters are dizzy, and orders are issued like this: "The enemy is advancing in every direction; our supporting troops heavily armed with German propaganda are near at hand in the U. S. A. This army will march at 7 a. m. You will march out in dense masses, and will soon find yourselves shot up from all sides. This will mean

that you have encircled the enemy, for he will be completely around you. It will be a glorious victory if you don't get killed first. Gott mit uns."

All joking aside, for me at least war is going to one place in order to be ordered somewhere else. This present one has been my longest stop anywhere in France, and I haven't been here a month yet, and now I'm to move on. The Wandering Jew, and "the man without a country" were anchored to immovable rocks compared to myself. After an experience on two different fronts, I'm honest in saying that pinochle is a better game than this. What the results on the coming front will decide will have to go over until some future letter.

Now, if I remember correctly, more than a year ago in the Rotary Club, I made myself possibly obnoxious, certainly was called an alarmist, because of making a declaration that we would be in this war, and that the United States did not begin to realize the gravity of this war, the awfulness of this war, and the need for every one of us doing his bit. This line of opinion I wish to reiterate and make more emphatic than ever. The Rotary Club is one of the active, moving, result-getting organizations of the world. It will not live up to its privileges, will not do its patriotic duty as a body unless, as a body, it devotes its brains and energy to the support of this war. When I say this I do not mean to reflect upon the organization at all; nor do I disparage, nor question the efforts of individuals among its members. But individual effort is not enough; routine Club support is not enough; there must be concentration of Rotary brains and Rotary genius on definite lines of support. Somewhere there must be found a genius in the matter of food supply; one for the question of equipment for the men; one for the problem of transportation; one for the devising of more adequate submarine protection; one for the popularizing of the war within the United States; for the effective suppression of German propaganda within the states; one for a propaganda for instilling within the people of our country such a sense of loyalty, and for developing within their veins such a proportion of iron, that the front line trenches in France will be a safer place than the

United States for anyone who remains either actively, or passively a pro-German. The systems that have been used and are being used, the crimes that have been committed and are being committed, the false-hoods that have been, and are being told by the German militarists, are more than sufficient to cause us to look upon them, not as enlightened, civilized beings; they have gone so far that the world owes them naught but punishment. Here is a very small illustration of the way the German enlisted man is being taught.

A few days ago some German prisoners were brought in; one could talk English. He calmly asked, "When will we be shot?" He was told that unless he tried to escape he stood no chance of being shot; that what we did to prisoners was to warm them, feed them, and send them to the rear. He had difficulty in believing this for a time, but when the heat and food were furnished them he seemed to grasp the fact that he had been told the truth, and in a voice fairly trembling with eagerness asked if it would be possible for him to get word to his brother who had not been captured to get himself captured as quickly as possible, and added, "if the battalion knew that you do not shoot your prisoners every one of them would come across No Man's Land and be prisoners."

But I have gotten off the subject. The thing, as it resolves itself, is this: We can strike a light blow, get a light result, and have to strike many more light blows before a decision is reached. I think I am well within the bounds when I say, that, counting from the time when the American forces went into line, our losses from battle and from illness will run 250,000 a year. The losses may run much higher. If the struggle is prolonged two, five, or more years it is easy to compute what our losses will be. On the other hand, if we could hit one mighty blow, say with a million or more men, bring an immediate decisive result, take the losses which such a blow would entail—and there is nothing in history, or in the present war to make one think that they would run as high as 250,000—you can easily see how much time, and how many valuable lives can be conserved by the latter method. Over here we get the Paris editions of the New York Herald, the

Chicago Tribune and the London Mail. From these papers I draw the conclusions that the people of the States do not realize the gravity of the situation. The dagger has not yet entered the heart; the matter is, as yet, more or less an impersonal one. But this is your war; this is for your benefit. It does not matter whether Center comes back or not; the world will go on just the same; but it does matter to 10,000, yes to 10,000,000 homes whether this war is fought to a decisive result, whether German ideas and Junker ideals are forever abolished, and it does matter that such a result shall be produced as quickly as possible.

If, through the Rotary Club, the country could be shown that inertia, slowness, indifference, apathy and slackness are responsible for the killing of good, patriotic, young American men, then that one thing alone would put the Rotary Club in the halls of fame. More than this, the gratitude of multitudes of mothers, sisters and wives would be greater than any other pedestal upon which Rotary could be placed. I do not get any mail, but have confidence that somewhere in France there is a great deal for me, and some day I hope to connect with it. In the meantime please believe me that I haven't done anything yet to make you ashamed of me.

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Just before the battle of Cantigny, and after nine weeks of duty with the First Division, there came an order for me to report at Staff College again. Needless to say this order was about as unwelcome as any I ever received. As said before Colonel Lawton was not at all well. If his health became still more uncertain there was an opportunity for me if still on the ground; I felt at home in the Division, and had begun to hope that I might find a permanent berth there. But orders are orders, and off to Langres, via Paris, I went.

The trip from Menil to Paris was made by auto. In the car was Mr. Velay—a French banker who was the official interpreter for Trains headquarters—Lieutenant Flynn the Supply Officer for Trains, the driver and myself. The day was clear and spring-like, and the trip started most enjoyably. About twenty kilometres out of Paris we came upon some recovered French

"blesses" mending road. At the same time we overtook another vehicle going our way, and just then too, we met a drove of cows with a vehicle following them closely. The cows scattered all over the road; a soldat ran out in front of our car to head back a wandering cow which was trying to leave the road. He was brandishing his long-handled shovel when he slipped and fell just as he reached the car, the swinging shovel going through the wind-shield, and the soldat going under the car. We were moving so slowly that the car could be stopped almost immediately, but one of the front wheels went over one of his legs, and for a few moments his cries made us think that we had mutilated his entire family. Roadside examination disclosed that there were no broken bones, and but little broken skin, and inquiry brought out the fact that he was billeted about a kilometre down the road in the direction we were going. So we loaded him in the car and went on. On reaching the village where he was billeted we found his Captain—who soundly berated him as soon as he learned that the man was not seriously hurt—berated him for getting in our way, and for breaking our windshield. Then, because the soldat was a minute fraction of our allies, and because we wished to preserve the entente cordiale, I gave the soldier ten francs, telling him to buy wine for himself and his friends. Immediately the car was surrounded by soldiers congratulating the man who had been hurt, and in their hearts wishing, I think, that we would run over them also.

The second accident that day was of a more serious nature. We were passing through St. Denis, one of the suburbs of Paris. The street was narrow, and as there was considerable traffic we were forced to move slowly. A large man in a blue semi-uniform started to cross the street in front of us, evidently changed his mind and stepped back on the curbing. As he did so my driver stepped on the gas to increase his speed and close up the gap between us and the car next in front of us. Without warning, and without looking in our direction, this man stepped off the curb again, and his next step put him directly in front of the car. The driver threw the wheel over as far as possible, but the car struck the man in such a way that he fell beneath the car,

and the front wheel passed over his abdomen. We stopped at once, and the crowd that collected almost like magic, carried him into a nearby estaminet. It seemed he was a well-known character, and was the clerk of the Mairie of St. Denis. Our French banker sent for an ambulance, and the banker and Lieutenant Flynn accompanied the man to the hospital. The driver and I, as hostages, remained with the gen'd'arme who had appeared on the scene. He did not put us in arrest, but it was easy to see that he did not intend to let us get out of his sight. In accordance with A. E. F. regulations I made myself busy getting the names and addresses of those who had witnessed the accident. The keeper of the estaminet was a youngish woman who spoke a little English, and after I had bought a drink for the driver—who needed it badly as he was so horrified by the accident that he had burst into tears—and for the gen'd'arme as a matter of policy, she became quite friendly, saying, "The old fool," meaning the injured man, "is always getting himself into trouble." More than this, she went out and brought in others who had seen the accident, and who seemed anxious to have me take their names so that they might be called to testify that it was not our fault. Then Lieutenant Flynn and banker Velay returned, and the gen'd'arme politely informed us that we must go before the Commissionaire de Police. That looked a little more serious. The gen'd'arme rode up with us too. At the City Hall we had a short wait and then were ushered into the Presence; our story was told. It had to be told slowly because it was all taken down in longhand, and longhand that was converted into French by banker Velay. When it was all transcribed we were instructed to sign. For fear there might be something in that French document that we had not said, I required banker Velay to read it to us, re-changing into United States for our comprehension; but they had it down all right. Then the Commissionaire rendered his decision, which was that "The injured man came to his injury, and subsequent demise"—for the Commissionaire had heard from the hospital—"by virtue of his own fault, and our friends and allies, the American officers"—then naming each one of us by name—"are entirely

blameless in the matter." Then we shook hands all round, and beat it.

Over night in Paris and then on again to Langres. Of course, they didn't know I was coming, and I didn't know whether the "three guardsmen" were still there or not, but I went at once to the old billet. Stacy was in, grinding away on some staff problem. He let out a whoop which brought grandmere on the run to see what had befallen her "petite soldat." When she saw me she must have supposed she was seeing my ghost, for she backed away, crossed herself, and began to say her prayers, but as I grinned cheerfully at her she changed her mind, and the next minute she had her arm about my neck, and at the same time was apologizing for the liberty she was taking with "le Colonel."

That night there was a great reunion in that billet; both sides had stories to tell. At supper we ran across a number of men I had known previously in the College, many of whom came up to our rooms during the evening to get some first-hand information from the front. The next morning I reported to General Bjornsted—for he had been promoted. About the first thing he said was, "What are the actual duties of a Trains Commander; where does he fit in; is he a member of the staff of the Division Commander, or not?" I rattled off what I thought the duties were, and made the status pretty complicated and chaotic I suspect, for he finally said, "Take two or three days; reduce all that to writing and let me have it." If he had said, "Reduce that to writing in an hour" it might have hurried me a little, but when he talked about two or three days I could see a pleasant little vacation ahead of me.

On reporting the second time with the desired tabulation, he said, "I'll send an orderly to you when I am ready; I have a job for you I think." Knowing how busy he was it seemed to me that I might count on several days more, but the second day the orderly came and said the General wanted to see me. His decision was this: "I have just been made chief-of-staff to 3rd Corps Headquarters; the commanding general has not yet been named; the Corps consists at present of two divisions from the regular army; I want you to go to that Corps training area, take

one division at a time, inspect all transport and instruct transport officers as you inspect. Get in touch with the Commander of Trains and Military Police in each division, and teach him what you have indicated here as the duties of a Trains Commander. The 3rd Division is over; the 5th is over or on the way. You will get your orders tonight."

There was another matter that made this visit to Langres a pleasant one. It was nine weeks after landing in France before I received any mail. While with the First Division two or three letters had come, but as my wife and I had agreed to let our letters to each other carry serial numbers, and since the two which had been received from her had been numbers five and eleven, I was firmly convinced that somewhere in France there was a quantity of mail for me. Inquiry at the college postoffice—"A. P. O. 714"—found a large bundle, forty-two letters, to be exact. They lasted me all the time I was at Langres, and part of the time while at Mussy-sur-Seine, the headquarters of 3rd Corps.

Acting as Inspector-Instructor at Corps was pleasant work in the main. The Third Division was round about Chatillon. When I reached this division it had been across about three weeks. General Dickman, commanding the division, had had a large experience with front line transport, and after finding my mission under my orders and ascertaining what I intended to do, gave me his enthusiastic support and encouragement to go ahead. The work with this division took me three weeks and if they had had a complete Supply train, and an Ammunition train at all it would have taken longer. The absence of an Ammunition train was a source of great disgust to General Dickman, and if he could have foreseen what was about to happen to his Division, it would have been a source of great anxiety to him.

From here the work called me to the Bar-sur-Aube region and the Fifth Division, General McMahon commanding. This division had been in its area but five days when I went to them, and had practically none of its transport. After spending the day with Colonel Morrow, the Commander of Trains, returning to Mussy in the evening, it was learned at Corps headquarters

that the Hun drive on Chateau-Thierry had become so ominous that the Third Division had been ordered to the front—only partially equipped as it was—and that the Fifth was to go forward also, to act as guard over some bridges and railroads. The exigencies of the hour had dissolved the 3rd Corps.

Many of the officers at Corps headquarters, seeing the period of inactivity which was bound to ensue, and wishing to be in the field in some active capacity, asked General Bjornsted for orders sending them elsewhere. When I proffered my request the General said, "Where do you want to be sent?" Having been told by him previously that the Thirty-third Division was over, or soon to come, and having seen in the scheme of divisions as prepared by G. H. Q. that the Thirty-third was listed "combat troops, shock division," I knew that the Thirty-third was not going to be used as replacement troops, as was the Forty-first, so requested an order sending me to the Thirty-third Division. Turning to his clerk he dictated the order, and when it was written out he signed it in a bold hand "John J. Pershing." That is the only written order I ever received direct from General Pershing. Folding and handing me the order, he said, "Now don't ask me where that division is, for I don't know." A little later in our conversation he suggested that I run over to Tours to find out. Tours was probably two hundred kilometres west of Mussy, and having been there several times before, I had the impression that it was a poor town in which to hunt for information. The car that had been assigned for my use at Corps headquarters had not been turned in. Chaumont, or G. H. Q. was only fifty-five kilometres to the east of Mussy, and I had never been in Chaumont, and certainly G. H. Q. was the fountainhead for information. So bright and early the next morning my driver and I started for Chaumont to hunt for the Thirty-third.

But it began to look as if I had made a bad choice, for on applying at one office for the desired information I would meet with "No, we do not know where the Thirty-third is, but probably Captain So-and-So can tell you." And Captain So-and-So would say, "I don't know, but likely Major X. Y. Z. can inform you." And so it went, always being referred to someone else, or

to some other office. I was even sent to the French and British liaison officers, and they could not tell me. At last "G-4," G. H. Q. said, "I think Colonel Barnes can help you out." So Colonel Barnes was found. He smiled, walked up to a map on the wall, put the ball of his thumb flat on one part of that map and said, "The Thirty-third is up there." I scanned that map closely and discovered that his thumb had been covering considerable territory, and a number of towns. He saw the question I was about to ask, smiled again, and said, "I don't know the point for division headquarters, but they are up there somewhere; they are just over." The map space covered by the thumb had showed Oisement on a railroad in that region, so he suggested that I go to that place as a point for closer search. But his thumb had also covered Abbeville, and privately I decided to go to that town. I had heard Abbeville mentioned frequently while I was with the Canadians.

The trip to Abbeville took me through Paris again, of course. In traveling any distance in France, or one might say that in traveling by rail in France, regardless of distance, one goes to Paris and from there to the desired point. France does not believe in connecting north and south, or east and west points in any other way than via Paris. In Paris I ran across several officers from Staff College, who—having now finished the course there—were being sent to one or another division for duty; three of them were heading toward Abbeville like myself. This made a pleasant little travel party, for four men of any experience can put up a bold, and successful front in holding a train compartment originally designed for eight people. In fact two, if flanked by the baggage of all four, can do so successfully while the other two forage for rations.

The train reached Abbeville about nine thirty, p. m. Of course there was the usual prohibition against lights of any kind, but in the late twilight we could see, and run against, and fall over the results of the many Hun bombing expeditions. Apparently we were put to it very hardly in the matter of a place to sleep, for the populace of Abbeville migrated, to a man, woman and child, out into the country at sundown, and stayed there

until sunrise the next morning. There wasn't a hotel open; there wasn't a house where we could raise anyone. Finally an English M. P.—military police, not member of Parliament—suggested that our one best bet was the English Officers Club. He wasn't very sanguine that we could get in, but it offered a chance. So we tried the Club; it was full, but the clerk told us they had an annex where officers could sleep, and an orderly accompanied us the six blocks to this place. It was nothing but an enormous store room that had escaped the bombing, a room probably used originally as a warehouse for goods of some sort. It was large enough to allow four rows of cots, with probably thirty, or thirty-five cots to the row. There was no other furniture of any sort. At one end of this room there had been rigged up a water pipe with numerous faucets, and one washed one's face and hands from the running stream. The orderly tagged us for cots, 77, 78, 79 and 80, collected two francs from each one, and wished us "pleasant dreams," adding that the town was bombed the night before, so that there was a chance for a quiet night tonight. I don't know about the other fellows, but do know that I slept. An all day ride on the train, plenty of exercise up and down the streets of Abbeville carrying a heavy grip into which I had crowded all my precious, and most of my necessary belongings, made me welcome that cot even if Jerry was sure to pay us a call.

Breakfast was served at the Officers Club, the waitresses being W. A. A. C. S. After breakfast we found an American Provost Marshal who knew where the various divisions were located, and who put me in telephone communication with Colonel Naylor, Chief-of-Staff of the Thirty-third. After saying "Hello" to Naylor, I nearly gave him a fatal shock by saying, "Send a car in after me, will you?" It seemed that the Division was so recently over that there were but two cars with the Division, one of them assigned to General Bell of course, and being assigned to him could be used for no lesser purpose than his use. Neither General Wolfe nor General Hill had a car as yet, and the only other one in the Division was one that the Division quartermaster had managed to get hold of in some way. But Naylor

finally said, "Sit tight, and I'll see what I can do." That evening the Q. M.'s car came and took me to Huppy, Division headquarters.

During this day, and while wandering the streets of Abbeville, I ran across General Henry R. Hill. He seemed glad to see me, and among other things said to me that he felt sure there was a movement on foot to get him out of the service. He also said that I was in command of the 130th Infantry Regiment, that the regiment was completely demoralized, and that he welcomed my assignment to the command as he felt I could straighten out this outfit, and thus strengthen his position in the Division. The 130th Infantry was in his Brigade, and had had three or four different regimental commanders since its mobilization at Camp Logan. Three or four different commanders in a six-months training period is enough to demoralize almost any outfit. As I had not been active in the infantry branch of the service since October of the preceding year, and as training and leading an infantry outfit had been completely revolutionized in that time, the news that I was in command of an infantry regiment did not make me feel particularly cheerful.

Headquarters 3rd Corps,
A. E. F.
June 2, 1918.

Rev. George A. Buttrick,
Quincy, Illinois.

My dear Mr. Buttrick:

I have just read a copy of the Quincy Herald containing your sermon on the "Freedom of a true Jerusalem." May I venture the hope that it appealed to the people at home as much as it does to me. I do not quite know why I am writing to you in this strain; as it comes to me the only reason, or excuse is that it seems to me that the larger part of the education necessary for the people of the United States, the education as to the meaning of this war, and the reason for this war, and the aims of this war—this necessary education must come largely from the pulpit.

From the pulpit because it is to the pulpit we look for interpretation of Divine plans and methods. This, coming from one generally considered at least, to be rather materialistic in belief, may seem unusual or even absurd. But this war is an education in itself; it is an interpretation, an opener of blind eyes.

It is impossible to contemplate the heroic sacrifice of life, of home, of family, of everything one holds dear, and believe that such sacrifice is for a sordid purpose, or that it can arise from any "earthy" motive. I have yet to see a young man in the vigor of health and youth who wanted to die, but when one sees thousands, and knows of hundreds of thousands who, in that youthful vigor, go forth, look Death in the face, meet him and conquer, or are conquered by him, and all this without a tremor, without hesitation or a backward glance, I am convinced that there is something more than love of adventure, more than patriotism as we ordinarily understand it, more than hatred of a foe, more than a man's desire to pit himself against an adversary, in the heart of that young man. There is something there that does not appear on the surface, some motive, or thought, or belief which is stronger than love of life. It is not a desire to acquire; it is not fear of higher authority; these men are not being driven to be brave; these men, French, English, Irish, Canadians, Australians and all, do not feel driven, nor do they have to be driven. More than this, there is no political union of these nations binding their sons together in this death pact. Nor do I believe that any, or all of these considerations could bind these men from the four corners of the earth so firmly together as they are bound today, nor put the determination in their hearts, the strength in their hands, and the look in their eyes that they now have. For there is a look in their eyes that the ordinary bustling business world knows not. They seem to have seen the future; to have gazed into the kaleidoscope of time upon the picture of what German rule means, what a free and wholesome world means, and what God's purpose is in this war, and they pass out as men who have seen a vision and are amazed at the infinity thereof.

The Crusades came. To rid the Holy Land of the infidel was, perhaps a worthy object. It is true the infidel was merely one who

believed in God in a manner different from the crusader. Lives were spent, fortunes were spent, deeds of valor were done, and there is no doubt the world was the better for the effort made. The crusader was convinced of the righteousness of his cause, and at the same time, he discovered that his opponent was his brother; the infidel was confirmed in his belief in the power of his religion, and was introduced to a belief as strong as his own. Those battles were for ideals and could not be without good results. The struggle today is infinitely more of a true crusade than that of the Christian and Saracen. This is not said as voicing merely my opinion, for it must be the opinion of these thousands and thousands of men of the allied armies who are battling for God and humanity. Ask one man why he is fighting, and the answer is "To make the world a safe place to live in." Another will say, "To lick the Kaiser and stop him from murdering women and children." Another, "I got tired of hearing about 'Gott mit uns' when I knew God wasn't that kind of a God." These are answers taken at random from those received to the above question, and they all show the inherent feeling that there is wrong to be righted—a feeling which is the foundation for a true crusade.

This brings up another thought which I hold firmly, but which has never gained general approval when it has been broached; I admit that war is an awful thing, but in many ways war is a good thing. War is suffering, horror, want, sacrifice. Nothing permanently good comes save through suffering—suffering on the part of someone. We are born through suffering, we die through suffering. Suffering is a sacrifice, the one we offer instead of the slain lamb. "The broken and contrite heart is not despised," and just as the Great Example became perfect through suffering, so will this world ultimately find its universal peace by treading the same path. War clarifies the vision, purifies the life, gives us ideas of right values, takes our minds from the little things, and from the gross and material, and shows us our individual littleness in comparison with those things which make for the betterment of the world. In a sense we come to place too high a value on human life. The French wife who exclaimed over

the dead body of her husband, "I was his wife, but France was his mother; I have given him back to his mother," voiced in a measure the keynote of the giving of human lives in a just cause. Life came from Infinity; in the development of those plans which no human intelligence can understand, Infinity requires the absorption of human life into Itself, and while to our finite eyes and minds this apparent wholesale absorption seems a horrible and hellish thing, we must remember that it is only the tithe we give, and that in the giving the world is improved, the universe becomes nearer perfect, and the great plan for the "free Jerusalem" is furthered upon earth. This is essentially a religious war; you feel it everywhere; these allied armies are religious armies since the men in them are here for the purpose of making the world better. It is a religious army even when it is a profane army, for the very profanity one hears is a prayer since it is the outburst of the pent up emotions caused by the earnestness of the motive underlying the fighting.

I hope I have not bored you, but after reading your published sermon I wanted to say to you that the men involved in helping to make, and in hoping to make a "free Jerusalem," are with their hands, and in their hearts engaged in a crusade which will make it possible to say, "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world."

CHAPTER TWELVE

On reporting to General Bell he remarked, "You are in command of the 130th; the regiment is in the devil of a shape." Then possibly seeing the look of apprehension, or consternation on my face, he said, "What have you been doing in your six months over here?" On answering that I had been with the Canadians for front-line transport, and most recently had been putting in time as an Inspector-Instructor for Division transport, he thought a moment and then said, "Well, perhaps I will have to make some changes; stay here at headquarters a few days, and I will think it over." Two days later he transferred Colonel Clinnin from Trains and Military Police to the 130th infantry regiment, and transferred me to the Trains and Military Police. It suited Colonel Clinnin who had had no front-line transport work, and pleased me, for ignorant as I was of the new things connected with the infantry I feared that I might not make good on an infantry assignment, and knew that I could make good with the Trains and Military Police.

Only a few days in the Huppy area and then a hike to the Eu area. Eu is one of the old cities of France, and is the location of one of the estates of the Orleans family. The present Duke and Duchess were in residence here, and offered of their hospitality to General Bell while he was at Eu. Here my work as provost-marshal began in earnest, for the town was full of Belgian soldiers, and our own men had not yet settled into the harness. Shortly after reaching here an order came from G. H. Q. sending certain officers to Australian and English divisions then in line in this vicinity, for the purpose of putting each American officer in close experience with the particular branch of work with which he was connected. In this list of our officers was scheduled the Commander of Trains. Feeling that in the five days of this experience I would see but little not seen previously, and feeling that I could do more for the Division by staying with the Division, I put it up to General Bell who said,

"You certainly don't need it, but it's a G. H. Q., order and you better go." My assignment took me to the Third Australian Division, General Gelliband commanding, and was—except for my sleeping quarters—a very pleasant outing. The Division was in line at Villers-Bretoneau, and every one was living in dug-outs. The Division headquarters dug-out was one drifted into a hillside, and while not exceptionally wet, was the coldest I ever saw. Even in June I could not get enough blankets to keep out that penetrating chill.

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The picture is a huge, ruined chateau. The grounds in front are spacious, and even after four years of war, with this bit of the world changing hands from allies to Germans and back again four times in the four years, the hand of the landscape gardener and artist can still be seen. The trees are half, or quite destroyed; the earth is full of shell holes; the graveled drives and walks are interrupted by these huge blotches which make the country-side appear afflicted with a gross form of acne of the terrain. It is also evident from the large fishpond in the rear of the chateau that the owner of these grounds was a man of substance, but the rim of water has become a scallop because of still other shell holes. The park all about is marked with mounds and pits, and when one starts to go anywhere one must go by indirection in order to escape falling into these unsightly holes.

Just now the chateau is the headquarters of an Australian brigade, and is being used as such first, because it is convenient, and next, because the Germans, who have just left it, are convinced that it is so thoroughly looted, and gutted, and porous, and open to the sky as well as to observation, that no sensible commander will do anything else than fight shy of the place. Astonishing fellows, these Australians. They break and overlook all the rules and red tape of hundreds of years of armyism, and Field Service Regulations, and Military Discipline. Instead of sticking one of their batteries in a wood—as is highly recommended in the books—or instead of putting it behind a hill—another procedure often followed—they are more likely to stick those guns right out in the open on a level stretch of ground.

They seem to lie awake nights seeking ways and means for breaking precedents, and they are always making precedents of their own. It is to chuckle when one remembers the many cases, and fits of horror they caused among the English Army Red Collars.

Division headquarters of this Australian outfit were about two kilometres distant from this chateau. At noon the division commander said, "I have accepted an invitation for Colonel C."—my American confrere, "for yourself, and for myself to take dinner this evening with General W. at brigade headquarters." Of course I said "delighted." Then he went on "Some of our fellows have heard that you Americans are wonderful marksmen; our officers have done some good shooting, and I understand that there is a movement on foot to have some target practice after dinner." This caused me no uneasiness for Colonel C.—was known nationally as a crack rifle shot, and he was far above the average at pistol or revolver shooting. As to my own ability the less said the better.

About six o'clock General G.—his chief-of-staff, and aide, and myself walked over to brigade headquarters. The dinner was good. General W.—who was a merchant prince in Australia in civil life, had a good cook, and there was no evidence of scarcity of rations, or lack of variety of food and drink. Colonel C—had not, and did not appear. The dinner went on; the degree of hospitality and friendliness could not have been exceeded. We toasted the King; we toasted the President; we toasted La Belle France; we toasted all the allied dignitaries we could remember, and then I think we began to drink to the good health of New York, Melbourne, Sidney, Buffalo, Kokomo and Kalamazoo. Finally some one suggested that the light was just right for pistol practice, so we adjourned to the sunken garden in the grounds. It then appeared that America, as represented in the person of one lone Colonel of Infantry, was to compete with five husky and handsome Australian officers who had been combed from the Australian Corps, and who were to shoot for the glory and honor of the southern hemisphere. The match looked onesided so General G.—the Division Commander, offered to shoot for America in the place of the absent Colonel C.

The targets were set up, set up against one side of the sunken garden, six empty Bass' ale bottles sitting in a row, six inches between bottles, and the firing line was thirty paces distant. Each contestant had six shots, and the longer I looked and thought about those bottles standing in a row, the more bottles I could see. There were a dozen, a dozen and a half, a whole array of bottles; some still wearing their labels, some clothed only in their naked and vitreous brownness.

As ranking officer present and contesting, and shooting as he was for the American team, General G.—was first on the mark. The six shots from his Webley ruined one bottle. When this was replaced a young Australian stepped up and demolished three bottles with his six shots.

It appeared to me that this was poor shooting for there were dozens of bottles there, and they were moving, gliding, rotating, doing the one step, the two step, the tango and the hesitation. But my time had come. I had declared modestly, that I was no pistol shot; that I was shooting only from a spirit of good-fellowship, and because of my love for the American eagle; that it was a crime to press upon my wavering hand and uncertain eye a responsibility so great. You see, I was entering all my alibis before shooting.

Still, I felt confident of the outcome for my observation during those few minutes had disclosed that those moving bottles moved in a regular and orderly way; there were no uncertain, or unexpected movements in that case of bottles; they could be depended upon. With no feeling of apprehension or doubt I took my stand, aimed carefully, waited a moment, and fired. There was the sound of broken and tinkling glass. Again I fired, and again the same sound rejoiced my ear, but there seemed no lessening of the number of bottles treading their stately minuet.

The third shot I directed at a bottle which appeared to have withdrawn itself a little from the festive aggregation; it had a particularly bright and clean label, and looked larger and more important than its fellows; it occurred to me that it was trying to sneak away from my deadly fire. To my surprise it survived

the attack; the shot was wasted. This must not be; my mission was to make the American eagle give raucous screams of triumph and joy, rather than to cause him to shed salty tears of disappointment and woe. I called upon my reserve powers, and my cunning. Perhaps Australia had not done her best; some other entrant might break more than three of those six bottles, and as yet I had not even tied my first opponent. My decision was made; forget the isolated and important looking bottle; perhaps it was devoted to some other fate any way—some more ignoble end—and turn my attention to the common herd.

Again I aimed, waited, and fired. Once more the tinkling glass could be heard; my first opponent's record was tied; now I must continue, must beat him, must do so excellently that no late shooter could beat me. I then realized that my original strategy was correct, and that my tactics were unbeatable. Again I fired, and again a bottle bit the dust. But this last shot puzzled me, and caused me annoyance as well, for where, a moment before there had been a collection of bottles, all apparently on good terms with each other, all enjoying a considerable intimacy of friendship and action, now there were two little groups, one wearing bright, clean labels, while the other group was draped in sombre brown and instead of revolving and saluting each other in dignified and regular fashion these groups seemed insanely bent on standing in their respective places and dancing up and down; I could not decide which group to attack.

Remembering however that the group clothed in gay attire must be the relatives and associates of the bottle I had previously fired upon, but which was unquestionably set aside for a fate other than my bullet, I determined to slay one of those little brown jumping-jacks. Which one was of no moment to me; I had neither friendship nor animosity, but I had one remaining shot; I must have one more bottle.

Taking careful aim I waited, but conditions were not right. I lowered the gun and watched that little group. Again I aimed, waited, and then fired; to my immense relief again we heard the sound of broken glass.

The Australian makes and breaks precedents, but by sticking to what I had been taught I was enabled to capture the prize which had been offered, for with every shot, except the one that had been wasted on that bottle—set aside perhaps by its own pride in drawing away from its fellows, or preserved from my accuracy by a higher and postponed fate—I had never fired until those revolving bottles had come in echelon, and then I enfiladed the mass.

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In late June the Thirty-third moved up to Molliens-au-Bois sector to go into the line as a part of 4th British Army. Up to this time I had not seen Donald; a part of the 129th Infantry had been quarantined at Brest, with scarlet fever, but just before the Division left Eu the quarantine was lifted, and this battalion was to come on at once. As soon as we were well established at Molliens, and as soon as the 129th Infantry had reached its billeting area, I took advantage of opportunity one afternoon to drive over to their regimental headquarters hoping to see Don. Almost at once I ran into a corporal from Quincy, and in conversation with him learned that Don had been taken sick on the march across country from Eu, and had been left behind on the road. Finding the captain of the Headquarters company—Don's organization—I asked for particulars. In an extremely egotistic and unfeeling way Captain White replied, "Oh yes, he came down with scarlet fever, and I couldn't be bothered with him, so left him behind." Further inquiry developed the fact that the boy was not turned over to any hospital or aid station, but that he was left in the loft of a French barn; that no one had been left with him; that Captain White had made no effort to discover what had become of him, and that eleven days had elapsed, and nothing had been heard of his whereabouts or his condition. At once I began to make inquiry in every possible direction, and spent the next day, in company with Captain Algeo who commanded one of my military police companies, going from place to place along the line of the recent march of the 129th Infantry, making inquiries. Every British hospital in that part of France, even those at Calais, Boulogne and La

Treport were telephoned, and no news secured. About ten o'clock that night the operator at our Division headquarters called me to the phone, and the American unit of the British hospital at La Treport was on the wire. One of the American surgeons from this unit had been over to the British headquarters of the hospital, and had seen lying on a desk a slip of paper on which was written, that Colonel Center of the American army was trying to locate his son, Donald. I had called that hospital and had been told that he wasn't there, and he wasn't in the British unit, but was in the American unit.

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It is queer how some fairly intelligent men who are reasonably well informed on a subject, who are under no strain, who are having a pleasant time and thoroughly enjoying themselves, can develop a tremendous case of absent-mindedness without any warning. Just like a college professor looking for his glasses when they are on his nose.

The Division was in front of Albert waiting to relieve a British Division then in line. There was a day that had to be employed in some sort of training, and the General decided that the two infantry regiments of the 66th Brigade should put on a battle exercise on the terrain. So for the occasion the senior colonel of the division was labeled a Brigadier General, and another colonel was similarly labeled, and one infantry regiment was to be the Red Army and the other the Blue Army, and the two hurriedly made generals were to suppose that they had each an army with which to fight each other.

The day was pleasant; for a wonder the sun was both warm and bright, and as the Division Commander had named me as commentator and observer for the conduct—and errors if any—of the Blue army, it began to look like a bon war.

The Blue army was to be the attacking force and during the maneuver was to advance some three kilometres in order to come to hand grips with the Red enemy. The artillery had to be assumed, and as there was but one aeroplane obtainable for

this use, this bird had to divide his time and act alternately for each force, but the effort was made to make the problem as realistic as possible.

Being critic I had been informed previously of the problem in its details, and of the general plan each army had in mind. Among other features there had been arranged for a specified hour—provided the Blue army had reached a certain point by that hour—a gas attack on the Blue forces. This was to come from projectors so placed that the wind would sweep the gas along the advancing line. The Blue army had been warned that in all probability they would receive such an attack during the day, and all officers and men were to be told that if gas came it would not be a 'phony attack, but the real thing, and that the respirators must be used.

At the given hour the Blue line, in three waves was nearing the designated objective where those informed knew gas was to come, and just then a platoon on the extreme right of the Blue line gave the gas alarm; every one flew to his gas mask. Partly because of the personal necessity and partly to assure men and officers that it was the real thing, I grabbed mine as soon as anyone else, and slipped it on. To my disgust the thing wouldn't work; if I inhaled it clung to my face; if I exhaled it ballooned out until it threatened to pull itself off. Hurriedly jerking it off I gave it the 'once over' and slipped it back on again, but it acted in just the same way. Now I had gone over that mask that morning and knew it was in working condition, but it wouldn't work here. I was just about to 'beat it' ignominiously away from that quartering wind when the trouble disclosed itself. As an observer, I had been enjoying the pleasure of a cigar; this had burned down practically to my lips but the stub had been retained. Just how I managed to keep that butt between my teeth while inserting the mouthpiece of the respirator I don't know, but there it had been. Naturally the exhaled breath had escaped between the cigar butt and the mouthpiece, while the inhaled air was coming partly through the mouth-piece and partly from inside the mask itself. Oh yes, chagrin was my middle name.

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July 4th was celebrated by portions of our 131st and 132nd regiments of infantry, together with some Australian contingents, in putting on "a show" near Hamel woods. This resulted in some 600 prisoners for the Thirty-third Division—the first ones we had been called upon to handle.

About this time too, the Hun discovered that there were American troops in his front, and so proceeded to try to "put our wind up" for us. The city of Albert was in our immediate front, and while it was a sort of "No Man's Land" still it was in German hands. One forenoon a battery of 155s opened up just behind Albert, and gave our Division headquarters a taste of high explosive. One shell landed about 200 feet from the chateau where General Bell was billeted. That afternoon a company of our engineers was busy constructing a forty-foot dugout near the chateau, and orders were issued for all officers and men to get their sleeping quarters underground. Trains headquarters were located at the village marie and school house—for it was a combination building—and for a few nights we obeyed the order, and seven officers, the school teacher—who had not fled because she said she had nowhere to go—and the old care-taker and his wife slept in the tiny cellar under the building. This would have provided protection against fragments of shells, but the discomfort was so much greater than the risk, that we soon went back to sleeping on the floors of the building.

One night about eleven o'clock, Major Hart and I who slept on the floor of a little room upstairs, were lying talking when we heard a 'plane coming over. I had just remarked, "He is one of ours," for the sound was not that of a German machine, when in the immediate vicinity we heard a BLAM. That settled the question of whether it was a Jerry or not. Almost at once we could hear the whistling sound of another bomb falling through the air, and that whistle meant "It's close to you." Then came another WHAM. The building rocked; plaster fell; glass crashed and rattled; the room filled with acrid fumes. Jumping up I rushed to the stair wondering if any of my officers or men had been hit. On the stair I met Captain Algeo coming

up. He gasped, "Colonel is that gas?" referring to the choking fumes of the H. E. None of the five who were sleeping on the floor down stairs had been hurt. Stepping outdoors, where there had been nothing but dry ground and sidewalk when we went to bed, I stepped on something soft and slippery; looking down I could see a large, dark blob; all around were dark blobs. Voices in the direction of the first bomb could be heard, and soon came stretcher men to carry the dead and wounded. A column of English troops was just turning the corner of the street when the first bomb fell in the street in front of them. A Captain and two men were killed, and five others wounded. The second bomb had fallen in the nearly dry village pond which was just in front of the mairie, and the dark blobs I had seen were masses of the thick, sticky mud from the hole ten feet deep, and twenty feet in diameter in that one-time pond. From that night I could understand the feeling of those officers of the First Division, who had broken up our poker game.

I think most of those having this feeling of apprehension in the presence of a Jerry, wanted to get out in the open; wanted to get away from the crowd, feeling instinctively that Jerry would not bother about sniping one lone man. But Jerry was always shooting into the dark, and he was just as apt to drop his load somewhere outside the town as he was to hit the town. For my own part I wanted always to be on my feet; sitting, or lying down was unbearable; when on my feet it did not matter whether I was outdoors or indoors, but I had to stand up.

This same Jerry was shot down a little later in the evening, and then we learned why his sound had fooled us. The 'plane was an Italian one which the Germans had captured, and which they were now using.

The next night Jerry visited us again, but this time he vented his spleen on a field near the chateau, and on Pierregot—a village a kilometre from Molliens. Here a bomb swept the head cleanly off the man, who had sat up in his shallow pit bringing his head above ground, while a man on guard only a few feet away was untouched.

As is always the case, many unexplainable things happen in

war. While with the First Division, four officers were standing in a little group, talking. A 77 came over, and exploded probably sixty feet beyond them; not one of the four was touched. A runner was coming up with a message for one of the four; he was at least two hundred feet from the point of the explosion, and was killed instantly by a splinter of steel through the heart. On Lorette Ridge, which is near Vimy Ridge, there was the historic shrine of "Our Lady of Lorette." Lorette Ridge, again like Vimy, is a large plateau with fairly gently slope on one side, and abrupt and almost precipitous hill on the other. Sixty thousand Frenchmen lost their lives on Lorette in 1915. The church and shrine were almost churned to powder by the shell fire of the Germans. The image of "Our Lady" has not even been scratched. When I was there early in '18, the plateau was still covered with skeletons and the remains of dead men. Two French "blesses" had dug a well and a tunnel, and down in the tunnel had made another shrine for "Our Lady," where, in spite of the scarcity and high prices they managed to keep candles burning day and night.

At Corbie there was a rather imposing looking cathedral, or it must have been so before the war. Corbie, like Villers-Bretoneau was taken and re-taken repeatedly. The cathedral made a recognized point for the laying-on of the distant guns, and the three years of warfare had destroyed the roof completely, and every old wall was pierced and broken. The interior had been stripped of woodwork of all kinds; the Huns, at one time, had used this cathedral as a stable for the horses of a cavalry outfit; most of the images of the saints and apostles had been broken or cast down; a more than life size image of the Christ, carved from stone, high on the wall above the great altar, was untouched in every way.

The line from Scripture, "One shall be taken and another left" was proven daily. One night when the Thirty-third was in the Meuse-Argonne battle, I was forward looking that rations and ammunition got to the front. In the ruined village of Cumieres, where there was literally not one stone left upon another, a village that lay just beside "Dead Man's Hill," and a village

that for three years had been in No Man's Land, I had an M. P. on a field telephone. This phone was in a little booth perhaps two feet square—just large enough so that the man could stand inside out of the rain. This booth was on a little bank, perhaps three feet high, beside the road. I was walking down the gentle slope toward this phone; at the same time, and at about the same distance from the booth, came the driver of a Supply train truck from the other direction; he was walking up a gentle slope. A shell was heard screaming. There is an old saying that you never hear the shell that hits you; this is not so. You can hear the scream of the shell, and tell from the sound whether it is coming in your direction or not, or whether it is billed to go considerably to the right or the left of you, but you cannot tell whether it is going to be a "short" or an "over." We all three heard this shell. The man in the booth stood fast; he had no time to do anything else. Usually I would have thrown myself on the ground, but it was so muddy, and I was so physically exhausted that one shell more or less seemed a small matter to me. The driver of the truck threw himself into the shallow ditch by the roadside. The shell landed within twenty feet of the telephone booth, about seventy feet from me, and a little less than a hundred feet from the truck driver. It was an "instantaneous"—a fuse set to explode on probably fifteen pounds of impact, for it made a hole in the road no larger than a dinner plate. The man in the booth was untouched; I was untouched, but well spattered with mud; the driver of the truck, lying in the ditch, had the top of his head taken off.

Another day in front of "Dead Man's Hill" Captain Troxell, driver Stone and I were coming back from the front, toward Cumieres. One portion of the road was in open observation from the Hun lines less than 2000 yards away; daylight had caught us but we decided to take the risk. A shell came over and "dusted" us; another came and sent a fragment through the radiator. Feeling that we had no particular attachment for that Dodge car, we jumped out and slid down in an old shallow trench, where we hugged the side from which the fire came, as closely as possible. In less than five minutes thirty more shells

fell around us. One plumped into the earth just outside of the parapet where we were lying. Did you ever think in a hurry? Did you ever have to decide a question immediately, or sooner? We did; we might try to run and be caught running when the explosion came, and take our chance of being hit; we could lie still and take our chance of being buried, or of being torn to pieces where we lay. And we lay still. We knew that unless it was a delayed fuse that running wouldn't get us anywhere; we knew too, that to jump up exposed us to a greater chance for severe or fatal concussion, even if we were not hit, so we decided to take the chance of being buried alive, or of being blown out bodily; but we didn't talk these matters over; no one said a word, and we lay there a period that seemed like a week or two, and that shell never did go off; it was a "dud."

How do I know that thirty-two shells came over there in less than five minutes? Because I glanced at my wrist watch as we tumbled into the trench, and because we counted the shells. That was orders, to report the amount of fire on a given or certain area, and the time in which the fire was delivered, and to spot—by the sound—the place from which the fire seemed to come. Such information was valuable to our artillery in several ways; it helped locate where the guns of the enemy were, and the rapidity of fire told whether it was a battery that was doing the firing, or whether it was merely a decoy gun stuck out somewhere.

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Hdqs. 33rd. Division

A. E. F.—August 2, 1918

My dear Bishop—After receiving your good letter, together with two from Emmett Howard, and one from our old friend Halsey Osborn, I am encouraged to write again. But as always, the question is, "What can I write?" Ordinarily, when one is at an epistolary loss the weather and one's health, together with a polite question, and a more or less superficial hope regarding the health of the addressee, suffices. Over here the weather can be best described with a few dashes and an exclamation point. My health is shamefully good. But there is a matter, one I

have kept my pen away from until my first impressions could be confirmed, a little matter of analysis, a study of temperament, of environment, and psychology which may prove of interest to you. Now, Ed, if you read this at the Rotary meeting, and get it off in your best dramatic manner, perhaps we can put it over. I say "we" for I want a partner for the strain I am about to place upon the good nature of the Rotarians. Just break the news to them that I am going to offer proof—with the bunch as jury—that the American soldier is the best in the world, and give them a chance to plead "urgent business" if they want to leave. In general, I am going to deal with the enlisted man. He is fighting this war, and he is going to win this war, and all the glory a commissioned officer gets is a reflected glory.

The Canadian soldier is a marvel of military perfection. He is not particularly enthusiastic; he is a quiet, repressed sort of an individual. He has no romance in his make-up, and no glamor affects his sight. If he wins—and he generally does—he is as cold as steel, and apparently just as impressionable. If he loses, he is just as impressionable as he was before. One of the decisive battles of the world is alluded to by him as "That little show we had at ————." He acts as if he was fed to repletion on war, and he fights as if battle and bloodshed had been his breast milk in infancy. He comes from a land of wide spaces and extended vision. His methodic preciseness and almost immutable demeanor is a parallel of the quiet, reserved forces of "Our Lady of the Snows."

Now that last sentence, or paragraph, rather seems dragged in by the heels, but there is method in my madness for it is merely my way of leading up to the question, "How much effect does native environment have on the human fighting machine, and what makes the difference in the fighting men of the various countries?" Does life in the open, the physical ability to look beyond one's doorstep, have anything to do with it? How much is due to tradition, how much to training, how much to temperament? I'm not going to answer all these questions; you are the jury and all I'm going to do is to present the case.

Come now to the French soldier. In the main, I do not think

he likes the game; he has had four years of it, but so have the others, and if it is granted that he does not like the game, one must admit that he is among the bravest of the brave, for he has fought, is fighting, and is willing to fight again if it is necessary. With him there is no question of the abstract—he is fighting in the concrete, fighting for his actual fireside. He has centuries of tradition behind him; he is as highly trained as any; he has ancient and recent wrongs to avenge; and still I feel that he does not like the game, and that if it were not a case of his back to the wall and the knife at his throat, he would not be the efficient fighting man he is. He then is limited to tradition and training, having neither the environment nor the temperament.

Then take the Scot, the dour, hard-headed Scot. He is like the Canadian in nearly every way but one—the Scot has a lust for fighting. Not that he is any better than the Canadian, but he is different in this respect, and when a battalion of Sandy McPhersons and Wully Gordons and Bobby McGregors starts "over the top" the pick of the Hun nation, man for man, cannot stop them. They have tradition and temperament, and in a measure at least, they have the open spaces, for in viewing crag from crag, peak from peak, and looking across the loch from either, the Scot looks into the distance and creates for himself a conception of boundless areas.

And now, welcome the wild west! Turn out the guard for the spirit of the plains! The Australian has come. He is the native son; the smell of the earth is in his nostrils; he is the village cut-up; he is the irrespressible, irresponsible, irresistable IT. He loves fighting because it is fighting. He doesn't care a hang for King, Kaiser, captain, or major general. In fact, he is rather apt, if the idea occurs to him to slap the general on the back and say, "I say, old top, that was a bloody fine show we pulled off, what?" He has the most lurid and unconventional vocabulary in the world. He is wild and wooly, and has never been curried below the knees. One of the Australian division commanders said to me, "Don't you know our fellows disappear when there is nothing doing on the front; where they go I don't know; how they hear that a show is going to start I don't know,

but as soon as there is a fight in the wind the beggars all come back." They have adopted the American lock, stock and barrel. They are breezy, boisterous and impudent when viewed from a military standpoint, and good natured! I have seen them half drunk, put in arrest by an American M. P., resist arrest as a matter of course, get a huge American fist on the eye, nose or jaw, go to bye-bye from the blow, wake up with a split lip or a black eye, and the man who turned the trick is a blood brother ever after. There is no malice in them, and yet they rarely take prisoners. They are of the family of the "Three Musketeers," with an admixture of Irish and devil. They have no tradition; they have—outwardly—but little training; it is there but they don't show it; but they have the temperament, and they come from the wide, open spaces.

And now for the proof which I promised you in the beginning.

The American likes fighting for fighting's sake. He has an intense desire to prove himself the best man of them all. More than any other soldier does he have the spirit of competition. Like the Scot, and the Canadian, and the Australian his dictionary lacks the word "licked." He has all the dash and the enthusiasm of the Australian. He is just as steely cold in the decisive moment as the Canadian. He is sufficiently intelligent to know that he is fighting in the abstract, and is doing it without having his back to the wall. He has an immense personal initiative and resourcefulness. He realizes danger, and walks into that danger to do his bit before the danger can cut him down. He is best when the strain is the worst. If officer or man is told off for some especially dangerous duty, I have heard them say, "Well, I've got a 'good-night, fellows, good morning Peter,' detail"—not said in a spirit of irreverance or bravado, but as a recognition of what is in front of them, and then calmly and unconcernedly take the detail. Invention of expression is characteristic of the soldiers from the States. In fact, the Australian, with his ever ready flow of Billings-gate, finds the readiness and aptness of language of the American another tie in their brotherhood of blood, but the Australian would never invent such a reply as this to the remark frequently heard,

"Hits a bloody, 'orrid war;" "Yes, it's a hell of a war, but it's the best one we've got." The American has the tradition, he has the temperament, he has the wide open spaces and he has the training. I left that for the last, purposely. Some of the people of Quincy saw last summer, exhibitions of bayonet drill out at Camp Parker. That same bayonet drill has caused British officers who have seen our troops in action to exclaim, "My word, but your fellows are very keen at that work." So they are, so keen they cleaned up a considerable number of that crack outfit, the Prussian Guard, man to man, the other day, and they are just as keen with the rifle, the machine gun, and the hand grenade. They are the bonniest fighters the world has ever seen, and the anxious families at home who may now, or may in the future be sorrowing over the death of one of these bonny fighting men, these families may hold their heads high with pride that one of theirs was one of the best the world has known, in this, the greatest war in all history. But may the good Lord bring an early and lasting peace.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

But to get back to life at Molliens, and into the 4th British Army again.

Following the show of July 4th the Division participated in the battle of Chipilly Ridge, and of Gressaire Wood. This engagement, like the battle of Cantigny, was a comparatively small affair but with far-reaching results. The French had learned that the American regulars could, and would fight. Now the British discovered that our citizen soldiery was equal in the final test, to any troops of the British army. In fact, the American citizen soldiery took Chipilly Ridge, which the dashing, hard-fighting Australians were not sanguine about tackling. In this engagement the Division experienced its first heavy losses, as there were needed for the 131st infantry regiment alone, some 1200 replacements after this fight. As a result of this engagement too—as we afterward learned from prisoners and from captured documents—the German high command listed the Thirty-third Division as "first class" troops, something of a distinction, since they classified only five divisions of National Guard troops in this way.

A pleasant interlude, because of its ceremonial aspect, because of its motive and outcome, and because it was a glimpse of something never before seen in our democratic regime, was the visit paid to the Division subsequent to the battle of Chipilly Ridge and Gressaire Wood, by the King of England. The reason was a two-fold one. First, General Pershing was to be made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath by King George, and second, several officers and men of the Division were to be decorated by Royalty because of the good work done in the battle just mentioned. This was logical, diplomatic, and picturesque. It may be stated here that the Thirty-third Division was the only American Division which, at one time or another, was a part of British Army, French Army, and of First, Second and Third American Armies. At this particular time it was a

part of 4th British Army, which was commanded by General Sir Henry Rawlinson.

The King had indicated that on a specified date he wished to show his appreciation of the Division by bestowing decorations, and General Pershing came to Molliens at the instance of the King to be knighted and decorated. The ceremony concerning General Pershing took place within the chateau where General Bell had his headquarters, and was witnessed by General Bell, his aides, his chief-of-staff, and his Division adjutant. The further ceremonies were held in a beautiful glade in the rear of the chateau. General Bell had issued orders for a definite number of men from each unit of the Division to be sent into Molliens to witness the ceremony. He had designated me as Master of Ceremonies and commander of the detachments coming in, which were to be formed into a united force for the occasion. So on this July morning I had these enlisted men, with their officers, drawn up on three sides of a hollow square. A table was placed in the open side which led to the chateau; from this side the King and his retinue would approach; on the table would be placed the glittering and be-ribboned decorations; the individuals to receive them would march up to the table, and in person the King would pin them on the American recipients.

Company A of the Military Police was designated as the guard of honor to receive the royal party on the opposite side of the chateau. This company was drawn up in company front, and on the arrival of the King, presented arms; then General Sir Henry Rawlinson reviewed the troops and inspected arms; the King, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the royal party entered the chateau. When General Pershing had been invested, the royal party emerged from the chateau and proceeded toward the hollow square previously mentioned.

Prior to this, and when we were talking over the arrangements for the occasion, I had said to General Bell, "As the King approaches I will give the command "present arms;" Who will give the command "order arms?" Of course I was in immediate command of these troops, but General Bell was my superior, and General Pershing was his superior, and still further—and

in a strictly military sense—the King was General Pershing's superior, and all of them would be present, and as a matter of fact the King was in command of the whole affair. My middle-west up-bringing had not made me fully conversant with a positive knowledge of the proper etiquette for the occasion, and I wasn't anxious to pull any "boner" that would embarrass myself, General Bell, General Pershing or the King. General Bell was in a dilemma also; he would not authorize me to call the troops to the "order," nor would he take the responsibility of giving the command himself. It began to look as if those troops would be left standing there at the "present" until the King got ready to go home. Finally I said to General Bell, "After the King passes my post, and I have given my personal salute, I will wait a moment, and if he does not exercise his prerogative, I will call the troops to the 'order' myself." You see, we were Americans, and not knowing how the King might feel about assuming any authority on this occasion, we were all in the dark as to the outcome.

The royal party approached, the King on the right, General Pershing on his left, followed by English and American officers in order of rank. When the King reached our regular recognition distance, I gave the command "present arms," and followed by wheeling and making the salute myself. I think this was the only time in my life when I sincerely wished for the sabre, for the hand salute seemed entirely inadequate for the occasion.

The King gravely returned my salute and passed on. I thought, "If he says nothing by the time he has gone six paces I will call the troops to the 'order'." At the exact point—and he must have been counting his steps—the King turned his head slightly, and said, "Call the troops to the 'order'." As an exhibition of tact, and of consideration, and of appreciation, and of ability to think under unusual circumstances, it was an instance hard to beat.

It is only fair to say too, that the Prince of Wales was not present at this ceremony. As soon as General Pershing had been knighted, the Prince stole away, and when the royal party was

ready to leave he was discovered hobnobbing with our enlisted men and some of our junior officers, and evidently enjoying himself as much as our fellows enjoyed him.

Shortly after this came an order for the Division to make so hurried a move that the only equipment to be taken was such as could be carried by the man, or moved by the battalion transport units. Everything else was to be piled up at one point or another, and left behind. The Enfield rifles, issued to our men at Eu were to be turned in; ammunition was to be turned in, and everything pointed to the greatest movement of the organization of the First American Army. The different units of the Division received orders to proceed to one of three points on rail, for entraining. In the same order they were instructed to deposit their property of all sorts—property and material that could not be transported by the individuals—in dumps, and to furnish map references concerning the location of these dumps to the Commander of Trains. A guard of one non-commissioned officer and five privates was to be left over each dump, and this detail was to be furnished rations for five days, while each regimental unit, or its equal was to leave one commissioned officer behind in charge of the various details of that regiment.

At the same time I received an order to remain behind in the area, and collect, transport and ship this deposited material. In a conversation with General Bell he emphasized the importance to him, and to the Division, in having the area well cleared of this government property, saying that one American Division which had received orders similar to those of the Thirty-third, had left its front line position and its sector, and had abandoned all this property to whomsoever could take it; that he had selected me to remain behind, partly because he wished to leave an officer in charge whose rank alone would carry weight in case evidence was ever required to be produced on the question of our efficiency in clearing the area, and partly because he had found that when I did a thing it was done thoroughly. (I took this latter remark as salve to make me feel better over being left behind the Division.)

I was to request motor trucks from the British, who had

promised to loan them for this purpose, and when the task was finished I was to pick up the various details and rejoin the Division. On asking General Bell how long he estimated that the job would take, he replied, "Oh, five or ten days." Let me say right here that it was five weeks to the day from the time I said, "Good-bye" to the Division until I saw it again.

No sooner was the Division gone than my troubles began. In the first place some of the divisional units had not obeyed the order in the matter of furnishing me the location of their dumps; some had left dumps without the prescribed guard detail over them; in some cases a detail was left without a non-commissioned officer; some details were left with no rations, or with rations for but a day or two. Only one regiment, as a unit, obeyed the order and left a commissioned officer behind.

The Division area at this time extended from Vignacourt on the west, to Albert, Corbie and Bray on the east, a distance of about forty kilometres, while the north and south diameter was nearly twenty kilometres. The first day was spent in driving—in the English "Sunbeam"—over the area, inspecting the dumps whose locations had been furnished me. The sight was appalling. In the dump of one of the infantry regiments I estimated that there was at least five box-car loads of material, stuff that included everything from fur rugs which had been brought from home by officers, expecting to be able to use them to furnish their quarters, to sides of leather, uniform and clothing equipment of all kinds, rifles, ammunition, kitchen equipment of all sorts, horse equipment, harness, etc.

In looking for the dump, from the map reference given by one organization, I found three other dumps of this organization which had not been designated, each one containing unopened bales of shoes, shirts, underwear, socks, horse equipment and harness. To make a long story short, there were found fourteen different dumps, six of which had been reported to me, and five of which had a guard over them. Just as one item let me add we collected and shipped over two million rounds of rifle ammunition.

When it came to the matter of trucks for transporting all this

stuff to railhead, I ran against a snag immediately. Request was made on British Corps headquarters for ten trucks and drivers for the next day; two were furnished, and the following day none could be secured. As a matter of fact the British were short of transportation at this time; their forces were going forward in that August drive then on, so rapidly that they had difficulty keeping their own necessary supplies up to the front, and four days went by, and the vast amount of material I had to move had scarcely been scratched. The fifth day on request from myself, "G-4" of 2nd American Corps came to the area, and was shown the task. This American Corps was also interested in having a good job done, inasmuch as this Corps was secondarily responsible for this area and this work. This Corps Colonel estimated that there was between $300,000 and $500,000 worth of government property in these dumps of the Thirty-third Division.

The battle lines continued to move forward. When the Thirty-third left I was drawing rations from 47th English Division. They moved forward. Then I attached to British Corps headquarters for rations; they went on to the east. Then we hitched ourselves to 4th British Army headquarters; it also moved up and left us.

The 2nd American Corps headquarters was at first at Beauval, only thirty-five kilometres north of me. From this place they managed to send me eight trucks one day, with instructions to the drivers to return that night. We worked those trucks until dark, and then I told the drivers that I had other orders for them—and I did, my orders—and would hold them for the next day also. Unfortunately for me the telephone had not as yet been discontinued by 4th British Army, and General Read's headquarters at Corps, got me on the 'phone about nine the next morning, to ask where in heck those trucks were, and why the original orders had not been observed. I spoke to them as soft as I could, and said I had supposed that as the drivers were the only ones notified that a return was to be made that night, that such instructions were given them as advice based probably on the belief that we had no facilities for feeding and billeting these men; that they were scattered all over the area now, and that

it would be impossible to mobilize them much before evening anyway, and that if I were granted the use of them for the day I would certainly send them back to Beauval that night. Finally they acquiesced, and in those two days we moved eighty-two lorry loads to railhead; a hole had been made at last in the big job.

Just prior to this big stretch of work I had taken it upon myself to amend my orders which said, "Railhead at Vignacourt." This town was at the western side of our area and made the longest haul possible. Poulainville was just a little west of the centre of the area, and was on rail. The English R. T. O. at Poulainville finally agreed to accept his town as my railhead, provided he had orders to this effect from a responsible American officer. Fearing that red tape might preclude this exchange if I applied to 2nd American Corps for such an order, I decided that I was a responsible officer, that I had an independent command, that I was Lord High Chief Justice of the high, the middle, and the low, and was the whole works so far as the Molliens area was concerned, so I issued an order making Poulainville my railhead, and signed it "Center, commanding Molliens area." It went.

About this time, too, the British forces had advanced so far that not even 4th Army headquarters were with us. Rations had to be procured. From an original force of two officers and thirty-eight men I had increased to four officers and one hundred seventy-six men to feed, having added a "Graves Registration Detail," the 13th American Salvage Company, numerous A. W. O. L.'S I had picked up, and a number of men who had returned from hospital. The independent American army was growing.

On Saturday my acting Supply officer announced that he could no longer draw rations from 4th British army. What to do? All telephone communication with all organizations ceased when 4th British army left us. The men had to be fed; I did not know where British Army had gone, so Tommy and I took the Sunbeam and started for 2nd American Corps headquarters. As said before they had been at Beauval—but they had moved.

All information we could get was that they had gone "up north" somewhere. We went north, to Doullens, to St. Pol, to Lilliers, to St. Omer, to Cassel,—the only information from French or British sources being that the 2nd Corps had gone to the north. Following the battle line as closely as possible we continued north, and at Houtkerke, Belgium, we located them.

The Corps was with the British; it depended on the British for rations; we would have to depend on the same sources. Then I impressed them with the fact that I was 200 kilometres from my men; that we had to eat to live; that we would finish our "left-overs" the next day, and that on Monday there would not be a bite for anyone; that I had prisoners and partly recovered men from hospitals. Finally they said, "How much room have you in your car?" "The whole tonneau and the running boards." From some source or other two cases of hard bread were found, and some cans of a mixture of meat and vegetables. The Red Cross unit with the 2nd Corps, and the Y. M. C. A. outfit there had just obtained a shipment of stuff, so from them I got chocolate, extract of beef, cookies, anything and everything I could get in the food line, and as my fellows had been out of cigarettes for several days, I wheedled them out of several cartons of smokes too. The tonneau was filled.

While this was going on Corps headquarters had been in communication with British G. H. Q., and by the time Tommy and I were ready to start back with our plunder on our long drive, information was received that, beginning Monday morning, rations would be shipped us each day to Poulainville.

Going home the Sunbeam went bad—it was a daylight car apparently—and we landed "at home" at four a. m.

It may be of interest to know how and where we procured gasoline for the Sunbeam. When the Thirty-third left us I secured five ten gallon cans from our quartermaster. Knowing that this would be only a drop in the bucket, even if we finished our work in the five or ten days that General Bell had given us, I set about to get gas at once, from any and all sources. Forty-seventh British Division had yielded twenty gallons; British

Corps had contributed some; 4th. British Army had been requisitioned for some more. On the drive up into Belgium we worked two French gasoline supply stations for twenty gallons apiece, and any American officer who ever tried to get gas from a French supply station knows that it takes persistency, diplomacy, bluff and forgery to get away with it. At any rate, our gas efforts were so successful that when our work was finally completed Tommy had more than fifty gallons in reserve.

At last, largely because the Salvage company had a two-ton Packard truck of its own, our task was done. This meant that we had moved 127 lorry-loads of material, 53 of which were engineers heavy material, over an average distance of sixteen kilometres to railhead, where we had sorted and shipped this material to five different points.

* * * * * *

Somewhere in France, August 29, 1918

Mr. Ray Oakley,

Rotarian and other things:

Having just read in the Quincy Herald your account of the invasion of Kansas City by the Rotarians, I am minded to do a little invading myself. Just what that means I don't know, but it sounds good. Were you ever marooned? Or kicked out in the cold, or thrown into jail, when everybody forgot to go your bail? Well, I'm sorry, for if you had been that kind of an orphan you would know how I feel. Here I am, 200 miles or more from the Division which has moved. When the Division left this sector it, the sector, was previously refilled—not altogether a paradox—with troops of our allies. The Hun was on the run when the 33d was pulled out; he is still on the run; the troops of our allies have followed him, and here I be, almost out of the sound of even the heavy guns, in a little village now more quiet and peaceful than a country churchyard, stuck, marooned, sidetracked, and as Tommy Atkins would say, "A bloomin' well, bloody orphan."

When you move from one house to another you discover that the cellar, and attic, and the back yard and the barn loft have

an awful lot of excess baggage in them. Just so a division, which is a little family of 28000 or so. This move was engineered more or less in a hurry; transportation was as easy to get as a seat in a street car coming in from a circus at Baldwin Park; consequently orders were given to each regimental organization, to dump at a selected point, all material which could be spared for a matter of three or four days; a guard was to be placed over each dump, five days rations left for the guard, and yours truly was selected to remain behind, and with lorries to be furnished by our allies, get this stuff to railhead, and when all was shipped, pick up the guard details, and rejoin the division. Lovely little program—with only several big "ifs" in it. The first day after the division left I motored—I like that word; it helps me forget the wretched old Sunbeam car I have to ride in—where was I? Oh yes, I motored over the divisional area. Now a divisional area is from ten to thirty miles long in the long diameter, and from six to eight in the waist. Also, in this present war game it is fashionable to put your troops where they are as much out of sight as possible—soldiers are naturally modest and shrinking anyway—so wherever there is an inaccessible spot, or a large fat swamp, or something of the kind, they always stick a regiment in there. So I motored to all the unlikely places and found 11 dumps, and these dumps have in them everything from dirty socks to a piano. Fact, I found a piano in one of them, and as for harness and motorcycles, old shoes, army pistols, bacon cans, underwear, and all manner of stuff there is no end. I estimate 75 lorry loads, or 225 tons. Some attic full, eh?

Well, putting my hat on my head, and taking my most attractive smile by the hand, I go to the S. M. T. O.—which being interpreted means in his British Majesty's service—the Senior Motor Transport Officer, and call his attention to the fact that it is nominated in the bond that I am to get lorries to move this stuff. He is very genial as icebergs go—and asks very nonchalantly, "How many tons do you have to move?" "A coupla hundred," I throw back at him with a very ingenue air, and then the fight began.

To make a long story short, the emissaries of King George and

I haven't signed any partnership papers yet. They said they were willing to move the rain barrel and the baby's cradle, but that they didn't agree to move the house and lot, and I'll be darned if it doesn't look as if they would win the bet, for the Hun is playing their game by falling back, and every day the British move up a few more versts, or hectares, or whatever they call 'em, leaving me just that much further behind with my importunity. Meantime the five days have gone, and so have the rations. The last batch of the allies as they flew from our sight, flung us a few cans of bully beef, half a Stilton cheese, a pot of jam and their blessing, so for one more meal my gallant 100—no to be accurate, 96—my gallant 96 will not starve. I have decided to give the jam to the detail at 36th and State Streets, the cheese to the men out at Burton, and divide the bully beef between myself and the men at Walnut Grove and Buck Bowles' pasture. I hate to think what will happen to the few succulent French hens which still remain, and to the lucious and nutritious green apples, if some D. A. D. O. S. (Deputy Assistant Director Ordinance Supply,—ain't that a beaut?) doesn't come into range pretty soon. So at the head of this letter I wrote "somewhere," for that is the very identical, lucid place where we are.

Yesterday a nice looking little fox terrier adopted me. How I cherish that pup! He follows me all about; if he didn't I would put a string on him and lead him, for I have designs on that dog. Friday, front leg; Saturday, other front leg; Sunday dinner, leg o'lamb off the little ol' pup, and so on. His former owner had a mean disposition though, for the dog has only the stump of a tail. It probably didn't hurt the dog much, but it hurts me; I don't like to see my food supply "cur tailed." To make my personal affairs still worse I sent all my baggage but a bar of soap and a tooth brush, with the men of my headquarters, when they accompanied the division. It has turned quite chilly and last night even "the marrow of my bones" was chilled. (Quotation from Shakespeare, chapter 8, verse 23.) Tonight I expect to sleep under four gunny sacks. We have no tentage; we have no lorries; soon we will have no allies and no rations.

Wasn't Sherman the wise old bird, tho? Another thing. Anyone who says the English lack a sense of humor had better go out and see. There's that motor car, the Sunbeam. Yep, a sunbeam steals upon you silently, warms, cheers, invigorates you, and gives you a dozen hours of daylight to do your work. This motor Sunbeam thing sounds like the Amalgamated Debating Society of Associated Boiler Shops. It warms you all right, though—under the collar; it cheers you—just like the Dead March; it invigorates you until, unaided, you could throw it over the wall into the river. If the blamed old thing wasn't charged up to me I would make the first French gasoline supply station a present of it; they are so distinctly not generous with their gas that they need a little education in how to spend it. If you try to use the old bird, and manage to get one hour of daylight into actual work you are ahead of the game. And horse power! If I had a load stuck in the mud and had to take my choice between the Sunbeam and this fox terrier pup I would hitch up the pup, holler "Sic, 'em Tige" and it would be a safe bet to lay your money on the pup. Yep, the English lack a sense of humor—not.

I know this isn't much of a letter, but just as the one little paraffine candle I have in front of me doesn't give much light, so does my little one-horse think-machine work. Also, I haven't had much experience as a war correspondent, and when this war is over I ain't never goin' to have any more. Amen. Regards to all the boys—and girls.

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Then came the question, "Where is the Thirty-third? Not even our British R. T. O. could find this out for us, but he said that if he had an order, signed by a responsible American officer, he would, in due time, get a train and ship us somewhere. So once more, in the face of all existing rules and regulations to the contrary, I issued an order to the French government to furnish a train of so many coaches to transport so many officers and men, and signed it "Center, commanding." I left it up to the French to find out who Center was, and what he commanded. Three days later we got the train.

In these three days, and with fifty gallons of gas on hand, I

decided if Tommy was willing, that I was going to exercise my prerogative as an independent commander, and instead of traveling by train that we would drive across France. Tommy was not only willing but eager; his British driving had not taken him over very much of the map. So I issued myself a pass and a travel order, turned the command of the troops over to Lieutenant Weese—the one commissioned officer who belonged to the Division and saw them aboard the train, destination unknown. Lieutenant Weese had my written orders to report to the commanding general, Thirty-third Division, and as all bluffs up to the present time had gone over, I hoped for success with this one. Of necessity the train must pass through Is-sur-Tille, and as this town was a distribution point for both supplies and troop replacements, I was a little dubious.

Tommy and I started, skirting the recent battle line through Albert, Amiens, Montdidier, Chateau-Thierry, landing for our first night at Chalons. Whenever we had been halted by the French for travel credentials, my self-issued pass was all sufficient. It is true I had an old French "Pink Permis," a relic of First Division days and which had long before outlived its usefulness. Whenever I pulled out my "pass" I flashed this pink paper, and then thrust it back as if it was entirely unnecessary for the occasion. When we left Chalons we began to orient ourselves, and decided on a city liable to furnish us some information concerning the whereabouts of the Thirty-third. Knowing that there was an American Officers Club at Bar-le-Duc we headed for there. No news of the Thirty-third, but a brigade commander of the Thirty-second Division imparted the information that American G. H. Q. had moved from Chaumont to Ligny, and certainly at Ligny I could get the desired information. So to Ligny we started; Ligny was familiar territory, for I had been there several times while with the First Division.

As we drew near the city we were halted by an American military police; this was something new. When G. H. Q. was at Chaumont any American officer could drive into the city unquestioned; he might have to prove that he had business there before he could drive out again, but he could drive in all

right, but here at Ligny the M. P. said no one could come in without a pass. Of course "pass" was my middle name, so once more I exhibited my pet invention; it worked. We went on, and almost reached the heart of the city when another M. P. halted us. Again I produced the "pass." This man was skeptical, or was better informed as to signatures valid on passes. His orders were that I could not proceed, and he meant what he said; he meant it so much that he drew his 45 automatic to convince me. Later I learned that information had been uncovered that there was a conspiracy to assassinate General Pershing, and that it was supposed a German officer, or officers would attempt it by getting into Ligny disguised as American or French or British officers. This M. P. evidently felt that he had the potential offender.

But his confidence was disturbed a little when I demanded that he take me at once to the American Provost-marshal. He blew his whistle and two more M. P.'s came running up. After a muttered conversation, the two extras drew their automatics, and with one on each running board, we were escorted to the office of the Provost-marshal. I do not recall the name of the Major who held this position, but his first questions were put to me with one of those grisly M. P.'s standing behind me, and holding that cannon in my direction; the mate to mine was sitting in the tonneau with his in close proximity to Tommy's back.

Of course I told a straight story to the Provost-marshal, even to the admission that I knew my "pass" was no good, but that under the conditions I had done the best I could. Finally he inquired, "Is there anyone here at G. H. Q. who can identify you?" I asked for the names of some of the officers, and among others he mentioned a Major Straight with whom I had become acquainted at Staff College. Writing a note which he handed to my body-guard, he directed him to take me over to Major Straight. The Major recognized me, told the M. P. to put away his arsenal, gave me the Ha! Ha! for being arrested, called the Provost on the 'phone, and the affair was over. I asked the M. P. to go back and call off his pal, for I had a feeling that Tommy wasn't altogether comfortable either.

The thirty-third was at Fromerville, a little village six kilometres out from Verdun. In spite of the fact that my status was recognized as O. K. here at G. H. Q. the Provost-Marshal said that officers proceeding under orders, were not allowed to tarry at Ligny at all, so there was nothing to do but go. Tommy and I did not want to, for we had had nothing to eat since breakfast, and as it was now 2:00 p. m. we wanted to stop long enough to get something to eat; we didn't though.

* * * * * *

The drivers of cars for officers had a varied and checkered career. In my own case I had considerable difficulty in having the same one for any length of time. Of course the drivers were assigned by the Division Motor Transport Officer who could switch them around to suit himself, or in some cases to satisfy the drivers as they occasionally asked to be transferred from the car of one officer to that of another. Furthermore, as my driving was long hours and generally undesirable, I often thought that the D. M. T. O. used this assignment as a punishment for a driver whom he wished to discipline.

When the division was in line my work was always heaviest at night, while if the division was in line and was active it was more or less a day and night continuous performance. Also, as I was lazy and objected to walking when possible to ride, my car went rather farther front than most of the division autos. That was a trick learned from Colonel Lawton while with the First Division. His theory was that it was impossible for him as controller of traffic and commander of the Military Police, to decide upon the proper bounds for auto traffic unless he went over the forward roads in his car; if at a certain place he drew Hun fire that place should be out of bounds for autos—in daylight at least.

Then as the most of the work of getting supplies up front had to be done during the night, and as lights would have given the movements away, all cars and lorries in the forward areas had to run with no lights. It's a ticklish business to run an auto over a more or less unknown road, and one that is liable to change

from an unbroken surface to a chain of shell holes at any time—run in the darkness and fog and go twenty or more miles an hour with any peace of mind. The drivers of officer's cars drove by instinct, ear, guts, and the grace of God.

One of the best men I ever had was a boy from Texas, a boy both skillful and careful, but who finally reached the point where night driving and acting as a decoy to see if our public appearance would draw fire, so got on his nerves that he asked for a transfer to the car of the division surgeon, and goodness knows that Colonel Hatheway was more reckless than I ever dreamed of being.

Then there was another who was both cool and skillful. One day between Saulx and Fresnes—both villages at that time on our front—we came to a creek where the bridge had been destroyed, and where our engineers had stretched a couple of small I-beams across the night before, getting ready to replace the bridge. Neither of us wanted to turn back for we had been through one or two unpleasant spots on our way. The creek however was too deep, and the banks too precipitous to offer any possibility of fording. Finally Sloan said, "Colonel, if we can edge those beams together so that they will make the width of our track I'll drive the car across on them". So we got some levers from the wreckage of the former bridge and managed to get this done. Then Sloan deflated all his tires, asked me to cross to the opposite side and direct him with a motion of the hand if he tried to steer too much to the right or the left, got his rims over the flanges of the I-beams and in this way drove that Dodge car across. If anything had gone wrong it meant a drop of probably 8 or 9 feet into the creek below.

Sloan wasn't the name of this driver, but I use it so that another of his escapades may be told here. One night, without permission of course, he took the car and beat it to a city in our rear where vin blanc and other drinkables could be secured, and where the drinks would be shared with ladies more or less fair to look upon. He left the car outside the estaminet and while he was within with the wine, women and song someone stole the

car. Thinking that he might as well be killed for a sheep as for young mutton Sloan then went A. W. O. L. Of course it was only a question of time until he was picked up and returned to the division. There was this in his favor though; when he was brought back in arrest he told the above story about losing the car, which story we were able to check up and prove truthful, but a military court took Sloan away from me for the rest of the war.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

We drove into Fromerville that evening and found that we had beaten the trainload shipped by rail from Poulainville, but this contingent came in the next morning. Three days later all non-combatant units and individuals of the Division—the strictly office force of the outfit—was ordered to fall back to Lempire, and the following day Division headquarters were advanced to LaHutte, and the combat units went up during the night to take over our designated sector. Trains and M. P. headquarters, Signal battalion, and one Machine Gun battalion were sent to Longbut farm. Imagine if you can, trying to get approximately 1500 men and 45 officers into the ordinary buildings of an ordinary French farm, and you will get an idea of the density of the troops crowded into line for the big kick-off of September 26, 1918.

On top of the awful crowding of Americans in this particular place orders came from French sources for a battalion of French infantry to crowd in here with us. Apparently every inch of housing space, farm house, barns, sheds, dugouts and shallow holes on the hillsides were full, but in came this battalion. Somewhere, somehow they found a few more holes to get into. Scarcely had they come in when reports were brought to me by my own officers, and by officers of the 124th Machine Gun Battalion that the French were stealing shoes and blankets from our men. Now, sometimes an American soldier will sell, or trade an extra pair of shoes that have been issued to him; or he may part with a blanket—not necessarily his own, but one he may have borrowed without the knowledge of its rightful owner. This is especially possible if there is an owner in his squad, or platoon whom he dislikes, so that my first thought was that one of the above contingencies had occurred, and that possibly to avoid future responsibility, or because he had decided that he wanted the property back, the guilty American soldier was the one making the complaint. But in two hours time so many

reports of the same kind came in that I sent for the French Major commanding this battalion. He was horrified at the thought that his men could be suspected of stealing; weren't we allies? Didn't the French nation esteem and feel magnificent gratitude to their American brothers? It was simply 'impossib' that his men could have stolen, and besides the American soldier was willing to sell.

Even while he was talking other complaints arrived. One officer brought in two of his men whom he said were entirely trustworthy, and these men had actually seen a couple of French soldiers stealing American equipment; had chased them and taken it away from them. That was something tangible, so I said to the Major "I will draw a dead line between such and such points. Your men will stay on their side of the line; the Americans will stay on the other side, and there will be an American line of sentries on that line to enforce the order."

This seemed to meet with the approval of the Major. Then turning to my sergeant-major I gave him an outline for the order for immediate issuance, and in the order stated that the sentries should be instructed to shoot any man found crossing this line. That was a horse of another color so far as the Major was concerned: he didn't object to a dead line but he didn't want it too confoundedly dead. He expostulated: he mentioned complications, and unfriendly attitude; he talked with his hands, his shoulders, his face; he seemed to feel that if there was any shooting his men would be on the receiving end. Finally he threatened to go to General Bell, and he was invited to go there real pronto. Rushing to his side-car he was whirled away toward division headquarters. In a little while the telephone rang, and General Bell wanted to know what was up. He was told that apparently the French Major had his wind up, but that so far as the rest of us were concerned we were enjoying our usual health; that the men on post were doing sentry—go with loaded rifles, and that since they went on post there had been no more lost property. I don't know what General Bell said to the Major but early that evening the French battalion went somewhere else.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth practically all of the division front-line transport was assembled at Longbut. In the general combat order, it was to be held here by the commander of Trains until a release order came from Division headquarters. This was also impressed on me by "G-I" in person—not to allow the transport to go forward until the Division was informed of the advance of the various combat units, until they had reached their objectives and consolidated their positions, or on the other hand, had been thrown back in the attempt. Forges Wood, considered impregnable by the French, was in our immediate front. If this wood was not taken, if a counter push was made by the Germans, the transport must not be caught in a backward movement. The 131st infantry regiment had one objective, the 132nd regiment another; each had its supporting element of machine gun companies.

About eleven o'clock came a release order—in person, by G-I for the advance of the transport of the 132nd infantry. This meant that Forges Wood had been taken. When G-I gave me the release order I took out my notebook and jotted it down, with the time of receiving it. Nothing was said about the 131st transport. This seemed reasonable to me as I knew that the 131st infantry had farther to go than the 132nd in order to reach its objective. A little later, by telephone, came a release order, naming the different organizations, for everything except the 131st transport. About 2:00 p. m. G-I drove up to my headquarters again, foaming at the mouth because the transport of the 131st was still held, saying that he had ordered it released at the same time he released the 132nd; that it was now so late in the day that the transport could not get to the 131st early enough to get supplies and the surplus equipment up for the night. I referred him to my notebook, refreshed his memory by reading him what I had written down, by recalling to him that I had read it to him after writing it, and that he had laughed at me and said, "Never write anything down, for if you do you will forget something you want to remember." It was easy to see that someone had blundered, someone had forgotten something, and that it was proposed that I should be the goat. There

were a few hot words between us, and with the remark, "You will have to answer to General Bell for this," G-I rode away. General Bell never mentioned the matter to me.

Life in the Meuse-Argonne was a very hectic thing from September 26 to about October 15, as fighting went on more or less uninterruptedly all the time; roads there were none; supplies had to be taken up; wounded had to be brought back; on September 27 a group of wounded, twenty-nine of them, were carried over two miles on stretchers by German prisoners. They had lain out all night with only first-aid dressings, but it was remarked how much better they did than those who were considered fortunate at the time, in being sent out by ambulance or motor truck to the hospitals in the rear. At Malancourt on the 28th of September I saw truck load after truck load of wounded being taken to the rear in motor trucks. Malancourt was outside of our sector but because this particular road was better than some others, and because it was not so heavily burdened with troops and supplies, it was being used to get out these wounded from the Thirty-third, the Eightieth, and the Fourth Divisions.

The method of transporting wounded by motor truck was to place three men side by side on the floor of the truck, and crosswise of the body of the truck as many stretcher cases were placed as the space would hold. Then this truck would swing and slip, bump and jerk its way over the roads, cut up, shell torn, stony in places, never good, to the Division hospital, three, six or eight kilometres to the rear. It is no wonder the wounded died; it is no wonder that the men who lay out all night, and who were carried on stretchers those bad first miles did better than the truck-transported cases.

Historical writers, men acting as real historians will tell of the horrors of the Meuse-Argonne; of the deeds the American soldiers did there; of the effect on civilization. It is my place and purpose to tell the lesser events, and to carry on a more or less personal narrative, leaving the larger matters for those abler than I to describe.

It may be mentioned that from September 26 to October 15 the Division captured nearly 3600 Germans and Austrians. As

Division Provost-marshal all these had to pass through my hands. In this connection, one event which called down on my head the wrath of General Bell may be cited. The area was so large, and the calls for military police for traffic work, for a straggler line, and for prisoner guards—both at the prison cage, and when on the road going back to our cage, or when continuing back to Corps cage—kept me short of officers and men all the time. Major Hart had broken down. Regulations had reduced us to one company of military police, meaning now only one hundred and fifty men, and work in every line had quadrupled. Just in the dusk of evening seventy-six more prisoners were brought to the collecting point; they must be taken back to the cage at Longbut for the night. At night too, the traffic work was always heaviest; the military police had to handle this traffic which otherwise would jam, stick, congest and block our one road; someone had to keep this two miles of mud and shell holes open all the time; every transport officer wanted to get his supplies from the dump first, and they all must get back before daylight. With these traffic conditions present, and with night already upon us, I was put to it to find an escort for these seventy-six prisoners. There was a big, hard-faced corporal in the M. P. company named Spink. Calling him, I directed him to select one other man, and with one riding in front of the column and the other in the rear, to take these prisoners back to the division cage—about six kilometres. I had receipted to the regiment bringing them in, the corporal would receipt to me, and he in turn would be released of responsibility by the Non-commissioned officer on duty at the cage. But even though the corporal receipted to me, if he didn't deliver seventy-six prisoners at the cage, it would be my funeral, not his.

Spink spoke German, and before starting out he addressed those Huns in simple and direct language, telling them that he would just as leave arrive at prison cage with sixty men as with seventy-six, but that if he did it would be because there would be sixteen dead Boches along the road; that they would march in a column of twos, and that any man stepping outside of the line of file, would be shot first and questioned after. And on that long dark march Spink did not lose a man.

But someone passed the occurrence on to General Bell, who certainly ripped it into me for taking such chances with prisoners. At the same time, I had no resentment toward General Bell for this little "strafe" of his. Under the stress and strain which existed for all of us at this time, everyone took occasion to blow off steam once in awhile on someone else, for some comparatively trivial offense. It was a different matter though if the offense was one of moment; then the "strafe" was not so much in evidence, but the penalty was quick and conclusive.

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War always accentuates the truism that there is a difference in individuals, and that the conception of gratitude one man may have differs vastly from that of another. Driver Stone and I had been up front—farther front in fact than cars were supposed to go. In returning we had to traverse that hillside road in front of Dead Man's Hill where the observation was splendid for the Hun. We had stopped in the ruined village of Forges to get our breakfast from a detail of M. P. I had there—a detail with the double duty of maintaining a straggler line and as acting guard for the collecting point for prisoners. I had a second lieutenant in charge of this detail, a little Irishman I had taken quite a fancy to because he impressed me as having good stuff in him, and perhaps I had even been a little partial to him.

By the time breakfast was over it was broad daylight and still there was that strip of open road to cover. This strip of road, by the way, was clearly in view, and not five hundred yards away from the dugout where my M. P. detail in Forges lived.

Thanking the lieutenant for our breakfast Stone and I started out. One couldn't make much speed over that so-called road, but as we approached the stretch which might invite the kind attention of the German 77s, I told Stone to step on the gas and have the uncertainty over as soon as possible. But they saw us and opened fire, and they didn't need any ranging shots either. There was a slight bank of earth on the side toward the Hun which would offer partial protection to the car, so I told Stone to pull up against this bank and we would take to one of

the old trenches until Fritz got tired. Out we piled and into a trench, and in almost no time Fritz planted one sufficiently close to the car to riddle it.

The men over in Forges were watching proceedings, and when they saw the car tilt as it went into the ditch, and then a few moments later get the full benefit of a close one; and as they had not seen us take to the trench, they called the lieutenant, told him of the occurrence, and my little Irishman coolly remarked, "Well, there is one Colonel less," nor did he send anybody over there to see if by chance Stone or the colonel might still be gasping.

The opposite may be shown by another story. Captain Ehart and I were looking for the transport of the 123rd Machine Gun Battalion; I was inspecting transport that day. We knew it was somewhere near Les Esparges, so we went to that ruined village with the car, but being farther front again than cars were supposed to be, we left the car and the driver in the shadow of the ruined church in the village, and went ahead on foot. After rambling through two or three bits of woods, and up and down two or three ravines—for we knew the transport would be hidden in some such place—and finding no clue, we decided to cross a treeless valley and look among the wooded hills on the other side. We were perhaps one third the way across when through a saddle in the hills in front there began to come some shells, and they were coming from the direction of the German lines. Now, it wasn't real battery fire; it seemed more like one isolated 77 doing a little exercise on its own, and we didn't pay much attention to the first two or three shells; neither one of us was sufficiently conceited to think that we were attracting that fire, so we kept sauntering along.

About that time too, we heard some frantic hallooing to our left rear. At first we couldn't see anyone in the fringe of trees on that side of the valley, but when a shell came unpleasantly near us, and we looked again toward the friendly cry we saw an olive drab uniform slip out for a moment from his place of concealment and beckon to us. We went. It was an officer of

the battalion for which we were looking, and while the transport was considerably to the rear of where he showed himself, the battalion had an outpost with one gun at the point in the woods where he caught our attention.

Of course all this had taken time, and the inspection of that transport took more, the result being that by the time we started back to the ruined village, the old church, and the car, it was well after sundown. We had been gone probably three hours.

The driver of the car met us as we returned; he had watched us disappear in the distance; he had seen us emerge in the open valley, for Les Esparges was at one end of this valley; he had seen the shells coming into the valley, but he had not seen us hastily depart from the valley when signaled by the machine gun officer, and his deduction was that the shells had got us. He waited what seemed ages to him; he said he debated with himself the right thing to do; should he go back to the nearest headquarters and report our being hit? Should be stay where we had told him to stay until some one came along and make report to that someone? Or should he leave the car and go hunt for our mangled remains? And he finally decided his duty was to go and find his passengers and bring them back dead or alive. The poor chap was so wrought up that he almost broke down and cried when we met him, and as he told how worried and anxious he had been.

About the 29th or 30th of September it was seen necessary to crowd another American division in on our right. The French line on our right did not seem able to go forward sufficiently to cover our right flank, and too, the distant objective of the Thirty-third was such that with the point of our crossing the Meuse as the apex, the sides of the inverted pyramid between the right of the Thirty-third and the left of the French line, would widen more and more as the troops advanced, consequently another American division was ordered to squeeze itself into the slowly widening opening. This meant that the one road we had leading to the front would be used, temporarily at least,

by the incoming Division, and would cause still greater congestion and trouble.

An infantry brigade of the incoming division, with its front-line transport, came up over our road by daylight. This was all right up to a certain point, for up to this point they were hidden from observation, other than balloon or airplane; I have never been able to ascertain whether this daylight move was an authorized one, so far as the daylight is concerned, or not; certainly if it was, it was an unusual permission. When they had reached the forward limit of travel by daylight, and were waiting for darkness to allow them to complete their going into position, they were content to stay on the road, effectually closing it even for runners. So here they were, at 11:00 a. m., just past the village of Cumieres, and under cover of the last hill. Captain Troxell was on traffic duty that day, but his expostulations and requests got no results; a Brigadier General was in command of that brigade, and the requests of an M. P. captain meant nothing to him.

I had gone to my billet at sunrise to get some sleep. The telephone rang, and our G-I announced that the road was blocked, that he wanted to send supplies and engineer material up to that very point under that hill where the brigade of the new division was lying, and what did I mean by allowing that road to become jammed, and why wasn't I on the job, and dash, and double dash it, etc. He had no sooner rung off than Captain Troxell called me saying that he could do nothing with the outfit, that the brigadier general would not listen to him, and what could he do? So into the Dodge I jumped and beat it back to the stamping ground where I had been spending all my nights and most of my days as well. The road jam was there all right; to show their indifference to any needs other than their own, this brigade had, under order from the brigadier general, even set up their kitchens in the roadway and were getting ready to give their men a hot meal. After passing on to Captain Troxell some of the trimming G-I had handed to me for not enforcing Division orders about keeping that road open, even if such enforcement meant putting a brigadier general in arrest,

I sent him back to handle the prison cage while I stayed up front. Then taking Lieutenant Ingrahm—an M. P. officer—with me as a witness, I hunted up that general. He was very affable until he found out what I was after, and on finding out tried to dodge the responsibility by saying, "But that transport isn't all mine; I have but one kitchen and two trucks in the whole column." In as respectful a manner as possible I told him that I was not inferring that all the transport in the column was his individual property, but that I took it for granted that he was in command of the brigade, and if so it was his transport; that its halting on the road was contrary to orders, and that the present situation would have to be changed immediately. He inquired, "contrary to whose orders?" As a matter of fact it was contrary to orders of G. H. Q. as well as of the Division, but his question rubbed me the wrong way, so I said, "My orders." He looked at me in amazement for a moment, and then sneeringly replied, "I guess my orders are as good as yours under the circumstances." And that was the last straw. "This road will be cleared in twenty minutes or I will put every wagon and truck you have into the ditch." That was considerable of a mouthful, considering that he had a brigade of infantry, and all I had was twenty-four military police there just then. He declared that he would put me in arrest, and I begged him to do so, for "General Pershing will be glad to hear that a brigade commander is arresting his special traffic officers who are carrying out his special orders." That bluff got home, and in about half an hour the road was clear. The general filed complaint with General Bell, but as I had seen General Bell first and told him the story, all the satisfaction the brigade commander got was, "better keep off Colonel Center; he was acting under orders."

Life on the Meuse-Argonne was life in the darkness except those times when the troops were actually fighting their way forward. All other movements, of all kinds, had to be at night in order to reduce to a minimum the losses from shell fire. About October 2nd or 3rd "G-I" decided that he could send materials to the front during daylight. He was told by several officers who were familiar with our road conditions and with the

fact that in places there was direct observation from the Hun lines, that the thing was merely an incentive to the German to damage us, and that it could not be accomplished, but he insisted that the Hun was so shaken-up by the events of the past few days, that a few motor trucks would not mean anything to him even if they were observed, so he ordered five trucks, with supplies and such special comforts as candy, cigarettes, and the various package goods of dainties that the men were always glad to get, to go that afternoon. Knowing of this intention, and feeling confident as to the outcome, I was up forward; I was giving big odds that the Hun was going to give us his undivided attention for awhile.

Two trucks, with an interval of about 200 yards, went first. These passed the first point of observation unchallenged, crossed Forges creek, passed the ruined village of Forges, and as the leading one emerged from the village it came again under direct observation. The Hun opened fire, and promptly put it out of business. The second, because of its interval, had not come under observation, and the driver was sensible enough to stay where he was. At this time the other three trucks were passing the hill-side point half a mile to the rear, where the other point of observation was. They were seen, and drew battery fire at once. One shell landed in the middle of the road between trucks two and three, making a hole as big as the road was wide. The driver of the lead truck got excited, or acted with purpose perhaps, and his truck ran off the road sinking to its axles in the ditch, and truck number two had its front torn off by a shell. That road was fairly effectively blocked.

At this time one of the many humorous things of war happened. There was a company of our engineers stationed on the other—or safe—side of this hill for the very purpose of keeping this road in travelable condition. Sending a runner back for them, I stood near that big hole in the road talking to Captain Troxell, telling him to send a runner over past Forges to ascertain whether the two trucks over there were still in running condition. On my right as I stood, was a clay bank probably six feet high; the German fire was coming from that side. On the other side

of the road there was no bank. The shelling was going merrily on; to the rear the company of engineers was coming down the road; so was Major Haines who commanded the Supply Train and who, like myself, expected to see his precious trucks put out of commission. All this is fresh in my mind.

As Troxell and I stood there we were both conscious that a shell sounded "your vicinity." Then as it exploded just beyond the far side of the road, we were both conscious that something passed between our faces and plumped into the clay bank beside us; it sounded as I imagine a soup plate would have sounded if it had been thrown against that wet clay. I was in the midst of a sentence; how long the interruption of conversation lasted can be left to your imagination; just when Captain Troxell left me I don't know, but when I resumed what I had to say he wasn't there, and my first glimpse of him was seeing him thrust both hands before him as if he were diving into water, seeing him leave the ground with both feet and dive under truck number two, which was probably sixty feet from where we had been standing. Knowing that those trucks were the target for Fritz, and seeing that voluntary header into the mud under the target struck me as being extremely funny. And the action was wholly sub-conscious on the part of Captain Troxell.

One day I did a thing just as ridiculous. I was caught in a burst of shell fire. There was no ditch or trench to get into, but lying on the ground quite near me was a bit of old camouflage material—a bit of burlap as I now recall it. With a short run and a dive I landed on this bit of stuff, and lay there feeling perfectly secure until I had time to think of the absurdity of the thing.

Still another time, one when I had gone as far forward in the Dodge as cars were allowed to go, and had left it to go on on foot. I had also gone on and forgotten my steel helmet, leaving it in the car. After a chat with Colonel Smith of the 52nd Brigade, Field Artillery, whose command lay in my route of march—I had gone but little farther when Fritz began to send some over, evidently reaching for the batteries I had just left. It was then that I missed that tin pot, and as Fritz was a little

short of those batteries, and as I was a little in front of those batteries, I had that lonesome feeling which comes when you feel that you are the target. I curled up in a ditch to wait for the fire to slacken, or to lift, and all I could think of was that wretched bit of steel head-cover which I didn't have; it seemed to me that if it was only there that I could shrink, and shrink until I could get my whole body under it.

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Extracts from a letter to Mrs. Esther Montgomery Carrott, date October 10, 1918.

—Yesterday a plane flew over our front lines dropping yesterday's paper. Ordinarily, if we get a paper at all it is one or two days old, but yesterday we had the paper of the day which told of the request for peace from some of the Central powers. Now, an army is generally supposed to be a blood-thirsty aggregation, whose natural occupation is war, and whose chief loathing is peace. If there is any such individual still extant, please send him over here to hear and see the expressions and the demonstrations that rise when it looks as if this war may be nearly over. The last few days have been rather lurid ones for the division. There has been but little rest by day or by night, but last night the feeling, so general, of weariness and exhaustion was amelioriated because of the news. Every one seemed to feel, "this is the home stretch; we can rest when the war is over."

It is a marvel to me how some of the men keep going. We find men sound asleep driving four horse teams; we find them sound asleep sitting in the saddle; we find them "standing to" on the fire step of the trench, standing up and sound asleep. In a way, this tremendous physical weariness is a good thing. Sometimes I wonder if about half the fighting isn't done with the men at least half asleep. The imagination is less active; one does not visualize so clearly the many things that may happen, and one loses the feeling of apprehension, or dread of injury which is more or less present when one is rested and fresh. Tired men rarely look up to see if the whining or swishing shells are coming towards them; rested men nearly always do. Not

that you can see the darn things, but it is instinct to look up and try to see them.

It is remarkable too, how small one can become under certain conditions. A few days ago, I happened to get caught without my steel helmet in some pretty brisk shell fire. Except for shrapnel a steel helmet isn't much good—and this was high explosive. If there is a chance, one never has to be told what to do in shell fire—one does it without thinking. If there is a hole, or a ditch, or a depression one gets into it; if there isn't anything of the kind, one lies flat on his face and hopes that a shell will not drop closer than about fifteen yards. It happened that there was no shell hole or decent depression, so I had to be content with flat ground, and I know you could have run a baby buggy, with a sick baby in it, over me as I lay there, and the hump I made on the ground wouldn't have jarred the baby enough to waken him. And I lay there and yearned for that steel helmet, and convinced myself that if it were at hand I could crawl, and ooze my whole body under it.

Joe Ehart had a hunch the other day; he was under shell fire, and was in a nice comfortable old shell hole, but his hunch said "go to another," so Joe climbed out, took a one way ticket on the lightning express, and departed for an adjacent hole. Just as he slithered and slid down into his new residence a shell dropped squarely into hole he had just vacated. There is no doubt that "there are more wonders in the world than thy philosophy ever dreamed of, Horatio." But the whole business is a sordid one. There is no romance, no poesy, no glamor about any of it. The only poetry, or sentiment must be within the heart of each individual—a spark at least of something bigger than the things of every day life, sweeter and more precious than comfort or safety, or than life itself for these men who plod, plod, plod, keeping it up by night and day, going here and going there without knowing where or why, not knowing today whether they will be among the living tomorrow, sleeping, eating, living, dying in the wet and the mud, these enlisted men, these Spartans, these unknown heroes could not go on as they do. The officer has a little consolation in knowing some of the

reasons Why; the enlisted man has to go it blind. It must be said to the credit of the officer that the enlisted man would not go it blind were it not that he has confidence in the officers. They realize that "Theirs not reason why, theirs but to do and die," and with the almost general confidence that is reposed in the officers they expect to be able to "do," and not to be led into a trap to "die." I'm ready, today, to see the war end, but with all the sordidness, with all the discomfort, with all the weariness and the sights that tear the stoutest heart, it is, and will be, a glorious memory. From this time on there should be no question regarding a national anthem for the United States. The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is our national anthem, not because any grave and (perhaps) reverend solons have so decreed, but because the living, breathing, fighting and dying men from every state in the Union now here on foreign soil, have made it so by living it, and by upholding its sentiments, and by giving their lives for its doctrines. In the '60s it had a limited and local application; now it applies to every nation and every individual in the world. My heart goes out in sympathy, and joins in sorrow because of the death of Joseph Emery. He, like one and a half million other vivid and virile Americans over here, carried with him all the time the sentiment, "As He died to make men holy, let us die to make them free." Sometimes I wonder if the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend," are as comprehensive as the deeds of such as Joseph Emery. Speaking narrowly, Joe did not lay down his life for a friend; he did a harder task; he died for a great principle; for many generations yet unborn; for a multitude of people entirely unknown to him. It is a pity the inmost thoughts of those who do great deeds cannot be known, for if in their sorrow, Joe's family could know his, they would feel that he had given them such a heritage, such a lustre, such a glorious adequateness for the love and care they had given him, that their grief would be illumined with wonder, with thankfullness, with joy that one of them went, unafraid, to die to make men free. War is an awful thing, but this world cannot but be a sweeter, cleaner place, a world with higher ideals, a world with less sham and pretense, a world with more brotherhood in it as a result of this war.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

It is not likely that many men in the world war saw much of the purely spectacular, or of the glamorous; it simply was not there to be seen. The war was not of a character where more than a small bit here and there could be seen. The trenches, the mud, the rain—not only from the sky, but the rain of shells and machine gun bullets—made the need imperative for being under cover nearly all the time, and took away most of the chance for a famous charge, or for an open movement of sufficiently large magnitude, and sufficiently concentrated to make a showy picture. The movement of September 26, with the greatest artillery action the world has ever known, with a battle line many miles in length, a line going forward almost as one company, gave but little that could be of use to the artist or the camera man. In the first place the fog was so dense that the men had to use particular care not to become separated; in the next place, the kick-off was at six a. m.—too early for anything in the way of sunlight. But on October 10th there was a spectacle just east of the Meuse which was at once worth seeing, and which in the bright sunlight of the morning, could be seen. Again, in a sense, it was a little thing, for so far as the Thirty-third was concerned, it represented a movement of less than 5000 infantrymen. Orders were to attack the heights to the east and north of Brabant, and to take Consenvoye Woods. The little ruined village of Forges lies about one half a kilometre west of the river, and about midway between Brabant and Consenvoye, both of which are on the river, but on the opposite side. From the river to the east the terrain rises gradually a distance of probably two and a half kilometres, gently rolling swells, each rising higher than the one next the river, steadily pushing up until there was a high, well-defined unobstructed skyline. The troop movement started from the vicinity of Brabant-Consenvoye. It was my good fortune to be in the village of Forges, where from the top of a reinforced concrete "pill-box" of German construction, I could overlook the river, the distant heights, and

the intervening open land. Our troops went forward in three waves following the rolling barrage.

Almost at the beginning of the advance the Germans could be seen piling out of the trenches and coming forward with uplifted hands. Shells of every description fell within, behind, ahead of the advancing lines, while circling about from one end of our line to the other soared one of our 'planes observing the dropping of the fire of our artillery, and wirelessing directions to our men behind the guns in the rear. Slowly and steadily the lines advanced, now shut off from view for a moment by the smoke of bursting shells, and then coming into vision again as the fresh breeze cleared the air.

On Consenvoye side the wood was approached at its apex of the triangle of trees. As the lines reached the apex, a squad here and a squad there passed along the side of the woods to its appointed distance, and then would melt into the forest. From here also, from time to time could be seen groups of prisoners emerging under guard of one or two of our men.

On the Brabant side the lines maintaining their respective distances, could be watched going up and up the slopes, wave by wave appearing on the skyline for an instant, then disappear down the receding slope, while overhead was the constant whine and shriek of our shells carrying encouragement to our men. It was a sight that can never be forgotten, and more nearly approached the glamor, the spectacular, and the romance of war as we once conceived it, than anything I saw in France.

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Unless one has seen one of the completely destroyed villages in the war-worn and war-torn areas of France, one cannot even picture what a completely ruined town looks like. Of course there are degrees of destruction. Many towns have been destroyed so far as any use or activity is concerned, and yet there may be some walls standing, some roofs remaining, and some dwellings that are inhabitable. But a town completely destroyed means a town non est; a town which is a name only; one where you must have the site of the town pointed out to you, shown to

you, and then asserted to you by one who knows before you can bring yourself to believe that there was ever a town there. Such a place hasn't even ruins left; it has been so ploughed and churned by shell fire that no walls, no roofs are visible, and where even cellars and foundation stones have to be sought with a pick and shovel.

I remember my incredulity while with the Canadians when an officer pointed out a rough waste space to me and said "that is Carency." I didn't know there had been a village by that name so inquired, "What do you mean by Carency?" "The town of Carency, and that is what is left." Even then I felt that he was "spoofing" me until my eye caught fragments of stone and wreckage half buried, strewn about over this area, while closer observation showed that this wreckage, a board here, a part of a rafter there, more cobble stones than elsewhere and stone of a nature different from those in the fields or along the road, and all of this in a more or less regularly circumscribed area, convinced me that I was gazing on what had once been a town.

Such a town too was Cumieres lying beside Dead Man's Hill, in No Man's Land for four years, held alternately by the French and the Germans. When we kicked off the morning of September 26 for the 'Meuse-Argonne,' zero hour found the waiting line in the swamps of Forges Creek just in front of Cumieres. When our troops took Forges, Forges Wood and the village of Gercourt—their objectives for that first day, Cumieres was designated as our forward dump for provisions and ammunition. The first time I went to find Cumieres it is likely I would have missed it more or less completely in depending solely on a map reference, but the remembrance of Carency told me where Cumieres was when I reached there. In the darkness of night the limbers and wagons of the battalions and other units would come down to this point to pick up and spread to the fighting line the things the line must have.

Lieut. Ehart was the transport officer for the 123rd Machine Gun Battalion at that time. It was his fortune not to have seen Cumieres on September 26, or by daylight on any day, for

when his battalion went forward it was well to the left of this village and over toward Chattencourt. But he and his transport came down there night after night in the rain and the darkness to get food and small arms ammunition, and he knew that the village of Cumieres was the forward Division dump, and in the darkness he pictured to himself how this village looked; he could see the village church on a certain corner; he even saw the type of architecture of this church; he saw the row of dwellings with their straw and chalk-stone stucco; he saw the deserted stores. There was a clear mental picture but he did not know that it was only a mental picture.

About October 6 I had to have an adjutant as mine was transferred to the Postal Service, and on request to General Bell, Lieut. Ehart was transferred to my headquarters then at Longbut. Two or three days after the transfer I was going to drive to the front and asked Lieut. Ehart to accompany me. On the way up he inquired, "Will we go to, or through Cumieres?" "Yes: it is likely that we can go no farther than there with the car." "Well, I am particularly anxious to see that town: I have seen it only in the darkness but what I saw has left a very vivid impression on me, and I wish particularly to see that old church on the corner: more than this, I don't think there is another town in France I dislike so much, for Cumieres will always mean mud, rain, gas, high explosive and hell in general to me." I began to wonder a little if Lieut. Ehart was quite 'all there,' but said nothing for I didn't know but he had found the remains of a church on a corner somewhere. We arrived. "This is Cumieres", and the Lieut. looked at me in amazement. He thought as I had at Vimy Ridge that I was "spoofing him," for there was no church: there was not a sign of any structure other than the broken stones and the flat roof of concrete and I-beams, sticking just above the level of the ground, of a one-time Hun pill-box. He gazed with amazement, and awe, and incredulity on his face, and then he told me what he had seen night after night in the darkness: how he was so convinced that he saw these things that he always stopped the head of his transport column just opposite the office of the village Mairie, and depended on

seeing that particular building to give the command to halt. What a wonderful machine the imagination is, and what a blessing the lieutenant, did not have to take his transport down to Cumieres in daylight.

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But there is a limit to human endurance. High resolve, discipline and morale can be worn down and consumed by exhaustion, by privation, by starvation, and by unceasing day and night anticipation and nerve tension. Before we went into the war it was a more or less recognized law that an organization in the front line, where attack and counter-attack was made and received, outlived its immediate and highest effectiveness in ten days or less. In some cases—and with good troops too—three or four days seemed all the men could endure and carry-on effectively. But in the Meuse-Argonne, and farther up the line where the French and British were going forward also, the belief of our High Command that the time had come for striking, for striking hard, and for continuing to strike irrespective of the number of days in the line, made us forget some of the things learned previously. As a result we had outfits in the front line fighting, watching, going forward, wet, hungry, half-clothed, half-fed, dirty, lousy, physically and nervously at a low ebb, for some of these outfits had been in this front line for more than a month. Finally General Bell insisted that his division had reached the point where it must have rest, and we were pulled out and sent to a "quiet sector," the Troyon sector, just south of Verdun.

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Did you ever put heavy, and light, and variegated traffic over an impassable "one-way" road in the dark? Well, that's what every division in the A. E. F. had to do. Take one road as an illustration—the one from the corner south of Chattencourt, through the village of Cumieres, across Forges creek, through Forges and to the ruined mill at Ratentout and the spring, the flowing spring where water was chlorinated and then used for all the front line troops of the division. Oh Yes, there were dead horses, and occasionally a dead soldier in Forges creek, and the

spring was a part of the creek, and you just can't separate water that has come in contact with a dead artillery horse from that which has not, but it was all chlorinated, and the chlorinated water plus some dead animal is much safer drinking than water from shell holes—water well impregnated with mustard gas for instance. Besides this, one never knows what may be in the bottom of that shell hole. But this isn't a treatise on hygiene and sanitation; it's an account of traffic and transportation.

The aforesaid bit of road some three kilometres in length, winds about a hill. It runs east, and northeast, and north, and northwest, and west in order to get where it wants to go. It is all of yellow clay except some chalkstone on the hillside, and some swamp along Forges creek. It had been in No Man's Land for four years, just out in front of Dead Man's Hill and the huge tunnels the Huns had dug through these hills. Where it winds up along the side of the hill on its eastward leg, it rises more than two hundred feet above the valley of the Meuse. When it turned to the northeast and north it came under direct observation from the Hun lines. It was a road thoroughly dreaded, and rightfully so, by all the men who drove front-line transport; and it was a "one-way" road—not from choice, not because there was another road which could be used to complete a loop, but because of topographical conditions. It was a "one-way" road because it was so bad and so narrow that one vehicle could not meet another, and a column of marching troops could not meet a vehicle. And all the troops, all the ammunition, all the food, all the wounded, all the supplies of every sort for the division, had to travel this particular road. Every night, and many days the Hun shelled this particular bit of geography, for he knew that it carried the arterial life-blood of at least one division of allied troops.

Late in October the particular division which had been enduring these disadvantages for nearly a month, and which had been handling traffic over this road on the "block" system, was relieved and sent to a "quiet sector." (It's another story of how that "quiet sector" changed its name inside of ten days thereafter.) The "block system" meant that traffic was allowed to

enter the southerly and westerly end of this road, flow toward the front for a period, and then on word from the director of traffic the "block" would be closed for traffic going toward the front and opened for that bringing wounded back, and for the "empties" coming back from the front. Most of the time the telephone was out of commission and the "block" had to be run by sending a messenger to the open end with a message that at 11:30 p. m. or 2 p. m. as the case might be, that that end would be closed. It was a joyous life for all concerned.

But the division has been relieved, and the order specified that at 5 p. m. of a particular date, the control of the divisional area would pass from the 542nd Division to the 245th Division, and at 5 p. m. things were just going good. About 7 p. m. my telephone rang and a voice said, "General X"—the division commander of the 542nd—" has just been informed that the road between Cumieres and Forges is blocked, and one regiment of our infantry with its transport is held up on the far side. Will you go up there and clear the road?" Naturally I didn't crave the job. As usual it was raining. The road was ankle deep in mud in the dry spots and knee deep everywhere else. More than this, our control had passed at 5 p. m., so I said, "under what authority will I take over command?" "You will have to do it on your own nerve, but General X—says he will back you to the limit; the General isn't going to give you an order to do this, but asks it as a favor to the division." Of course that put a different face on the matter, so back I went to that bit of road to which I had just said "Goodby" and which I had hoped never to see again, taking with me twelve men of the Military Police who hated the job as much as I did.

Was it blocked? From Marre on the southeast to Bethancourt on the west—a distance of about four miles—it was nothing but a pot of human jam. There was a marching column of French infantry, a whole brigade of them. There was French heavy transport, trucks and forgeons; there was a battery of American howitzers with their huge caterpillar tractors; there was an engineer train with heavy bridge material; then there was horse drawn transport, mule drawn transport, motor lorries,

officers, automobiles, ambulances—about everything in the way of vehicles one could imagine. There were even motor cycle messengers wedged into that mass; there was profanity, mud, darkness, rain, and several hundred different kinds of orders and advice; there was surging back and forth, each one trying to find a way to get through—except on the part of some of the more experienced drivers who, with that never failing philosophy of theirs, were making the best of a bad mess by going soundly to sleep while waiting for someone to untangle the mass. Some motor lorries were sunk to the hubs in the mud at the side of the road; some were diagonally, or even transversely across the road showing the efforts of the driver at getting out, turning around, or trying to get through. It took probably an hour for me to walk through—over and under vehicles and animals—through the worst part of this jam trying to find the most feasible way to untangle the snarl.

As luck would have it the "heavies" with their caterpillars were located almost in the middle of the jam, and near a part of the road which was so uniformly bad that our engineers had planked it for about 200 feet with heavy planks sixteen feet long. This gave a bit of firm roadway sixteen feet wide, wide enough for vehicles to meet, and it seemed to be our only hope. The next thing was to stop every Tom, Dick, and Harry from giving orders that seemed to him to be the solution of the trouble, for these orders had no co-ordination, and could only make matters worse; so after telling unknown officers, of unknown rank, to shut up; after threatening several with arrest; after convincing them that I was in command, I went to the officer in charge of the artillery column, told him to uncouple his leading caterpillar, and to do as he was told regardless of protests or comments. Then he was told to start down the road run the nose of his caterpillar into anything in front of him, and push it over into the ditch off the road. It so happened that a section of French motor lorries were just in front of him, and as the big tractor pushed first one and then another off into what seemed to be bottomless mud, it began to look as if this already lurid occasion was about to be enhanced by an immediate severance of allied ties, and that an international crisis was at hand.

But that tractor gave us a clear road for a couple of hundred feet, and then we came to the planked space which was cleared in the same way, giving us about two hundred feet more where it was possible for vehicle to meet vehicle. To make a long and dirty story short, that traffic jam met, passed, and was dissolved on that two hundred feet of planking. Occasionally the caterpillar would have to go up or down the road to shove some crosswise vehicle into the ditch, but that was of small moment; the caterpillar rather enjoyed doing it as soon as the habit was formed. Occasionally some officer's car would try to steal a march on the procession, or some aide would arrive in the darkness with a message like this:

"General Z—demands that you put him through immediately." One Cadillac, with a general officer and his two aides, made an individual effort to get through, and succeeded in blocking one end of the open space. After expressing my personal opinion of him to his face—unless he turned his head, for it was so dark in his car I could not see him—my trusty caterpillar pushed him and his car into the ditch where he remained until the road was well cleared.

At 1 a. m. the units of my own division came through, and I thanked my artillery officer for his assistance in pushing the road open, and then in pulling stranded vehicles back on the road, collected my weary twelve men, and turned the control of that road over to anyone who might apply for the job.

For one week after making this move the Division rested. "Resting" in the army differs from the definition in the dictionary. In the army one is supposed to rest by working hard at something else, and our week of rest was spent in a feverish activity to repair, and replace everything that needed repairing or replacing. Equipment of all kinds must needs be neglected somewhat during a campaign, so animals, harness, wheeled equipment, uniforms, underwear, rolling kitchens, arms, reports and paper work had to be brought up to standard again, and one week isn't a long time in which to do it.

At the end of the week our chief-of-staff, not satisfied with information passed on to us by the Division we had followed

in this sector, began to institute raids—raids in this "quiet sector." Fritz hates to be disturbed. He has no objections to being the disturbing element, himself, but a little annoyance like a raid makes him peevish, so he began to vent his spleen in "strafing" us. Also, it is likely that he ascertained that there were different troops in his front, and that the new ones were not inclined to observe the "entente cordiale" with him. A few days, a few raids, and it began to be noised about, "we are going in again." This rumor proved true, for shortly there came orders for a four-division show to be put on, and the Thirty-third was one of the four divisions.

There were some features of this show—for it is only fair to call it such—which were more or less absurd. In the first place the show was more or less a demonstration, and was intended as an aid to the Meuse-Argonne drive more than anything else. Then too, it was in the immediate vicinity of Metz, which was only about 35 or 40 kilometres away—and was intended to put the wind up for the Hun over the safety of that city. But the first impression at Division Headquarters was that it was the real thing, and that once started we were to go as far as Metz, or Berlin if we wanted to and could.

Troyon, and all our points held in force except one or two, were on the heights over the valley of the Woevre. In the valley were a number of ruined villages, but the valley itself—in our immediate front—was practically No Man's Land.

The day before the show was to begin General Bell sent me to the front to bring back the latest reports on road conditions, especially in and out of Herbeville, as this was the map location he had selected for his next headquarters—after the division began its trek to Metz and Berlin. In its prime I imagine Herbeville was a village of possibly 500 people. Just now it was inhabited by a platoon of our machine gunners, who were holding it as a strong point. As orders were that no officer should visit the front line alone I had taken Captain Ehart, my adjutant, with me. The only way we could get into Herbeville was on foot, and the roads were in such condition that if the Hun had been 1000 miles away, and General Bell had wanted to get into

this village still, he would have had to go on foot also. To make a long story short Division Headquarters never moved to Herbeville.

This same day, and while on this mission an amusing incident occurred. At Hannonville, to the southwest of Herbeville, there was stationed a battalion of the 131st infantry. We could pass Hannonville by road in going to Herbeville. Hannonville was a village stretching back from this road for perhaps half a mile to the east. I had driven as near the front as Hannonville several times, and this place had been disturbed comparatively little. Some towns and villages were left as nearly undestroyed as possible by the Germans, evidently with an eye to their future use by themselves.

We were just approaching the cross-road leading into this village when a Hun battery cut loose. The fire was not rapid, nor excessive, so slowing down a bit we kept on going. But so did the fire. Also it was easy to see that Fritz was doing it systematically, for as the first shells had landed in the eastern-most part of the village, the successive ones were coming regularly, and with mathematical exactness to the west. I waited for Captain Ehart to say something; he kept still. Then I hoped that the driver would make a suggestion; he never said a word. At the rate we were progressing, and at the rate that shelling was lifting all the time, we were due to get to the cross-road simultaneously with a bunch of shells. Finally I leaned over to Captain Ehart and said "Joe, I don't remember that we have lost anything in Hannonville; driver turn round." With a look of the most intense relief the Captain grabbed my hand, and with his face in smiles said, "Thank you, Colonel for those kind words; I thought you had forgotten them." What the driver thought can be best expressed by what he did; that Dodge car turned around "on a ten cent piece;" he stepped on the gas and we got away much faster than we had come.

For the remainder of the time the Division spent in the Troyon sector, up to November eleven, a sort of warfare which may be described as "irritation warfare" was maintained. The Hun made no raids upon us but we continued annoying him.

It is doubtful if this gained us anything. The low lands of the valley were excessively wet; some of the villages, like Herbeville on our side of the valley, were practically under water. A raiding party went into St. Hilaire one night, found the village flooded, and could not find a German. A few nights later another party visited this village and discovered a strong party of the enemy; the village had dried out a bit; a little engagement ensued which cost us two men. So far as a general advance was concerned, or the taking of ground which strengthened our position was concerned, it all netted us nothing.

All this time too, we were becoming more and more convinced that the war was near its close. While in the Meuse-Argonne many of our prisoners stated freely that they knew that the end was near; some fixed the date as November 1st; many said November 5th. Prisoners brought in here on the Troyon front nearly all said the war was going to end November 5th. On November 9th it was a matter of general information about division headquarters that the end was set, and would be November 11th. At the same time an advance all along our ront was ordered for November 10th.

It has been said that this advance was necessary by way of a demonstration in order to clinch the arranging of an armistice on the 11th, but in view of the very frank and positive statements of prisoners—some of whom were officers and "unter-officers"—who had declared that they had been informed that Germany would quit on November 5th, and in view of the accepted information we had from American sources, I am convinced that, irrespective of any demonstration along the front line, for the part of the line south of Verdun at least, that the armistice would have come just the same.

But as said, orders came for a general advance along our front. One other item to indicate that in the minds of our chief-of-staff, and of the division commander, that they felt certain that the armistice was assured, was first, a remark to me by the chief-of-staff on the evening of November 9th that the movement the next day was "a joke on the Division." Next, that unlike a forward movement where the result is at all uncertain,

and where good judgment always holds out a sufficient reserve of supporting troops, the advance for November 10th threw all the infantry, and all the machine guns we had into the line with orders to "go forward as far as possible until eleven o'clock November 11th, when all firing must cease."

Further up the line, in the vicinity of Stenay or Sedan for instance, it may have been desirable and necessary to fight until the final moment, but I am thoroughly and completely convinced that nothing that the Thirty-third Division did, or that any other division in our section of the line did on November 10th, or November 11th, had any influence whatever on bringing about cessation of the war, and that American lives lost that morning in the ranks of the Thirty-third Division were lives needlessly sacrificed. By ten-thirty that morning our Division surgeon had reported over 200 casualties, and in the Thirty-third division cemetery just outside of Thillot, under the precipitous bluffs of the heights overlooking the valley of the Woevre, there are more than thirty graves of those officers and men who gave their lives that morning of November 11th that a "demonstration" might be made. Because of a blunder, or a mistaken idea, or a desire to make a showing, or for some other indefensible reason, into the mud and marsh of the valley of the Woevre marched the foot troops of the Thirty-third Division that morning of November 11th to make a Roman holiday for someone.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

There are many people who ask "How did the men in the army feel when the war ended?" There is no answer to this question; it is likely that no two men felt alike. Some were jubilant; some were fairly hysterical; some showed an almost immediate "let-down," an easing up in their sense of duty and responsibility; some became more or less lethargic, and abnormally quiet, as if they had previously said a final goodbye to all friends, and could not quite grasp the reprieve which had come to them; some seemed utterly stunned by the realization that the worst was over and that they might go home again. I do not think anyone felt that the armistice was merely an armistice, and that fighting might begin again later on. The fact was that the men of the Thirty-third Division were convinced that the war was at an end, and that the Hun was done. I do not suppose that the feeling among the men was very different from that the men of Appomatox or Yorktown had. In my own case it was a sudden realization of extreme mental, nervous and physical weariness. I felt as men looked—men I had seen during the days of trench warfare—men coming out from a tour of duty in the front trenches—that column of muddy, tired men who looked as if hope had forsaken them, who reeled as they walked in column, who gave no sign of recognition, or curiosity, or of interest in anything or anyone as they stumbled along. Aside from the sight of wounded and dying, this column of exhausted troops is the saddest, the most pathetic, the most pitiable sight within the army. Dirt destroys morale, or in other words it is demoralizing. Consider this with psychology and it is demoralizing not only in the army but wherever its influence is exerted. This does not mean accidental, or transient dirt, but refers to the persistent, continuous, unescapable dirt, dirt that you eat with and sleep with; dirt you are conscious of in your working hours, and dirt that haunts you in your dreams; dirt you see and feel all the time on yourself, and dirt which stares you in the face whenever you look at one of your fellows. It

lessens self-respect, which is the foundation stone of morale; it breaks down the wall of self-pride you have unconsciously built in self-protection, and when this wall crumbles the physical being tires more easily, and this physical fatigue aggravates and incites the moral deterioration. Dirt is unquestionably the connecting link in the vicious circle—dirt, physical decline, moral decrepitude. The man who devised the sentence "cleanliness is next to godliness" spoke better than he knew, and certainly in the army it is the basis of all discipline and morale.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Ten days in which to regain our equilibrium, and to clean up the divisional area, and then came the march to Germany. This hike was about as trying as anything the men of the Division had been called upon to undergo. It meant an average of eighteen kilometres a day in heavy marching order. It rained, it snowed, it froze and rained and snowed again. The men were wet every night; they had to billet in barns and sheds which were entirely unprepared and totally unfit, and after a restless and uncomfortable night had to start out again early in the morning.

Our motor transportation was so limited that it was difficult to keep supplies up to the men, and the only way we could do it at all, was by making two, or more trips with the lorries each day. Even in this way it was impossible to keep full rations for the animals, and the consequent underfeeding of the horses and mules made the animal-drawn transport lag. But there was one thing which served to rest the tired feet and warm the chilled bodies, to prevent complaints over short rations, and to cause every man to give of the best there was in him—we were going into Germany.

The march took us through the mine-sowed fields of Mars-la-Tour where the Hun had planted acre after acre, and mile after mile across the valley of the Woevre to protect the approaches to Metz, to Conflans and to Briey. When we saw the preparations which had been made in this region, and then realized that if the Thirty-third had continued to go ahead in its drive that we would have been walking over these fields, and when we knew that the mine sown area was sufficiently large to have attended to all our artillery at once, or all of our infantry at once, we did not regret that the war was over. These chains of mines had been rendered innocuous by our engineers before the Division passed this way, but at the cost of eight of our men killed during the destruction or removal.

On we went, through Conflans, through Briey, and to Audun-

le-Roman that dead city; Audun-le-Roman where in 1914 the Hun had lined thirty-two men, women, and children up against a wall, and had shot them down; the Mayor, the village priests, the shop-keepers, the women and children, and all because the town had not turned in one or two fire-arms as ordered by the German commandant. Then not satisfied with this atrocity, every roof of every building had been burned. Nearly all of these buildings were of stone, and the stark, gaunt walls remained, but for four years Audun-le-Roman had been a dead and deserted city. While other towns in this vicinity had gone on living under German rule as best they could, Audun-le-Roman had been allowed to stand in its desolation, untenanted, avoided, a silent protest and a continuous reminder of the relentless ferocity and savagery of the invader. The line of march of the portion of the Division under my command passed within about one half kilometre of this place, and several of us took occasion to go into the town.

As we viewed the ruins, a public building here, a mansion there, a school house, a church, a business block—many signs of prosperity and progress, for Audun-le-Roman was an especially prosperous place in 1914, and in its architecture and arrangement was much more pretentious than most cities of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants. As we gazed at the ruined structures we could see evidences from the facades, and the type of architecture, that they had been there for generations, and we mentally visioned the streets thronging with vivacious and home-loving people; and we looked at the wall against which those thirty-two human beings stood—a wall well nicked with Mauser bullets—where those mothers and children took their last look at the city they loved, at the friends they were leaving, at the sky and the earth, and the sunshine of that September day, and as we pictured all these things I could not but regret that every American soldier in the A. E. F. was unable to march through this town, hear what had happened there, and see what was left; not to make him bloodthirsty or vindictive, but that each one might carry with him such an impress of military Prussianism that never could time, or age, efface the picture.

Did we get into Germany? We did, and we did not. The 66th Infantry Brigade crossed over the border, stayed one night, and was ordered back into Luxemburg, and in Luxemburg the Division stayed from December 20th, 1918 to April 22nd, 1919. Doing what? Cleaning horses, harness, rolling equipment; playing football, giving horse and auto shows; doing guard duty; in a considerable measure policing Luxemburg along civil as well as military lines. Our portion of the duchy was all that north of a line drawn east and west through the city of Luxemburg or in other words, about three fourths of the duchy. The province was in a political ferment. A few days after we moved in the whole Luxemburg army went on a strike for higher pay. Fancy a whole army going on a strike; this one did, and they gave evidence of being on a strike by casting their gorgeous, be-plumed hats on the ground, and then trampling on them. Two hundred and fifty men, the most resplendent army in Europe, went on a strike and trampled on their hats.

There were two post-war parties. One was in favor of a close and binding alliance with France. (This party had been cornering all the French francs they could get hold of.) The other party wanted a close and binding alliance with Belgium. (This party had been cornering the Belgique currency.) The Grand Duchess was out of favor. She had withdrawn from Luxemburg city, and was resident in one of her five castles—the one near Colmar. As provost-marshal it was up to me to keep a guard about this castle to prevent the possibility of our men carrying it away as a souvenir. As a matter of fact when the army went out on strike, the court chamberlain, or the prime minister—I forget which—requested that the Division furnish such a guard, so that the striking Luxemburg army might not abduct the Grand Duchess, so there were twelve military police stationed there, a force I deemed adequate for all emergencies.

The Grand Duchess was very democratic; she enjoyed a dish of conversation with her American guard, and she was not at all loath to accept a cigarette—and use it—from the hands of an enlisted man; she even grew to specify the particular brand of American smokes she liked best. On New Year's Day she re-

quested the privilege of dining and wineing this guard detail in the castle. It began to look like a "bon" war.

The service in Luxemburg was not unpleasant. It was necessary to maintain activity, to draw the lines of discipline closely, to keep the men engaged in one way or another. Here in Luxemburg we had for the first time, our own artillery, and for the first time in more than a year I met the officers of the 108th Ammunition Train from whom I had separated at Camp Logan. During the active period of the war the Division had used British artillery when in the 4th British Army; French artillery when in 10th French Army, the artillery brigade of the Twenty-seventh Division while in the Meuse-Argonne, and the artillery of the Thirtieth Division when in the Troyon sector. During this same period the 58th artillery brigade—or ours—had been attached to seven or eight different divisions for combat action.

But the political unrest in Luxemburg came to a head. Rumors of revolution, and sinister suspicions of assassinations, beheadings and horrors of all sorts which floated about, were finally brought to rest by the Grand Duchess being displaced in favor of her sister next younger. There were four or five of these sisters, and they were entirely too thrifty to allow the job to get out of the family. It is probably true that they had but little to say in the matter, for an uncle, the old Grand Duke, did the thinking and planning for the family. The upsetting of the sovereign, and the creation of a new one really made less stir here in the duchy than the election of a new justice of the peace does here at home, and the Luxemburg army went back to its life of glorious inaction and majestic safety, with an increase of pay.

Luxemburg as a province has many features that are unusual. In spite of the fact that it is only about thrice the size of one of our thirty-six township counties, it has two capitals—Luxemburg city the executive capital, and Diekirch the judiciary capital. It was in Diekirch where our division made its headquarters for the winter. My own headquarters were established in the parochial school-room of the house of the priest. It was rather remarkable how often it was my lot to be quartered in the house of a priest. At Sanzey it was the priest's house; at Eu with the

archbishop; at Diekirch at the priest's; over night at Briey at the priest's. The billet at Eu was obtained somewhat under false pretenses. When the people of Eu learned that an American Division was coming in, and when the city was canvassed by the Mairie to provide billets, the archbishop of Eu learned in some way that a Colonel of the Thirty-third—Colonel Clinnin—was a Roman Catholic. The archbishop had never billeted anyone, nor was he asked to do so on this occasion, but he requested that Colonel Clinnin be sent to him. It happened that Colonel Clinnin and the headquarters of the 130th Infantry were located in a village some little distance from Eu. Our billeting officer told me of the arrangement made by the archbishop, asked if—as Colonel Clinnin's successor I wished to take this billet, and I decided to take the offer to myself.

On arrival at his palace, or at the gate of the grounds to the palace, I rang the bell. Finally the gate swung open and a voice somewhere in the distance said "entrez". I walked in. The voice was found to be that of an elderly woman, who when she saw me, immediately addressed me as "le Colonel." I admitted the fact. Another bell was rung; two other serving women came; one relieved me of my musette bag, the other acted as my conductor. I was taken to a large and very pleasant room, well furnished, and containing besides the usual furniture of a bed room a piano, several prie dieu, etc. A key to the gate of the grounds was given me. A serving woman brought a tray with a glass and a small decanter of very excellent wine, and I was informed that the archbishop would be very pleased to have me specify an hour agreeable to me, to wait upon him. Knowing that I had to get it over with sooner or later, I suggested that 2 p. m., would suit me, if that time was agreeable to him; the hour suited him.

The archbishop was cordial; he addressed me in French and my reply was so evidently un-French that he smiled and then spoke in rather halting English. Finding that he understood my mother tongue fairly well, I made my confession that I was not the Colonel he had been expecting, but that I had been sent to him as a substitute for Colonel Clinnin. Then the

atmosphere chilled a little bit. After a little more conversation he inquired if I was Roman Catholic. On being informed in the negative it was easy to see that he had lost interest in me, so as quickly as possible I excused myself on the grounds of my military duties, and got away. A number of times in the coming few days, I met the archbishop when going or coming; he was always courteous—but not interested. On leaving Eu I paid him my respects, and asked him to accept one hundred francs for his poor.

I have always been curious as to the further developments in this matter, for either my behaviour was satisfactory to the archbishop, or my donation met with his hearty approval, for after the Division had gone into the line in the Molliens area, and had gone through the affair at Hamel and the one at Chipilly Ridge, one of my officers, Captain Killoran, happened to be in Eu, happened to meet the archbishop who inquired very kindly after my welfare, and then sent me the message by Captain Killoran that I had his blessing, and that he was remembering me in his devotions.

The priest in Diekirch and I did not get along so well. It is possible that our prolonged stay had something to do with this, for there is no doubt that the people as a whole, were rather tired of their overload of American soldiers before our visit terminated. This priest was inclined from the first, to find fault, to make objections, and to drop uncomplimentary remarks. Some of the Luxemburgers were unquestionably German in their sympathies, and it is possible that this priest was among them. At any rate, before we had left there a state of dislike and hostility existed between us, and on one occasion I was forced to tell him that if he did not change his ways his cloth would not protect him, and that I would be compelled to put him in arrest. This was more than a idle threat, for some time previously the chief political boss of Luxemburg, and the man who gloried in the title "heavyweight champion of Luxemburg" had been arrested at my instance. It is true we were unable to secure conviction in the civil courts, but the mere fact that in securing law and order in Luxemburg, we were willing to land on any offender,

no matter what his rank, station, or status, went far in keeping the turbulent, and the law-breakers in a state of quiescence.

This heavyweight champion had a sad undoing before we left Diekirch. After his arrest he was sufficiently frightened to make him behave himself, and more than this, he started in to curry favor with the Americans. From time to time various organizations and units of the Division put on boxing bouts and elimination contests. The 33d Military Police Company had a sergeant who was particularly good, but as he weighed 194 pounds it was difficult to find anyone to go against him. The Luxemburg champion weighed 182, but he would not consider taking on the sergeant. Finally we found a man in the 129th Infantry who weighed only 168, but who was said by the men of the regiment to be a "bearcat." The Luxemburg champion agreed to go three rounds with him. The bout was staged in the public square in Diekirch, and apparently all Luxemburg turned out to see it. A non-commissioned officer with whom the Luxemburg man was acquainted, and with whom he had been rather friendly, was agreed upon as referee. Then I named Captain Killoran and Captain Ehart as ringside judges, and as referees for the referee—in case the N. C. O., should prove to be giving either man the best of it, and the bout was on. The first round was 'grand stand' play on the part of the champion, and caution in feeling out his man on the part of the doughboy. Round two came; it was evident at once that Luxemburg had been told that the end would come in this round; comments on every side were to the effect that "here is where the American meets defeat," and the champion tore loose with all he had, while the infantryman surprised him by meeting him a little more than half way. Just at the close of this round the "Champ" pushed his face into a swinging jolt, and landed on his back under the ropes; the timekeeper saved him. Round three looked as if it might end at once for the champion did his best to foul his man, and did foul him, but the doughboy only smiled and shook his head at the referee when that official was ready to award him the bout. Then the champ did his best to clinch and stall for time, but as they were fighting as long as one arm was free in

clinches, all he got for his tactics was an awful drubbing. Again he was sent to the mat, and at the count of nine he rose very reluctantly, took a couple of open handed slaps across the face, and time was up. There was no need for a decision. Even the populace, which had declared that he would kill the American in three rounds was satisfied that, while their champion might be good in Luxemburg, he was not in the same class with the doughboy.

In February it was my misfortune to come down with the "flu." After repeated, and almost annual attacks of grippe at home over a period of more than twenty years, the flu made little more impression on me than an old-time attack of grippe. But there must have been a little difference somewhere, or it may be that the difference was in the environment rather than in the disease. After eight days in bed and in my room I returned to headquarters at the priest's house; the schoolroom was poorly heated and the room was cold, the weather wet and snowy. On the third day after my return I was taken sick again, this time with a well marked case of pneumonia accompanied with an acute nephritis. Again I went to bed, and Major Reack of the Medical Corps was sent for. Realizing that I was an exceedingly sick man, and knowing how many of our flu-pneumonia cases died when sent to the hospital, and knowing too, that if I ever reached a hospital with the existence of that nephritis that I would draw an early order to be sent back to the states—if I lasted that long—, I made my orderly, Andy O'Neill, and Captain Ehart promise that they would not let me be moved. This was merely looking forward to the contingency of delirium, or coma on my part; so long as neither of these conditions supervened, I felt quite competent to keep myself out of the hospital.

Then Colonel Orr, our division surgeon came in with Major Reack; I must go to the hospital. Half delirious as I was, I still had sufficient stubbornness to refuse. Then Colonel Orr went to General Bell and asked for an order from him compelling me to go; General Bell evidently considered that if I wanted to die where I was that it was my business, for he declined to issue such an order, and Andy O'Neill went on nursing me. It was a

pleasant illness; there were days of mild delirium, days of a comatose condition, and about all I did, as I now recall it, was to sleep, and to ask Major Reack to leave me alone when he came in, and to swear at Andy when he brought me soup or medicine, and seventeen days from the time I went to bed I was up again.

During the convalescence all that appealed to me, all I could think about was apples. Apples in Luxemburg, in the month of March, are not easily discovered, but Andy and my driver, Faust, took a day off and scoured the country. Faust had an uncle living in Luxemburg, and with the aid of this uncle apples, good apples were discovered and procured, and for several days I just lived on apples. There were many peccadillos of which both Andy and Faust were guilty, but the apples wiped out all those of the past, and I'm afraid granted them immunity for some of the future.

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Hdqs. 33rd. Div.
Diekirch, Luxemburg.

December 31, 1918—11:50 p. m.

Mr. C. A. Fifer, Rotary Club, Quincy, Ill.

Happy New Year, fellows—meaning all of you. Joe and I have been comparing notes, and find that a lot of you have sent us cards and letters, many more than we deserve, but not more than we appreciate. This is addressed to "Pot," not because he was the only one who sent me a Christmas card, but because I wanted to write his new name on an envelope; I could never spell his old one. The English troops have a new song, which by apparently logical steps proves that the solitary, down-and-out, no good, flabby, bone-headed private in the rear rank lost the war, and won the war; I wish I could get it for Pot so that he might sing it for you in return for your affectionate and cheerful messages sent us; also, when we get home Joe and Royal and I are going to use it to prove to you at home that Quincy Rotary won the war. We may not be as logical, or as musical as the English song, but we are going to do it just the same. Just now things are deadly dull; business is poor. The first ten days of the

armistice every one had that grand and g-l-o-r-i-o-u-s feeling; every one rested, and let down, and took stock. The move towards the Rhine was interesting. Crossing into territory held by the Hun for four years was more or less of an experience. The enthusiasm of the people for "our deliverers" was pathetic, and we marched into this beautiful country, this neat clean country, and it should be fairly neat and clean, and seem homelike, for almost every third person here has lived in the United States at one time or another. As one man said to me, "We are part of the United States, for while our standing army is only 250 men, there are 10,000 Luxemburg men in the United States Army." The greater portion of them—I mean those who have lived in the states—lived either in Chicago or Denver. And we come into this land where we hear our native tongue on every side, this land so beautiful that many towns one quarter, yes one tenth the size of Quincy have as great, or greater hotel accommodations than Quincy has in order to care for their summer tourists, and sit down here for eight days and find it deadly dull. It's true. The troops drill, maneuver, etc., but there isn't any zest to it; the war is over, the job is done, and every man thinks, "Why not let me go home to my wife and babies, my sweetheart, my father, my mother, my work." I still insist that the American is the most willing, the most daring, the most reckless, the most intelligent, and when trained the most efficient fighter in the world when there is something to fight for, and he is the biggest pacifist in the—world when it is over.

(Exit, double time, just there)

3:30 a. m. January 1, 1919.

It isn't so darn dull after all. Right there I had to stop, bolt out, and see what had broken loose. It Had!! You see they are daily and hourly expecting a revolution in Luxemburg; in fact they have had one or two since we have been here. Once the whole army went on strike for higher pay. So back there when I heard the sounds of "heavy firing"—anything more than two shots is heavy firing for the newspaper correspondents—I thought that the revolution had come, for our troops have been under solemn orders not to fire a shot any time, anywhere, for

fear of precipitating something. But it wasn't even a revolution. It seems that some of the Luxemburgers who had formerly lived in the states had told the rest of the Luxemburgers that it was "good form" in the states to make Rome howl as the New Year came in, and apparently every last son-of-a-gun in town had a shooting iron which he proceeded to get out and exercise. Some of our enlisted men got tangled up in the general enthusiasm, and as Provost Marshal it was one of my joys and perquisites, to stay up and put them to bed.

These are a most primitive, no a most child-like people. They are eager to learn, especially anything English or American. They are a questioning people; Li Hung Chang never had anything on them in his search for information. Apparently they are an affectionate people, for if a good man and his wife going down the street happen to think of it, they are quite apt to walk along with their arms about each other. Tonight, during "the revolution" two of my military police posted on a corner, were greatly embarrassed by two perfectly sober and respectable married couples coming up to them, talking for a few minutes, and then by the insistence of the two wives that they must kiss the brave American soldats. I don't mean that these men were embarrassed because the ladies wished to kiss them. On no, but because they were on duty, and because I happened to be present. Also it occurred to me that either I could not qualify as a brave soldat, or else I had passed the bloom of my youth, for neither of the ladies insisted on kissing me.

From some of their legal methods I think we could learn a lesson; also, we could teach them a thing or two. When we first came to this town the Attorney-General filed complaint that American soldiers, deserters from divisions which had passed through Luxemburg, had been guilty of theft. On being given descriptions, my military police went out and gathered in three of them. They were given the "third degree" and confessions were obtained from two of the three. These confessions implicated three male, and two female civilians, one of the implicated men being the champion pugilist, sport, and chief local political boss. So back to the Attorney-General I go with

the information, only to meet the announcement that the evidence having been furnished by confessed criminals there is nothing to do, as no one knows whether these civilians are in possession of stolen property or not. Back I go to my deserters, and they tell me where the stolen property was put, what it consisted of, but of course they do not know whether or not it is still there as several days have elapsed. Back I go to the Attorney-General and in as vague terms as possible, describe the stolen property, and sign a paper—really an affidavit—that it is at such and such a place. Finally the judge gives authority for a raid on these civilians. It has taken so much time, and had had so much airing that it seemed to me someone was anxious to have the property safely removed, but as luck would have it, we do find some of the stolen goods. Even then, the local authorities do not arrest the big fellow, but do arrest the others. One of the arrested civilians gets cold feet and squeals, and then they pick up the big fellow, or rather I get permission to arrest him if I can; it seems he is a bad man, one who always goes heeled, and who shoots first and asks questions after. The day we raided his place and picked him up he was vehemently innocent; first he was going to shoot any man who tried to arrest him; the sergeant went ahead; then he was going to shoot himself if disgraced by being arrested, and by his own effort, and with considerable help from the sergeant, seven Luger pistols were dug from his pockets. They were the palm size, the ones so many German officers carried and concealed after surrendering, until such time when they might be taken before an allied officer, when it was the custom of the Hun to shoot first the allied officer and then himself. And now comes the novelty. The deserter—who is the accuser—and the big fellow are brought in for preliminary hearing. The deserter makes an accusation; the defendant either denies or admits it. If he denies, each is questioned until a decision can be reached on that point; then that point goes into the indictment, and they take up another point. The result is that when the indictment is finally drawn, it is really a joint admission of fact, and that about all the jury and judge have to decide upon is the amount, or degree of the

verdict. I might mention the fact that lawyers in Luxemburg are rather scarce.

But they are a thrifty people, ah yes, very thrifty. Also like the heathen Chinee they are child-like and bland.

The French franc is worth 100 centimes; the German mark is worth 70 centimes. The Luxemburgers use both kinds of money, but the German mark chiefly. When the Kaiser and Ludendorf decided to go out of business, Luxemburg saw the German mark was liable to be unpopular money, carrying also considerable depreciation. So they became child-like and bland, and among themselves decided to reverse what all the Government banks in the world had decided, and make the mark worth 100 centimes —in Luxemburg, for purely American consumption—and the franc worth 70 centimes. Of course the Americans came into Luxemburg loaded with French francs. The result was something like this; "How much a glass of beer?" "50 centimes." A franc is offered in payment, and the profferer got back a little disc of iron with a hole in it. "What in Sam Hill is this, I gave you a franc?" "Yes, but a franc is worth only 70 centimes, and that is Luxemburg money for 20 centimes." The result was that many changed their francs into marks at the rate of 100 for 70. When on the 28th of December, I suppose when the word was passed around that they had unloaded all the German money, the House of Representatives, or the Supreme Court, or some one, passed a motion unanimously that German money is not legal tender in Luxemburg, but that natives only can exchange their German money for francs, at the post office in either Diekirch or Luxemburg City. Can you beat it?

Well here is one just as bad. Shortly after the American troops went to France it became necessary to issue a notification to the French nation about American money, for some thrifty and enterprising fellows were living on the fat of the land and paying for it in Confederate money, Mex. money, and even United States Cigar coupons. Can you beat it?

If this letter were like wine it certainly would be a good one, for it is properly aged due to interruptions. It has taken me three

days to write it. If nothing happens, tomorrow will find me in Germany trying to make the acquaintance of some soldiers who robbed a castle on the frontier last night.

* * * * * *

Came April, and an order for the commander of Trains to inspect all animals, condemn and brand "I. C." those unfit for army use, and sell all I. C. animals at public auction. Just as in the time of Colonel Lawton in the early days of the First Division, so now the Commander of Trains was given many odd jobs. In fact, at one time while in Diekirch, I had five orders reading—"in addition to his other duties, he will, etc." It became a regular morning greeting with Captain Ehart, "in addition to your regular duties, you will," and about that time I would be on top of him with a spare boot or a chair.

The inspection of the animals gave us 252 horses and mules to be sold. A Luxemburg auctioneer was engaged; a Luxemburg banker was procured to act as clerk, and to attend to the collections, and in Ettelbruck one day, and in Diekirch the next these horses and mules were sold. The highest price obtained for any animal was 4000 francs for a superb chestnut artillery horse, but superb as he was in appearance he had a bad case of quittor. Some of the small and sorry looking mules sold as low as 250 francs, but the mule was more or less of a novelty, and an unknown quantity in Luxemburg. The 252 animals brought a little over 215000 francs. All animals were sold "as is." and it was announced that all purchases were at the buyers risk. This was necessary since several of the animals were vicious; some of the horses were recognized man-killers, and had records in this line. Eleven horses were sold that had never done a day's work of any sort since coming into the Division; they could not be harnessed, nor groomed, and when led had to be led at the end of a pole, or between two men so that the animal could not charge and bite or strike the men. Some horses and mules were balky; some were sick, diseased or disabled.

One large, fine-looking mule sold to a farmer of Diekirch for 800 francs. He started away with his purchase at the end of a

rope, but after a couple of blocks the mule decided to go to the corral, or back to the sale pen, or somewhere, and in order to do so, made up his mind to get rid of the Luxemburger first, so he bared his teeth and ran at his new owner; the farmer left that vicinity with considerable apparent urgency, and the mule ran down the street. A couple of doughboys caught him, and returned, or tried to return him to the new owner; the mule apparently had no dislike for the soldiers, but when the Luxemburger came near those long, white teeth came uncovered at once. So the owner offered the men ten francs to take the mule back to the sales ring for him, and on his arrival, begged piteously to be allowed to put the beast up for sale again. I called his attention to the matter of purchase "as is," but finally relented and told him that if he would make his arrangements with the auctioneer, he might offer his mule in the ring after all of our animals had been sold, and he was glad to accept some 500 francs when it was bid.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

One item of the post—armistice period which should be mentioned, is the matter of schools. During the life of the A. E. F. schools—of all sorts—abounded. Mention has been made of the Staff College. Then there was a school for infantry, a school for artillery, one for machine guns; there were gas schools, and transport schools. In fact, about the only schools we didn't have were Sunday schools, but if my memory serves me correctly there was a school for chaplains.

Following the armistice, schools began to flourish as never before. The A. E. F. with the assistance of the Y. M. C. A.—established one at Beaune which had some 10,000 students. Then arrangements were made for French and English universities to take a certain number of selected officers and men as students. Donald was fortunate in being selected as one of the one thousand to be sent to British universities, and later was sent to the University of Aberdeen, Scotland. Some went to Oxford, some to Cambridge, and some to one or another technical school both in the British Isles and in France. All this did not diminish the fervor for schools within the A. E. F., of A. E. F., and for the A. E. F.

While with the Canadians I had received most thorough and satisfactory instruction in the care of animals and animal-drawn transport. When the Thirty-third was in 4th British Army our instruction was continued and advanced along these lines. General Bell was an enthusiast on the matter of efficient transport, and on transport that was strictly military in its appearance and upkeep. He insisted from the first, that the transport of the Thirty-third must be second to no other in the A. E. F. This fell in with my plans and wishes, for there was always his support and cooperation in everything relating to improvement of the transport.

During our months of activity as a combat division, there had been given a great deal of instruction to the transport officers

and men of the battalion transport units. Every unit was inspected at least once a month, and each inspection was checked against the previous one, for purpose of comparison. One rather laughable incident occurred because of these regular inspections, and because of a bit of instruction once given. I was going over the transport of the 123d Machine Gun Battalion, and there was evidence of considerable laxity on the part of some of the company transport officers. I was trying to make my remarks so emphatic, in order to make the instruction stick in the minds of officers and men that horses, harness and vehicles must be kept clean, that I was feeling around in my mind for some startling statement to give them. Finally it came to me, and I said, "you must keep this transport so clean that if I come along on inspection, and look at the teeth of the mules, I will find that you have brushed them." Of course this was exaggeration, and was said merely to make an impression. It did. There was one young officer who had been commissioned from a training camp, who was a bank teller in civil life, who was so conscientious and willing that he took that remark in perfect seriousness, and afterward issued an order to the men of his transport that the teeth of the animals must be polished at the regular grooming period, and who tried to make his men carry out the order.

When we went to the Troyon sector, and in the week given to "resting," I devised a system of instruction to be used, and while in this sector put the system into effect. It was by leaflets, one issued every third day to each transport unit. This leaflet carried in plain language, some subject, such as "the care of the feet of animals," or the care of harness, or the proper methods of grooming, or of feeding, always giving the reasons why. Each leaflet was made as simple as possible, and often the wording was purposely slangy; simple language was used so that every man might understand, and the slang was incorporated to catch the attention, and to relieve the lesson of the curse of "high-browism." Officers and men were told that they would be held responsible for a working knowledge of the contents of these leaflets. I required the transport officer of each unit to read this leaflet to his men at the first assembly after its receipt,

and then to post it in a conspicuous place where the men could read it for themselves, discuss it, verbally pick it to pieces if they wanted to, curse me, or do whatever they liked, but they must comply with the methods set forth in the leaflet.

About this time too, there came an inspecting officer from G. H. Q. to look over our transport. He decided that if he saw the complete transport of one entire regiment, it would be sufficient for him to base his report upon, as to our divisional condition, so on a two hour notice the transport of the 130th Infantry was drawn up by battalions for him to see. It is true, some that he saw was borrowed from other regiments and units, because a part of the transport of the 130th was at such a distance that it would have been impossible to have brought it in, and had time to groom the horses, clean the vehicles, and clean the harness.

The inspector was frank in his amazement at seeing such transport; it did look well. Following the inspection he inquired the methods followed for achieving such results. As luck would have it, my leaflet system was in full swing at the time, so this was shown and explained to him. Again he marvelled. A few days later came an order for me to report to a designated officer at Toul, bringing my scheme of instruction with me in full. Following compliance with this order, and some two weeks after the armistice, came another order to proceed to Toul for a conference, and the matter under consideration proved to be the question of the desirability of starting a school for transport officers within 2nd Army. The result of the conference was the school at Commercy, which later became notorious for all that a school should not be. At this second conference considerable attention was given to my opinions after Colonel Richmond—who had inspected the transport of our 130th—announced that the transport of the Thirty-third Division was the best of any Division he had seen in the A. E. F.

After the hike into Luxemburg came an order to the Division for all regimental commanders, infantry and artillery, and the commander of Trains, to proceed to Commercy for a course of training at the School for Transport officers. Knowing that this

school was organized largely because of the results obtained in our division, and because of the methods used in our division, and knowing that there was nothing more up-to-date to be taught in that school than I had been using in the Thirty-third, I decided to disregard the order. At this time I was provost-marshal as well as commander of Trains, and inspector of animal drawn transport, and acting Motor Transport Officer, and all these duties kept me busy. General Bell noticed that I had not complied with the order and asked the reason. He was told that the school had nothing to teach me. He smiled and said, "even so, you will get yourself into trouble," but no trouble came. Some of the Colonels were so disgusted with the methods of the "school" that they left after the first day; some stayed several days, and a few finished the "course."

There is no doubt in my mind that a grave mistake was made in the methods of this school. It is neither military, nor sensible to set officers grooming horses, cleaning out stables, wheeling manure in a wheelbarrow, etc., and under the direction and subject to the orders of non-commissioned officers and "shave tails" who are detailed as instructors for such work. One of the junior officers of the Thirty-third who was sent to this school at a later date, and who was considerable of a wag, was being instructed in shoeing a horse. He had been given the theoretical instruction, and was next given the shoes and other necessary materials, and a horse to shoe. Getting a few minutes to himself, not under the eye of the "instructor" he placed the shoe under each foot of the horse, and with the animal standing on the shoes drove the nails from above downward, thus nailing the horse to the shoes, and also to the floor. When he was asked if he had finished shoeing his horse he answered in the affirmative. He was then ordered to bring his horse out for inspection of the work, and he replied, "the horse refuses to walk." This was literally true, for while the spirit of the horse may have been willing, the flesh was either too weak, or the nailing down too strong. I may say that this officer did "kitchen police" of a new variety for three days to pay for his prank—he wheeled manure in a wheelbarrow.

At the end of the first session of this school I received an order to attend the second session. This order was also disregarded.

This account is not given for the purpose of boasting. It is neither advisable nor healthy to disregard an order when in the army, but by the termination of that first session of this school I was so well fortified with facts concerning the inadequacy, and the ridiculousness of the school, that I coveted an opportunity of bringing these facts to the attention of General Bullard, commanding 2nd Army, and whose order had instituted this school. General Bullard was a man too practical, and too sensible to allow such a farce to continue if the matter had come to his knowledge.

Let me state also that before the armistice period was over, an official communication came from General Bullard stating that the Thirty-third had the best transport of any in 2nd Army. Before we left Luxemburg, and after the many and various horse shows in the entire A. E. F., where by a system of elimination one Division after another fell by the wayside, a G. H. Q. communication came stating the same thing for the A. E. F. It is an especial gratification to add that the 33rd Military Police Company was awarded the prize for the best Transport in the Thirty-third Division.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Finally came orders that would send the Division to Brest to embark for home. A schedule was made, giving train times, and making the assignment of troops to each train. These trains were to leave from two railheads—Ettelbruck and Mersch, and two trains would pull out each day from each railhead. When one remembers that a battalion, roughly speaking, is the passenger complement for an entire train, and that there are three battalions to a regiment, and then that there are odds and ends, and smaller units, and supplementary troops of various kinds in a combat division, one can see that the job of transporting an entire division looms large.

The commander of Trains was designated as chief entraining officer, while Lieutenant-Colonel Swaim, Division Machine Gun Officer, was stationed at Mersch for this duty. Orders were very strict as to the behavior of the troops at the time of entraining, and of the condition of the quarters which they were leaving, and the condition of the train-yards, and station platforms and vicinity, on their departure. Now, more than ever before was shown the natural tendency toward a let-down in discipline, and as a corrolary to this, a natural result the getting out of hand, or from control, by the men. One battalion entraining at Ettelbruck was under command of an officer who had made a splendid record, who had been wounded on the field, who had been decorated, but who at this time had allowed himself to slip, and whose men were thoroughly out of hand. He had been named in entraining orders as the responsible officer for this train, and this in spite of the fact that his Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel were to travel on this same train. Trains consisted of American box-cars for enlisted men, and French compartment cars for the officers. Bales of straw were supplied to the box-cars, a toilet was provided in each car, and the enlisted men could travel more comfortably than the officers who, of necessity were crowded in the compartment cars, with

no chance of lying down during the journey—and the average time each train was on the road for this trip was eighty hours.

This battalion, just mentioned, marched down to its train at the designated time, and went aboard in rather a hilarious manner and condition. Orders were that once aboard the train no officer or man should leave the train, except those details used for policing the yards, and station grounds and platforms. This measure was always necessary since the troops went aboard with things to eat and drink, and once aboard always began at once to eat and drink them, and to throw what they did not want, or could not use, out of the cars.

Police details were called for; the Major issued his order; not a man responded. The Major was informed that the time for the departure of this train was near at hand, but that the train would stand where it was until the wheels froze to the rails, if the necessary cleaning-up was not done. He went along the train calling for four men from each car, and was laughed at, jeered, and advised to go to a warmer clime. One company commander was found who could still control his men, so this entire company was called out to do this work. They had scarcely started when, to my amazement the train began to put out. Of course these men dropped everything and ran to board the train.

Now there was just one man in Ettelbruck who had authority to release that train, and I was that man; naturally I was not only amazed but angry as well. When the train began to move I was about 200 yards from the station; but those yards were covered faster than any of my previous records. The Station-master, a Luxemburger of course, said that an officer from the officers coach on the train, had come to him and said that I had sent him to release the train. I do not know who that officer was, and my only basis for suspicion is that one of my military police saw one of the regimental officers in the station just a few moments before the train began to move. But that train load—jeering at me as the train pulled out, had left one factor out of their reckoning—that road was run on the block

system. Before I had reached the station, and had succeeded in convincing that station-master that there was trouble in store for him if he didn't do as I said, and do it pronto, the train had passed the first semaphore, but before it had reached the second the station-master had pulled the board on them.

Then I called the smallest and "sassiest" military policeman I had, and directed him to walk—not run, not hurry—walk down to that train, then about a mile from the station, find that Major and say to him that I ordered the train to back up to where it started from; that the Major was to give this order to the engineer, and if the Major refused to give the order, and refused to insist on its being carried out, to arrest the Major and walk him back to me. The train backed up; the Major and I had a little heart to heart talk; he disclaimed all responsibility for the departure of the train; none of the regimental officers aboard of the train appeared to take his part, to intercede for him, or to assume any of the responsibility. The necessary policing was then done, and done down to the last cigarette butt and the last orange seed, and the train pulled out two and a half hours behind schedule time.

The result of all this was that under telegraphic orders from General Bell—which orders were received en route—this Major landed in Brest in arrest. This fact is the more note-worthy as he had been in very high favor with the General until this occurrence. These recitals are of more or less trivial matters, but they show two things. First, that there was a relaxation of morale, even among the officers. Second, that up until the very last moment, military discipline, military manners, and military results were insisted upon by G. H. Q. The recital of these many things small in detail, goes to show too, that life in the army, discipline in the army, results in the army are exactly like life under civil circumstances and results in civil environment; that the high lights, and the thrills and the stuff that makes good reading matter, are after all largely submerged in the strictly necessary and common things—the things we have been accustomed to taking as a matter of course in our business or professional life, the things we rarely speak about, but still

the things that make up the greater percentage of our daily existence.

It may be said, too, in corroboration of the determination to "carry on" in a military manner, as evidenced by the orders emanating primarily from G. H. Q., that of these trains leaving from these two railheads, the responsible officer aboard three of them arrived at Brest in arrest, either because he neglected his orders, or because he was unable to control his men sufficiently to carry out his orders. There was no excuse for a designated officer aboard one of these trains failing to secure observance of his orders, and particularly so in a case where the regimental commander was aboard the train, for I do not believe the men in any unit were sufficiently out of hand to cause them to refuse to obey an order had it been backed up by the colonel of that unit.

On the train on which I traveled to Brest—the last train carrying a contingent of the Thirty-third Division—a somewhat similar incident occurred. This train, so far as the officer passengers were concerned, consisted of all the odds and ends, the left overs, of those who for one or another reason were not traveling with the units to which they belonged, and with which they had been closely identified. They were not so much unattached officers as they were detached officers. One of these men was a very pompous, conceited prig, who had been at the head of a division department at one time, and who had come back to the Thirty-third just in time to go home with the division. He outranked Major Hendrie who was the responsible officer for the train, and undertook to criticize, condemn, and in general make it unpleasant for the Major. On every count in his indictment of the Major, the Major was in the right, but because the Major was out-ranked he was put in an unpleasant position. He realized too, that he was at a disadvantage—not only because of the difference in rank—but because the other officer had been an officer at Division headquarters, and because he still had the ear of the Division commander. I wish to say this for the Major, also; in spite of his realization of these conditions he did not ask my assistance when he had every reason

to believe it would have been given if asked. But matters so shaped themselves that opportunity was afforded me "butting in"; my rank was greater than that of the commissioned nuisance, and while as a passenger, I was subordinate to the orders of Major Hendrie in the management of that train, I was not subordinate to the other fellow in any way, and I have never regretted taking the Major's annoyance and perplexity on my own shoulders.

The trip from Brest to New York was one of sheer delight. The contrast between the east-bound and the west-bound voyages was as great as it is possible to imagine. Then the frigid cold; the bursted water-pipes; the flooded apartments; the long, tiresome voyage; the days following each other bringing us nearer and nearer to risk, to danger, and possibly death. Now the sunshine of late May, the society of American naval officers; the knowledge that the war was over, and that each day brought us that much nearer home and those we longed so much to see.

My assignment for the voyage will always seem to me to have been an especially fortunate one, for I was named as the senior military officer for a contingent of 1300 officers and men to be returned by the United States cruiser Charleston. Of course this vessel had never been designed as a troop transport; of course she did not have the palatial appointments of a Leviathan, but she did afford us comfort and camaraderie, and everything that seemed at all essential. To officers and men who had lived in billets, in dug-outs and in fox-holes for a year or more, she seemed to contain every requisite one could demand.

The Charleston was the flagship of the cruiser fleet, and as such contained the fleet Admiral's cabin. On going aboard and meeting Captain Ridgeley who commanded her, he suggested that as the Admiral was not on board, and could not come on board, that he saw no reason why I should not occupy the Admiral's quarters. So here I was with my own private bath, my own private bedroom with a brass bed, and my own private sitting room with its capacious easy chairs and lounges, and

even a large mahogany desk, which Captain Ridgeley said the Admiral never used. But there was one very embarrassing incident. Long before this I had been reduced in my personal baggage to my bed-roll and a valise. My clothing was of the most meagre quantity, and chiefly of quartermaster quality. Such things as pajamas, for instance, had long since become a weariness to the flesh, and socks were something to be worn until either the holes, or a slight remaining sense of personal dignity, required throwing them away and procuring new ones. I mention these things to emphasize my feelings when Captain Ridgeley's Filipino valet came to me and said that if I would point out my luggage to him, he would have it brought up, would open it, put my "lingerie" in the dresser drawers, and would press and hang up my dress uniforms. And my lingerie was on my back and my dress uniforms were over the lingerie. I don't think I blushed; I believe I have outgrown that delightful girlish attribute, but for a moment I wished that that valet was —well, over board or anywhere else.

On this voyage home Captain Ridgeley, who was a close observer, and who was making his maiden trip with the Charleston as a troop-transport, said one day, "Colonel, I cannot understand these officers and men at all; I had supposed that after all you have gone through that the ship would be an inferno of noise and deviltry; that the men would be up to all sorts of pranks. Instead of this these men are quiet, abnormally quiet, making no noise, playing no pranks, apparently interested very little in what is going on; they really appear apathetic to me." He did not remember, or appreciate that these men had very recently run the entire gamut of all human emotions; that they had suffered physically; that they had died many mental deaths; that they had seen their buddies torn to pieces at their side, or had suddenly discovered that they had disappeared entirely from in front of their very eyes; that now they were removed from the atmosphere of discomfort and danger and pain, to one of quiet safety and comfortable peace; that in reality they were dazed, and had not had time to readjust themselves to peace conditions and peace environment. This same thing was noted in some individual cases long after they had returned home.

Everyone takes it for granted that men going to war must take some time to adjust themselves, or to be adjusted to war requirements. I believe it is more difficult, and a thousand times more complex bringing about the readjustment of the individual following his personal participation in war—the securing of a peace-time balance, if you please—than it was to adjust, or change that same individual from the normal equilibrium of peace to the proper equilibrium for a satisfactory man-at-arms.

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The following is taken from "The Charleston Daily Roll," the paper published daily while at sea, by the officers and men of the U. S. Cruiser Charleston. The date is May 22, 1919.
To the Officers and Crew of the U. S. S. Charleston:

The officers and men of the U. S. Army wish to express to you their thanks for all that you have done to make this "Homeward Bound" voyage so pleasurable.

We appreciate the honor of having been your guests, and we thank you for the courtesy and the kindness that you have extended on every hand.

We leave you carrying with us the memories of a most enjoyable acquaintance, and with every best wish to each one of you, Au Revoir!

Charles D. Center, Colonel, U. S. A.

The commanding officer of the Charleston wishes the Roll to convey to Colonel Center, his officers and men, his appreciation of the privilege of returning to their native country this distinguished unit of the 33rd Division, and to assure them that their presence on board made pleasant his first trip in the transport service. His every good wish accompanies this gallant aggregation of men, and he hopes that their expectations of the joys of the home-coming may be surpassed in its realization, and that the future of each individual may contain health, happiness and success.

Commander F. E. Ridgeley, U. S. N. Commanding.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Came then New York and Camp Mills, and the four days here were interminable. Practically nothing to do except to see one friend disappear in one direction, and another going somewhere else. "When shall we meet again" was in every mind, for it was likely that many of us would never meet again. The Division that went across as officers and men of Illinois returned with officers and men from many states. Necessary replacements, and necessary changes, "over there" took no heed of the home region of the one newly arrived to fill the vacancy. The ties that had been formed by those coming in close contact with one another, those depending on each other, those learning to know each other in times of adversity and stress are ties not easily broken, and here at Camp Mills those from the north, or from the south, those from the east or the far west left the men of Illinois, and the Illinois division they had served so well. Only by those who have experienced it, can the feeling of sadness and loneliness which comes with such a parting, be fully realized. Here we were, all going home, all rejoicing in that thought, and yet there was this strong current of sorrow running through our hearts.

On to Chicago and that parade before the multitudes; that meeting with relatives and friends not seen for months; that continuation of the journey to Camp Grant, and the formalities of demobilization and discharge. Fini le guerre.

I have been asked many times "were you ever afraid?" There is but one answer to this question when speaking personally, and speaking—I believe—for every man who was in the front lines, and that answer is an unqualified YES. The man who stares pain, possible mutilation, possible death in the eye, is afraid. That same man may not be frightened, or scared, or timorous, but in the sense of being apprehensive he is afraid, and I believe he is more afraid of the possibilities than he would be, or is, of the certainties. It is no trouble to get men to lead

a "forlorn hope," or go against a machine-gun nest single-handed; to pass through a barrage in order to pick up a wounded comrade, and then bring him back through the barrage again. Frequently men had to be restrained from doing these very things. In other words, the greater the chances, the more certain the possibilities of destruction, the less the fear. Very few men were frightened, or scared in the ignominious sense; every man will tell you that he felt worse standing on the fire-step of the trench, waiting to go over—standing there in comparative safety—than he did after he jumped over the parapet and started forward with the shells bursting around him, and the machine-gun bullets zing-zinging past him.

In one of the Australian outfits was an officer who was accorded the meed by all his brother officers of being the bravest man in the Australian forces. He was an extremely handsome man, of large, impressive, cordial and yet dignified personality. Whenever his battalion was under fire, whether the men were going forward or not, he would leave the trench or bomb-proof, and walk up and down on the parapet, or if the men were out in the open, he would go out far ahead of his men. One day there came an opportunity when I could compliment him on his absolute fearlessness, and to my surprise, he said, "I am going to tell you something I have never dared to tell to my best friends; I do that because I am afraid and because of my fear that if I do not do it my men and officers will discover that I am afraid," and I am still willing to agree with his brother officers of the Australian Corps that this officer was the bravest man in the Australian army.

The control of fear in oneself is also a relative matter, depending on many things. Men will crack under strain. This fact was perhaps more noticeable among officers than among men, for the officer carried a greater load of responsibility than the man; then too, by virtue of being inferior in numbers, and in a sense being more in the limelight than the enlisted man, and being more under observation by some superior officer, a case of cracking under strain could not easily escape observation when that case developed in an officer. While in the Argonne, a 2nd

lieutenant and his platoon were under very heavy fire; three times shells burst so close to this officer that each time he was thrown down by the concussion, or by the eruption of earth from underneath his feet; each time he was unhurt; each time he regained his feet smiling and ready to "carry-on;" there came a fourth time when a shell treated him in precisely the same way, no injury, no marks on him other than the mud from the earth's eruption, but this fourth time he came to his feet a totally demented man; he gibbered like a driveling idiot; he had cracked under the strain, and in the concussion of that last shell.

All bravery is a relative matter; panic is something which cannot be explained. Now there was Stone; this isn't his name but it's just as good to use here as any other. He had been my driver for all those trying days following September 26 when the American Army hopped off in the Meuse-Argonne. He was a rattling good driver too; I mean, he knew a car, and he didn't get rattled. A twenty or twenty-five mile gait at night without lights, and possibly in a fog as well, didn't bother him a bit. It's true, we went into the ditch occasionally, or into a shell hole, but once on the road again and his nerve was unimpaired.

On this particular night we were in Cumieres; less than three thousand yards away was the Hun line. Because of necessity "G-I" had designated this place as the advanced dumping station for rations and ammunition for the Division. Of course it was shelled; the Hun knew as much about this wretched village as we did; he had held it repeatedly during the past three years, and the only roofed, comfortable structure then existing was a Hun pill-box, mostly underground, and with a roof good enough for anything except a direct hit, and this pill-box was the office and quarters for the division ammunition officer and his detail.

Of course it was raining, and the hour was about two A. M. Stone and I were there because it was our only chance to get a cup of coffee and something to eat during the night. The ammunition officer was there, and two other officers who were on their way to the extreme front had also dropped in, ensnared

by the odor of coffee no doubt. The car I was using was less than fifty feet from the entrance to this pill-box. A blanket door closed the entrance, i. e. there was the door and also a blanket door as a protection against gas. We were sitting round the table, on bunks and chairs and on the floor, and Cumieres as usual was being shelled. Of a sudden we heard a change in the note of the shell explosions and someone said, "They are putting gas over."

Almost at once the gas alarm was sounded by the machine gun companies on the slope of the hill just outside the village. Every one reached for his mask to see that it was in working order, and some of the enlisted men—probably because they were in the presence of officers—obeyed orders implicitly and put their masks on at once. No one was at all alarmed, and most of them were but faintly interested. Suddenly, with a cry that was half shriek and half sob, Stone clapped both his hands over his mouth; he wept and swayed back and forth, and for a few moments we could get nothing coherent from him; he seemed in absolute despair and the strange part was that none of us realized why he had become panic stricken, but at last we got from him the cause of his fright and grief; he had no gas mask. "Where is your mask?" "In the car," and the car less than fifty feet away. I have always chuckled over the sudden gasp and exclamation which one of the junior officers present made when he heard that answer; "You double dashed fool, put mine on and go get yours, or run out and hold your breath till you get back." The emphatic way in which it was said seemed to bring Stone to himself for he darted out of that pill-box and was back again with the mask in several seconds less than nothing.

Speaking of gas incidents brings to mind another occurrence. A division was in line for the first time. The rear echelon—within which was the Judge Advocate, the Assistant Division Surgeon, the Division Ordnance Officer and others—remained with the rear echelon until the Division Commander ordered them up. The Judge Advocate and the Division Ordnance officer were proceeding forward in the same car; it was about a

thirty kilometre trip, and was being made at night. While on the way up the driver, a seasoned old bird, gleaned from the conversation on the back seat that each one of these officers had his wind pretty well up; they seemed to vie with each other in telling the horrible tales which had been told to them about the awfulness of the front line.

Just then, as luck would have it, the German decided to shell some of the back areas; he knew where roads and important points were, and thought it well to give them a little strafe. While none of the shells came in their immediate vicinity the two officers decided it best to cease progress and told the driver to stop on the road. Now as intimated, this driver was a wily old bird; he knew the front, and he knew his passengers. As the car stood there in the darkness some shells came over into a little village about one kilometre ahead of them; the driver recognized these as gas shells; so did the division ordnance officer. This made it easy for the driver; his car was equipped with the old carbide system of lighting. Saying nothing to his passengers he turned on his lights, of course without lighting them, and offered a silent prayer that the gas from the carbide would float rearward to be smelled. Sure enough it did; all there could smell something, and one of the two on the rear seat asked, "what is that unusual odor, gas?" And the driver answered in the affirmative. Then there was a frantic scramble for masks, and to the horror of the officers there was but one mask for the two, but the driver had his respirator. With one accord the two officers said, "we will take your mask; you get out and run to the rear to a zone of safety." This suited the driver who beat it to the rear, lay down and had a quiet smoke, leaving the judge advocate, the ordnance officer, the car, the masks and the gas to themselves. Of course this story leaked out; it was too good for the driver to keep, and we finally checked-up the story by telling each one of the officers that the other had 'snitched' on him, and had accused him of taking the driver's mask.

Nor are all men alike in the manifestations of their fear, nor in the causes of their fear. While with a division—not of the American forces—there appeared a case, an extremely sad

case of uncontrollable fear, of fright, of timidity, of something, which on its face appeared base and ignominious, but which to me will always be considered to have been a personal idiosyncrasy for which the individual was no more responsible than he was for the color of his eyes or the shape of his teeth. He was an enlisted man, twenty years old, and had been in the service for two years. The first time he was under heavy shell fire he was not compelled to leave the trenches, and nothing unusual was discovered in his behavior. Later he went forward in the face of a withering machine-gun fire and conducted himself well. Still later his unit was sent out under heavy shell fire, and he broke for the rear. This action on his part brought punishment, but of a comparatively light nature. He returned to the ranks and to duty. Following this came an occasion when he distinguished himself by attacking a "strong point" single-handed, or "on his own;" this brought citation in orders, and a recommendation for decoration. Still later he was under shell fire again and this time he ran for safety. Because of the recent citation for bravery, and because there seemed to be some fairly reasonable excuse for his breaking to the rear, this last lapse was over-looked. Again he came under shell fire and again he lost control of himself. This time it happened so openly, and was so apparent to so many that no excuses could avail. He was tried and sentenced to be shot. On the morning of his execution he was the coolest and most contained man present; he talked amicably and rationally, without any bitterness; he was entirely unperturbed; he admitted the justice of his sentence, and really seemed to welcome it; he remarked that his conduct had been despicable, that the example to his fellows could not be overlooked or forgiven; he said that while he had no feeling of fear for rifle fire, or gas, or machine guns, he knew that if he was allowed to go on living he would repeat his offense if he ever came under shell fire again, and remarked "When the shells begin to burst near me my legs will do nothing else but take me to the rear." And he stood up jauntily, happily and unafraid before the firing squad, and paid for something for which —in all probability—he should have been pitied instead of blamed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

But what did we get out of all of it? Was the game worth the candle? Did we meddle in something that was none of our business? One man will say that what we got out of it was the biggest business depression the world has ever seen. Another will refer to the vast amount of unemployment and unrest. Another will mention the 200,000 men more or less physically incapacitated by the war. Perhaps there will be one who will say that "we made the world safe for democracy." Each one has his own opinion, an opinion made up from what he can see or feel from where he happens to stand, and perchance he can see no other view even if it is presented to him.

Let us go back a little farther in taking the inventory, and ask ourselves "Were we justified in entering the war?" If we cannot satisfactorily convince ourselves on this point, all answers to the query "What did we get out of it" must be in the negative. Were we justified in entering the war? To this I can see but one answer. Even if there had been no possibility, near or remote, of the German Empire ever attacking us we were justified in what we did. We were justified because of the loss of American lives and American property—a loss that had been going on for two years, and because the German Empire made no whole-hearted and lasting effort to stop such losses. We were in exactly the same position as the house-holder who sees the burglar in his house, sees him killing his family and taking his goods. We were justified by that cry of humanity coming from Belgium and France, countries which were being devastated, and whose nationals were being starved, persecuted and slain. We were justified because common decency, and an enlightened civilization were at stake, and because it was imperative that the system of government which must necessarily follow if Germany was allowed to win the war, must be prevented at any cost. To my mind we were justified long before we entered the war. In my opinion our delay in "coming in" can never be satisfactorily explained to the English, the French, the Belgians or

the Italians, nor to our own consciences, for this delay meant the loss of more lives of the nationals of these different countries, and more devastation and ruin for at least two of them.

It was not altogether a pleasant thing to be an American officer in France late in 1917 and early in 1918. (In the months of January, February and March of 1918) and while we were being treated with every courtesy—it was no uncommon thing to be told by officers of high rank in one of the allied armies, "You have come too late; why did you delay? Why have you let our men be killed needlessly, when if you had come in sooner these men might have been saved, and the outcome of the war assured favorably?" Or perhaps the statement would be like this: "A year ago you would have been welcome; now, your coming will merely prolong the struggle a few weeks or months, and we will have to pay a still greater penalty for the prolongation." There was a well-established opinion that in the spring drive of the Hun in 1918 he would be successful, and history now tells us how nearly right that opinion was. There is no doubt in my mind, that if the Hun had reached Paris in the spring drive of 1918 the war, so far as the French would have been concerned, would have been over; that in such an event England would have had to "carry-on" alone in an effort at self-preservation, and it was a matter of serious discussion as to what would be the outcome for the handful of American forces then in France, if Paris fell and the French sued for peace.

But with all these things in mind, what did we get out of the war? The first item, and one of tremendous importance for generations to come is that we proved again that the American Nation—slow to take offense, dilatory perhaps in her methods up to the final moment—will, when sufficiently aroused, fight, and fight hard. Every time the world is shown this fact we have taken out an insurance policy against aggressions, against trespass, and against international irritations; we have solidified our world position; we have increased our international credit.

The second count should be that in "coming in" we aligned ourselves with the forces opposing despotism, and the harsh and selfish designs of a highly polished but truly barbaric

militarism. We placed ourselves on the side of enlightenment, of world progress, of insistance on the desirability, and the need, and the right for developing a world where justice, charity, and the teachings of Christ shall be recognized as the highest law and the greatest force. We placed ourselves firmly on the side of a "bill of rights" for mankind, and these things are worth while.

Of course the sequelae of the war are unpleasant; the war was unpleasant too. It was, and is to be expected that violent tremors will be felt throughout the whole of the social and commercial fabric. This was a world war, the whole earth was involved, directly or indirectly, and any upheavel in any part of the world's surface affects all parts of that surface in greater or lesser degree. But as the shimmering rings of the surface of the disturbed waters widen and widen, until finally the last one comes to rest after its gentle lapping of the shore and the lake returns to its original smoothness again, so do the disturbances, and the upsettings of war gradually disappear from among the people of the earth.

If there was one impression above all others left by the world war, it was the feeling of the infinitesimal value of human life as compared to the scheme of life, growth, development and evolution of the world and its affairs. In private and secluded business and professional life one develops the idea of one's extreme value to the world. The war entirely destroyed this idea for every man who had an active place and part in the war. Whether this contempt, or reduced valuation, or this change in opinion relative to the value of the individual under whatever circumstances, and in whatever position he may be found, will affect the nations for their good, or for their detriment must be settled in the future.

APPENDIX "A"

During the time of life on the staff of the Corpuscle, the writer made the attempt most young men make—an effort at poetry. The subjoined verses disclose the result.

WHEN THE DOCTOR COMES

Gran'pap's sick, an' all of us are feelin' purty blue;
Fer he's a gittin' purty old, an' weak an' feeble too.
We're all a'mighty fond ov him; th' day w'en we cant see
Th' old man sittin' by th' fire, Th' Bible on 'is knee
Is goin' to make us orfle sad. Pap sets an' twirls 'is thum's
A waitin' fer th' gate to click w'en th' doctor comes.

Bill seen 'im drivin' up th' road, so Pap he ups an' goes
To tie th' horse, an' blanket 'im, fer th' doctor'll be mos' froze.
An' th' doctor's voice is jest es strong an' cheerful ez can be,
An' he says as how he thinks th' snow'll last all through Feb'ary.
But Pap's voice's harsh, an' sorter gruff, an' he acks so kinder glum;
But he's cheerfuler'n he was before, fer th' doctor's come.

An' w'en he comes inter th' house Mam taked 'is coat an' hat,
An' puts a cheer up by th' fire; th' same place where he sat
The last time he was here. An' w'en he's warm he walks
Right inter th' spare bedroom; an' he an' Grandpap talks,
An' th' rest ov us is listenin' an' keepin' purty mum;
But things is goin' to go all right, fer th' doctor's come.

But he stays in thur so turribul long th' figgits gits hold of Mam;
An' mebby me too, fer she boxes me, an' tells me not to slam
Th' door. But Gran'mam she jest sits, an' a tear rolls down 'er face,
An' she says, so sorter soft an' low, "O Lord, show us thy grace."
An' that makes a nut come in my throat, an' I feel orfle bum,
But things is goin' to go all right, fer th' doctor's come.

Nen he comes out, an' looks around, an' Mam she kinder braces
An' asks how Gran'pap 'll git along; an' nen th' doctor' face is
Jest th' han'somest ye ever seen, an' he says "There, there,
don't fret,
I shouldn't wonder but Gran'pap 'll bury us all yet."
An nen another tear rolls down, an' falls on Gran'mam's thumb,
But she looks orfle happy now th' doctor's come.

RETROSPECTION

If you want to know the joys of this old earth,
If you wish to sip the nectar of the gods,
If you care to cultivate a gentle mirth
And offer thanks for being more than clods,
You must come as Phoebus finishes his task
When the din of day is changed to drowsy humming,
And the cows, in single file are slowly coming,
Where Willie stands, with cup in hand, to ask;
As Mother fills the pail, foam light as silk,
And Willie takes a good, long drink of the warm, sweet milk.

In days of life some sunsets are not bright;
The drowsy twilights short and shorter grow.
The play of youth becomes a steady fight,
And sorrow's stream grows wider in its flow.
Yet Nature is unchanged from days of yore;
On country-side the cows are homeward swinging;
The birds at sunset to their nests are winging;
The strong man's heart turns to his boyhood's door;
To Mother with the pail, foam light as silk,
When Willie took a good, long drink of the warm, sweet milk.

When on the downward trend to dust again,
The grasshopper a burden to the strength,
Sitting almost in darkness among men,
Hearing the sweep of Charon's oar at length;
May dim and misty sight peer through the gloom
To see once more the vision, Mother bringing
The pail of milk; to hear her singing;
That sight, that sound once more before the tomb;
When Mother filled the pail, foam light as silk,
And Willie took a good, long drink of the warm, sweet milk.

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